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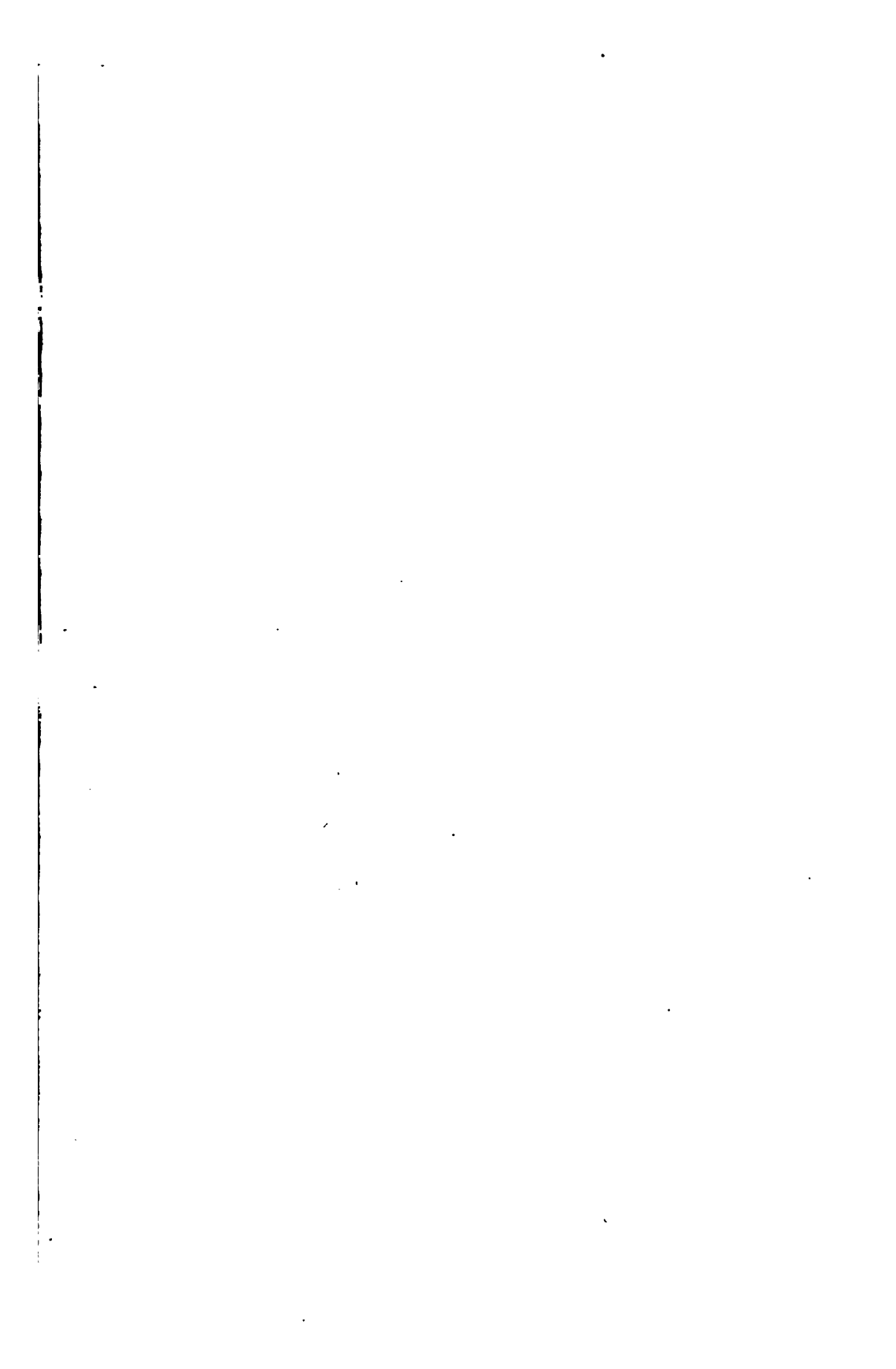
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DON QUIXOTE

VOL. IV.

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THE
INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
OF LA MANCHA

BY
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A TRANSLATION
With Introduction and Notes.

BY
JOHN ORMSBY,
Translator of the "Poem of the Cid."



IN FOUR VOLS. — IV.

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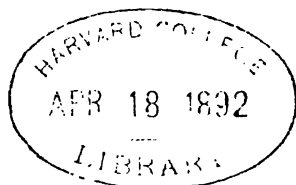
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PART II.—continued

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH THE TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER MARVELLOUS
AND MEMORABLE STORY.

By every word that Sancho uttered, the duchess was as much delighted as Don Quixote was driven to desperation. He bade him hold his tongue, and the Distressed One went on to say: 'At length, after much questioning and answering, as the princess held to her story, without changing or varying her previous declaration, the Vicar gave his decision in favour of Don Clavigo, and she was delivered over to him as his lawful wife; which the queen Doña Maguncia, the princess Antonomasia's mother, so took to heart, that within the space of three days we buried her.'

'She died, no doubt,' said Sancho.

'Of course,' said Trifaldin; 'they don't bury living people in Kandy, only the dead.'

'Señor Squire,' said Sancho, 'a man in a swoon has been known to be buried before now, in the belief that he was dead; and it struck me that queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; because with life a great many things come right, and the princess's folly was not so great that she need feel it so keenly. If the lady had married some page of hers, or some other servant of the house, as many another has done, so I have heard

say, then the mischief would have been past curing. But to marry such an elegant accomplished gentleman as has been just now described to us—indeed, indeed, though it was a folly, it was not such a great one as you think; for according to the rules of my master here—and he won't allow me to lie—as of men of letters bishops are made, so of gentlemen knights, specially if they be errant, kings and emperors may be made.'

'Thou art right, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for with a knight-errant, if he has but two fingers' breadth of good fortune, it is on the cards to become the mightiest lord on earth. But let señora the Distressed One proceed; for I suspect she has got yet to tell us the bitter part of this so far sweet story.'

'The bitter is indeed to come,' said the countess; 'and such bitter that colocynth is sweet and oleander toothsome in comparison. The queen, then, being dead, and not in a swoon, we buried her; and hardly had we covered her with earth, hardly had we said our last farewells, when, *quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* over the queen's grave there appeared, mounted upon a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's first cousin, who besides being cruel is an enchanter; and he, to revenge the death of his cousin, punish the audacity of Don Clavigo, and in wrath at the contumacy of Antonomasia, left them both enchanted by his art on the grave itself; she being changed into an ape of brass, and he into a horrible crocodile of some unknown metal; while between the two there stands a pillar, also of metal, with certain characters in the Syriac language inscribed upon it, which, being translated into Kandian, and

now into Castilian, contain the following sentence : " These two rash lovers shall not recover their former shape until the valiant Manchegan comes to do battle with me in single combat ; for the Fates reserve this unexampled adventure for his mighty valour alone." This done, he drew from its sheath a huge broad scimeter, and seizing me by the hair he made as though he meant to cut my throat and shear my head clean off. I was terror-stricken, my voice stuck in my throat, and I was in the deepest distress ; nevertheless I summoned up my strength as well as I could, and in a trembling and piteous voice I addressed such words to him as induced him to stay the infliction of a punishment so severe. He then caused all the duennas of the palace, those that are here present, to be brought before him ; and after having dwelt upon the enormity of our offence, and denounced duennas, their characters, their evil ways and worse intrigues, laying to the charge of all what I alone was guilty of, he said he would not visit us with capital punishment, but with others of a slow nature which would be in effect civil death for ever ; and the very instant he ceased speaking we all felt the pores of our faces opening, and pricking us, as if with the points of needles. We at once put our hands up to our faces and found ourselves in the state you now see.'

Here the Distressed One and the other duennas raised the veils with which they were covered, and disclosed countenances all bristling with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some grizzled, at which spectacle the duke and duchess made a show of being filled with wonder. Don Quixote and Sancho were overwhelmed with amaze-

ment, and the bystanders lost in astonishment, while the Trifaldi went on to say: 'Thus did that malevolent villain Malambruno punish us, covering the tenderness and softness of our faces with these rough bristles! Would to heaven that he had swept off our heads with his enormous scimeter instead of obscuring the light of our countenances with these wool-combings that cover us! For if we look into the matter, sirs (and what I am now going to say I would say with eyes flowing like fountains, only that the thought of our misfortune and the oceans they have already wept, keep them as dry as barley spears, and so I say it without tears), where, I ask, can a duenna with a beard go to? What father or mother will feel pity for her? Who will help her? For, if even when she has a smooth skin, and a face tortured by a thousand kinds of washes and cosmetics, she can hardly get anybody to love her, what will she do when she shows a countenance turned into a thicket? Oh duennas, companions mine! it was an unlucky moment when we were born and an ill-starred hour when our fathers begot us!' And as she said this she showed signs of being about to faint.

CHAPTER XL.

OF MATTERS RELATING AND BELONGING TO THIS ADVENTURE
AND TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

VERILY and truly all those who find pleasure in histories like this ought to show their gratitude to Cid Hamet, its original author, for the scrupulous care he has taken to set before us all its minute particulars, not leaving anything, however trifling it may be, that he does not make clear and plain. He portrays the thoughts, he reveals the fancies, he answers implied questions, clears up doubts, sets objections at rest, and, in a word, makes plain the smallest points the most inquisitive can desire to know. O renowned author! O happy Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O droll Sancho Panza! All and each, may ye live countless ages for the delight and amusement of the dwellers on earth!

The history goes on to say that when Sancho saw the Distressed One faint he exclaimed: 'I swear by the faith of an honest man and the shades of all my ancestors the Panzas, that never I did see or hear of, nor has my master related or conceived in his mind, such an adventure as this. A thousand devils—not to curse thee—take thee, Malambruno, for an enchanter and a giant! Couldst thou find no other sort of punishment for these sinners but bearding them? Would it not have been better—it would

have been better for them—to have taken off half their noses from the middle downwards, even though they'd have snuffled when they spoke, than to have put beards on them? I'll bet they have not the means of paying anybody to shave them.'

'That is the truth, señor,' said one of the twelve; 'we have not the money to get ourselves shaved, and so we have, some of us, taken to using sticking-plasters by way of an economical remedy, for by applying them to our faces and plucking them off with a jerk we are left as bare and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. There are, to be sure, women in Kandy that go about from house to house to remove down, and trim eyebrows, and make cosmetics for the use of the women, but we, the duennas of my lady, would never let them in, for most of them have a flavour of agents that have ceased to be principals; and if we are not relieved by Señor Don Quixote we shall be carried to our graves with beards.'

'I will pluck out my own in the land of the Moors,' said Don Quixote, 'if I don't cure yours.'

At this instant the Trifaldi recovered from her swoon and said, 'The chink of that promise, valiant knight, reached my ears in the midst of my swoon, and has been the means of reviving me and bringing back my senses'; and so once more I implore you, illustrious errant, indomitable sir, to let your gracious promises be turned into deeds.'

'There shall be no delay on my part,' said Don Quixote. 'Bethink you, señora, of what I must do, for my heart is most eager to serve you.'

'The fact is,' replied the Distressed One, 'it is five

thousand leagues, a couple more or less, from this to the kingdom of Kandy, if you go by land; but if you go through the air and in a straight line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must know, too, that Malambruno told me that, whenever fate provided the knight our deliverer, he himself would send him a steed far better and with less tricks than a post-horse; for he will be that same wooden horse on which the valiant Pierres carried off the fair Magalona;¹ which said horse is guided by a peg he has in his forehead that serves for a bridle, and flies through the air with such rapidity that you would fancy the very devils were carrying him. This horse, according to ancient tradition, was made by Merlin. He lent him to Pierres, who was a friend of his, and who made long journeys with him, and, as has been said, carried off the fair Magalona, bearing her through the air on its haunches and making all who beheld them from the earth gape with astonishment; and he never lent him save to those whom he loved or those who paid him well; and since the great Pierres we know of no one having mounted him until now. From him Malambruno stole him by his magic art, and he has him now in his possession, and makes use of him in his journeys which he constantly makes through different parts of the world; he is here to-day, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi; and the best of it is the said horse neither eats nor sleeps nor wears out shoes, and goes at an ambling pace through the air without wings, so that he whom he has mounted upon him can carry a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a drop, so smoothly and easily

¹ For the story of Pierres and Magalona, see chap. xlix. Pt. I.

does he go, and for this reason the fair Magalona enjoyed riding him greatly.'

'For going smoothly and easily,' said Sancho at this, 'give me my Dapple, though he can't go through the air; but on the ground I'll back him against all the amblers in the world.'

They all laughed, and the Distressed One continued: 'And this same horse, if so be that Malambruno is disposed to put an end to our sufferings, will be here before us ere the night shall have advanced half an hour; for he announced to me that the sign he would give me whereby I might know that I had found the knight I was in quest of, would be to send me the horse wherever he might be, speedily and promptly.'

'And how many is there room for on this horse?' asked Sancho.

'Two,' said the Distressed One, 'one in the saddle, and the other on the croup; and generally these two are knight and squire, when there is no damsel that's being carried off.'

'I'd like to know, señora Distressed One,' said Sancho, 'what is the name of this horse?'

'His name,' said the Distressed One, 'is not the same as Bellerophon's horse that was called Pegasus, or Alexander the Great's, called Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso's, the name of which was Brigliador, nor yet Bayard, the horse of Reinaldos of Montalvan, nor Frontino like Ruggiero's, nor Bootes or Peritoa, as they say the horses of the sun were called, nor is he called Orelia, like the horse on which the unfortunate Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths, rode to the battle where he lost his life and his kingdom.'

'I'll bet,' said Sancho, 'that as they have given him none of these famous names of well-known horses, no more have they given him the name of my master's Rocinante, which for being apt surpasses all that have been mentioned.'

'That is true,' said the bearded countess, 'still it fits him very well, for he is called Clavileño the Swift, which name is in accordance with his being made of wood, with the peg he has in his forehead,¹ and with the swift pace at which he travels; and so, as far as name goes, he may compare with the famous Rocinante.'

'I have nothing to say against his name,' said Sancho; 'but with what sort of bridle or halter is he managed?'

'I have said already,' said the Trifaldi, 'that it is with a peg, by turning which to one side or the other the knight who rides him makes him go as he pleases, either through the upper air, or skimming and almost sweeping the earth, or else in that middle course that is sought and followed in all well-regulated proceedings.'

'I'd like to see him,' said Sancho; 'but to fancy I'm going to mount him, either in the saddle or on the croup, is to ask pears of the elm-tree.² A good joke indeed! I can hardly keep my seat upon Dapple, and on a pack-saddle softer than silk itself, and here they'd have me hold on upon haunches of plank without pad or cushion of any sort! Gad, I have no notion of bruising myself to get rid of any-one's beard; let each one shave himself as best he can; I'm not going to accompany my master on any such long journey; besides, I can't give any help to the shaving of

¹ *Clavo*, a nail or spike; *leño*, a log.

² Prov. 180.

these beards as I can to the disenchantment of my lady Dulcinea.'

'Yes, you can, my friend,' replied the Trifaldi; 'and so much, that without you, so I understand, we shall be able to do nothing.'

'In the king's name!' exclaimed Sancho, 'what have squires got to do with the adventures of their masters? Are they to have the fame of such as they go through, and we the labour? Body o' me! if the historians would only say, "Such and such a knight finished such and such an adventure, but with the help of so and so, his squire, without which it would have been impossible for him to accomplish it;" but they write curtly, "Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars accomplished the adventure of the six monsters;" without mentioning such a person as his squire, who was there all the time, just as if there was no such being. Once more, sirs, I say my master may go alone, and much good may it do him; and I'll stay here in the company of my lady the duchess; and maybe when he comes back, he will find the lady Dulcinea's affair ever so much advanced; for I mean in leisure hours, and at idle moments, to give myself a spell of whipping without so much as a hair to cover me.'

'For all that you must go if it be necessary, my good Sancho,' said the duchess, 'for they are worthy folk who ask you; and the faces of these ladies must not remain overgrown in this way because of your idle fears; that would be a hard case indeed.'

'In the king's name, once more!' said Sancho; 'if this charitable work were to be done for the sake of damsels in

confinement or charity-girls, a man might expose himself to some hardships ; but to bear it for the sake of stripping beards off duennas ! Devil take it ! I'd sooner see them all bearded, from the highest to the lowest, and from the most prudish to the most affected.'

'You are very hard on duennas, Sancho my friend,' said the duchess ; 'you incline very much to the opinion of the Toledo apothecary. But indeed you are wrong ; there are duennas in my house that may serve as patterns of duennas ; and here is my Doña Rodriguez, who will not allow me to say otherwise.'

'Your excellence may say it if you like,' said the Rodriguez ; 'for God knows the truth of everything ; and whether we duennas are good or bad, bearded or smooth, we are our mothers' daughters like other women ; and as God sent us into the world, he knows why he did, and on his mercy I rely, and not on anybody's beard.'

'Well, Señora Rodriguez, Señora Trifaldi, and present company,' said Don Quixote, 'I trust in Heaven that it will look with kindly eyes upon your troubles, for Sancho will do as I bid him. Only let Clavileño come and let me find myself face to face with Malambruno, and I am certain no razor will shave you more easily than my sword shall shave Malambruno's head off his shoulders ; for "God bears with the wicked, but not for ever."'¹

'Ah !' exclaimed the Distressed One at this, 'may all the stars of the celestial regions look down upon your greatness with benign eyes, valiant knight, and shed every prosperity and valour upon your heart, that it may be the shield and

¹ Prov. 86.

safeguard of the abused and downtrodden race of duennas, detested by apothecaries, sneered at by squires, and made game of by pages. Ill betide the jade that in the flower of her youth would not sooner become a nun than a duenna ! Unfortunate beings that we are, we duennas ! Though we may be descended in the direct male line from Hector of Troy himself, our mistresses never fail to address us as "you" if they think it makes queens of them. O giant Malambruno, though thou art an enchanter, thou art true to thy promises. Send us now the peerless Clavileño, that our misfortune may be brought to an end ; for if the hot weather sets in and these beards of ours are still there, alas for our lot !'

The Trifaldi said this in such a pathetic way that she drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and made even Sancho's fill up ; and he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the uttermost ends of the earth, if so be the removal of the wool from those venerable countenances depended upon it.

CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILEÑO AND THE END OF THIS
PROTRACTED ADVENTURE.

AND now night came, and with it the appointed time for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileño, the non-appearance of which was already beginning to make Don Quixote uneasy, for it struck him that, as Malambruno was so long about sending it, either he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or else Malambruno did not dare to meet him in single combat. But lo ! suddenly there came into the garden four wild-men all clad in green ivy bearing on their shoulders a great wooden horse. They placed it on its feet on the ground, and one of the wild-men said, 'Let the knight who has heart for it mount this machine.'

Here Sancho exclaimed, 'I don't mount, for neither have I the heart nor am I a knight.'

'And let the squire, if he has one,' continued the wild-man, 'take his seat on the croup, and let him trust the valiant Malambruno ; for by no sword save his, nor by the malice of any other, shall he be assailed. It is but to turn this peg the horse has in his neck,¹ and he will bear them through the air to where Malambruno awaits them ; but lest

¹ See Note A, p. 29.

the vast elevation of their course should make them giddy, their eyes must be covered until the horse neighs, which will be the sign of their having completed their journey.'

With these words, leaving Clavileño behind them, they retired with easy dignity the way they came. As soon as the Distressed One saw the horse, almost in tears she exclaimed to Don Quixote, 'Valiant knight, the promise of Malambruno has proved trustworthy; the horse has come, our beards are growing, and by every hair in them we all of us implore thee to shave and shear us, as it is only mounting him with thy squire and making a happy beginning with your new journey.'

'That I will, Señora Countess Trifaldi,' said Don Quixote, 'most gladly and with right good-will, without stopping to take a cushion or put on my spurs, so as not to lose time, such is my desire to see you, señora, and all these duennas shaved clean.'

'That I won't,' said Sancho, 'with good will or bad will, or any way at all; and if this shaving can't be done without my mounting on the croup, my master had better look out for another squire to go with him, and these ladies for some other way of making their faces smooth; I'm no witch to have a taste for travelling through the air. What would my islanders say when they heard their governor was going strolling about on the winds? And another thing, as it is three thousand and odd leagues from this to Kandy, if the horse tires, or the giant takes huff, we'll be half a dozen years getting back, and there won't be isle or island in the world that will know me: and so, as it is a common saying "in delay there's danger," and "when they offer thee a

heifer run with a halter,"¹ these ladies' beards must excuse me; "Saint Peter is very well in Rome;"² I mean I am very well in this house where so much is made of me, and I hope for such a good thing from the master as to see myself a governor.'

'Friend Sancho,' said the duke at this, 'the island that I have promised you is not a moving one, or one that will run away; it has roots so deeply buried in the bowels of the earth that it will be no easy matter to pluck it up or shift it from where it is; you know as well as I do that there is no sort of office of any importance that is not obtained by a bribe of some kind, great or small; well then, that which I look to receive for this government is that you go with your master Don Quixote, and bring this memorable adventure to a conclusion; and whether you return on Clavileño as quickly as his speed seems to promise, or adverse fortune brings you back on foot travelling as a pilgrim from hostel to hostel and from inn to inn, you will always find your island on your return where you left it, and your islanders with the same eagerness they have always had to receive you as their governor, and my goodwill will remain the same; doubt not the truth of this, Señor Sancho, for that would be grievously wronging my disposition to serve you.'

'Say no more, señor,' said Sancho; 'I am a poor squire and not equal to carrying so much courtesy; let my master mount; bandage my eyes and commit me to God's care, and tell me if I may commend myself to our Lord or call

¹ Provs. 222, 236.

² Prov. 206.

upon the angels to protect me when we go towering up there.'

To this the Trifaldi made answer, 'Sancho, you may freely commend yourself to God or whom you will; for Malambruno though an enchanter is a Christian, and works his enchantments with great circumspection, taking very good care not to fall out with anyone.'

'Well then,' said Sancho, 'God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta give me help!'

'Since the memorable adventure of the fulling mills,' said Don Quixote, 'I have never seen Sancho in such a fright as now; were I as superstitious as others his abject fear would cause me some little trepidation of spirit. But come here, Sancho, for with the leave of these gentles I would say a word or two to thee in private;' and drawing Sancho aside among the trees of the garden and seizing both his hands he said, 'Thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey we have before us, and God knows when we shall return, or what leisure or opportunities this business will allow us; I wish thee therefore to retire now to thy chamber, as though thou wert going to fetch something required for the road, and in a trice give thyself if it be only five hundred lashes on account of the three thousand three hundred to which thou art bound; it will be all to the good, and to make a beginning with a thing is to have it half finished.'

'By God,' said Sancho, 'but your worship must be out of your senses! This is like the common saying, "You see me with child, and you want me a virgin." Just as I'm about to go sitting on a bare board, your worship would

have me score my backside ! Indeed, indeed, your worship is not reasonable. Let us be off to shave these duennas ; and on our return I promise on my word to make such haste to wipe off all that's due as will satisfy your worship ; I can't say more.'

'Well, I will comfort myself with that promise, my good Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I believe thou wilt keep it ; for indeed though stupid thou art veracious.'

'I'm not voracious,' said Sancho, 'only peckish ; but even if I was a little, still I'd keep my word.'¹

With this they went back to mount Clavileño, and as they were about to do so Don Quixote said, 'Cover thine eyes, Sancho, and mount ; for one who sends for us from lands so far distant cannot mean to deceive us for the sake of the paltry glory to be derived from deceiving persons who trust in him ; though all should turn out the contrary of what I hope, no malice will be able to dim the glory of having undertaken this exploit.'

'Let us be off, señor,' said Sancho, 'for I have taken the beards and tears of these ladies deeply to heart, and I sha'n't eat a bit to relish it until I have seen them restored to their former smoothness. Mount, your worship, and blindfold yourself, for if I am to go on the croup, it is plain the rider in the saddle must mount first.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote, and, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he begged the Distressed One to bandage his eyes very carefully ; but after having them

¹ Sancho in the original mistakes his master's *veridico* for a diminutive of *verde*, green, and replies, 'I'm not green but brown, but even if I was a mixture I'd keep my word.'

bandaged he uncovered them again, saying, 'If my memory does not deceive me, I have read in Virgil of the Palladium of Troy, a wooden horse the Greeks offered to the goddess Pallas, which was big with armed knights, who were afterwards the destruction of Troy; so it would be as well to see, first of all, what Clavileño has in his stomach.'

'There is no occasion,' said the Distressed One; 'I will be bail for him, and I know that Malambruno has nothing tricky or treacherous about him; you may mount without any fear, Señor Don Quixote; on my head be it if any harm befalls you.'

Don Quixote thought that to say anything further with regard to his safety would be putting his courage in an unfavourable light; and so, without more words, he mounted Clavileño, and tried the peg, which turned easily; and as he had no stirrups and his legs hung down, he looked like nothing so much as a figure in some Roman triumph painted or embroidered on a Flemish tapestry.

Much against the grain, and very slowly, Sancho proceeded to mount, and, after settling himself as well as he could on the croup, found it rather hard, and not at all soft, and asked the duke if it would be possible to oblige him with a pad of some kind, or a cushion; even if it were off the couch of his lady the duchess, or the bed of one of the pages; as the haunches of that horse were more like marble than wood. On this the Trifaldi observed that Clavileño would not bear any kind of harness or trappings, and that his best plan would be to sit sideways like a woman, as in that way he would not feel the hardness so much.

Sancho did so, and, bidding them farewell, allowed his eyes to be bandaged, but immediately afterwards uncovered them again, and looking tenderly and tearfully on those in the garden, bade them help him in his present strait with plenty of Paternosters and Ave Marias, that God might provide some one to say as many for them, whenever they found themselves in a similar emergency.

At this Don Quixote exclaimed, 'Art thou on the gallows, thief, or at thy last moment, to use pitiful entreaties of that sort? Cowardly, spiritless creature, art thou not in the very place the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not into the grave, but to become Queen of France; unless the histories lie? And I who am here beside thee, may I not put myself on a par with the valiant Pierres, who pressed this very spot that I now press? Cover thine eyes, cover thine eyes, abject animal, and let not thy fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence.'

'Blindfold me,' said Sancho; 'as you won't let me commend myself or be commended to God, is it any wonder if I am afraid there is a region of devils about here that will carry us off to Peralvillo?'¹

They were then blindfolded, and Don Quixote, finding himself settled to his satisfaction, felt for the peg, and the instant he placed his fingers on it, all the duennas and all who stood by lifted up their voices exclaiming, 'God guide thee, valiant knight! God be with thee, intrepid squire! Now, now ye go cleaving the air more swiftly than an arrow! Now ye begin to amaze and astonish all who are gazing at

¹ Peralvillo, a small town near Ciudad Real, where the Holy Brotherhood used to execute their prisoners.

you from the earth ! Take care not to wobble about, valiant Sancho ! Mind thou fall not, for thy fall will be worse than that rash youth's who tried to steer the chariot of his father the Sun !'

As Sancho heard the voices, clinging tightly to his master and winding his arms round him, he said, 'Señor, how do they make out we are going up so high, if their voices reach us here and they seem to be speaking quite close to us ?'

'Don't mind that, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ; 'for as affairs of this sort, and flights like this are out of the common course of things, you can see and hear as much as you like a thousand leagues off ; but don't squeeze me so tight or thou wilt upset me ; and really I know not what thou hast to be uneasy or frightened at, for I can safely swear I never mounted a smoother-going steed all the days of my life ; one would fancy we never stirred from one place. Banish fear, my friend, for indeed everything is going as it ought, and we have the wind astern.'

'That's true,' said Sancho, 'for such a strong wind comes against me on this side, that it seems as if people were blowing on me with a thousand pair of bellows ;' which was the case ; they were puffing at him with a great pair of bellows ; for the whole adventure was so well planned by the duke, the duchess, and their majordomo, that nothing was omitted to make it perfectly successful.

Don Quixote now, feeling the blast, said, 'Beyond a doubt, Sancho, we must have already reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snow are generated ; the thunder, the lightning, and the thunderbolts are en-

gendered in the third region, and if we go on ascending at this rate, we shall shortly plunge into the region of fire, and I know not how to regulate this peg, so as not to mount up where we shall be burned.'

And now they began to warm their faces, from a distance, with tow that could be easily set on fire and extinguished again, fixed on the end of a cane. On feeling the heat Sancho said, 'May I die if we are not already in that fire place, or very near it, for a good part of my beard has been singed, and I have a mind, señor, to uncover and see whereabouts we are.'

'Do nothing of the kind,' said Don Quixote; 'remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva that the devils carried flying through the air riding on a stick with his eyes shut; who in twelve hours reached Rome and dismounted at Torre di Nona, which is a street of the city, and saw the whole sack and storming and the death of Bourbon, and was back in Madrid the next morning, where he gave an account of all he had seen; ¹ and he said moreover that as he was going through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he did so, and saw himself so near the body of the moon, so it seemed to him, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand, and that he did not dare to look at the earth lest he should be seized with giddiness. So that, Sancho, it will not do for us to uncover ourselves, for he who has us in charge will be responsible for us; and perhaps we are gaining an altitude and mounting up to enable us to descend at one swoop on the Kingdom of Kandy, as the saker or falcon does on the heron, so as to

¹ See Note B, p. 29.

seize it however high it may soar ; and though it seems to us not half an hour since we left the garden, believe me we must have travelled a great distance.'

'I don't know how that may be,' said Sancho ; 'all I know is that if the Señora Magallanes or Magalona was satisfied with this croup, she could not have been very tender of flesh.'¹

The duke, the duchess, and all in the garden were listening to the conversation of the two heroes, and were beyond measure amused by it ; and now, desirous of putting a finishing touch to this rare and well-contrived adventure, they applied a light to Clavileño's tail with some tow, and the horse, being full of squibs and crackers, immediately blew up with a prodigious noise, and brought Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to the ground half singed. By this time the bearded band of duennas, the Trifaldi and all, had vanished from the garden, and those that remained lay stretched on the ground as if in a swoon. Don Quixote and Sancho got up rather shaken, and, looking about them, were filled with amazement at finding themselves in the same garden from which they had started, and seeing such a number of people stretched on the ground ; and their astonishment was increased when at one side of the garden they perceived a tall lance planted in the ground, and hanging from it by two cords of green silk a smooth white parchment on which there was the following inscription in large gold letters : 'The illustrious knight Don Quixote of La Mancha has, by merely attempting it, finished and con-

¹ Sancho in his trouble confuses Magalona with the great Portuguese navigator.

cluded the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Distressed Duenna ; Malambruno is now satisfied on every point, the chins of the duennas are now smooth and clean, and King Don Clavigo and Queen Antonomasia in their original form ; and when the squirely flagellation shall have been completed, the white dove shall find herself delivered from the pestiferous gerfalcons that persecute her, and in the arms of her beloved mate ; for such is the decree of the sage Merlin, arch-enchanter of enchanters.'

As soon as Don Quixote had read the inscription on the parchment he perceived clearly that it referred to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning hearty thanks to Heaven that he had with so little danger achieved so grand an exploit as to restore to their former complexion the countenances of those venerable duennas, now no longer visible, he advanced towards the duke and duchess, who had not yet come to themselves, and taking the duke by the hand he said, ' Be of good cheer, worthy sir, be of good cheer ; it's nothing at all ; the adventure is now over and without any harm done, as the inscription fixed on this post shows plainly.'

The duke came to himself slowly and like one recovering consciousness after a heavy sleep, and the duchess and all who had fallen prostrate about the garden did the same, with such demonstrations of wonder and amazement that they would have almost persuaded one that what they pretended so adroitly in jest had happened to them in reality. The duke read the placard with half-shut eyes, and then ran to embrace Don Quixote with open arms, declaring him

to be the best knight that had ever been seen in any age. Sancho kept looking about for the Distressed One, to see what her face was like without the beard, and if she was as fair as her elegant person promised ; but they told him that, the instant Clavileño descended flaming through the air and came to the ground, the whole band of duennas with the Trifaldi vanished, and that they were already shaved and without a stump left.

The duchess asked Sancho how he had fared on that long journey, to which Sancho replied, ‘ I felt, señora, that we were flying through the region of fire, as my master told me, and I wanted to uncover my eyes for a bit ; but my master, when I asked leave to uncover myself, would not let me ; but as I have a little bit of curiosity about me, and a desire to know what is forbidden and kept from me, quietly and without anyone seeing me I drew aside the handkerchief covering my eyes ever so little, close to my nose, and from underneath looked towards the earth, and it seemed to me that it was altogether no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, and that the men walking on it were little bigger than hazel nuts ; so you may see how high we must have got to then.’

To this the duchess said, ‘ Sancho, my friend, mind what you are saying ; it seems you could not have seen the earth, but only the men walking on it ; it is plain that if the earth looked to you like a grain of mustard seed, and each man like a hazel nut, one man alone would have covered the whole earth.’

‘ That is true,’ said Sancho, ‘ but for all that I got a glimpse of a bit of one side of it, and saw it all.’

‘Take care, Sancho,’ said the duchess, ‘with a bit of one side one does not see the whole of what one looks at.’

‘I don’t understand that way of looking at things,’ said Sancho; ‘I only know that your ladyship will do well to bear in mind that as we were flying by enchantment so I might have seen the whole earth and all the men by enchantment, whatever way I looked; and if you won’t believe this, no more will you believe that, uncovering myself nearly to the eyebrows, I saw myself so close to the sky that there was not a palm and a half between me and it; and by everything that I can swear by, señora, it is mighty great! And it so happened we came by where the seven goats are,¹ and by God and upon my soul, as in my youth I was a goatherd in my own country, as soon as I saw them I felt a longing to be among them for a little, and if I had not given way to it I think I’d have burst. So I come and take, and what do I do? without saying anything to anybody,² not even to my master, softly and quietly I got down from Clavileño and amused myself with the goats—which are like violets, like flowers—for nigh three-quarters of an hour; and Clavileño never stirred or moved from one spot.’

‘And while the good Sancho was amusing himself with the goats,’ said the duke, ‘how did Señor Don Quixote amuse himself?’

To which Don Quixote replied, ‘As all these things and such like occurrences are out of the ordinary course of nature, it is no wonder that Sancho says what he does; for my own part I can only say that I did not uncover my eyes either above or below, nor did I see sky or earth or sea or

¹ I.e. the Pleiades.

² Literally, ‘saying nothing to nobody.’

shore. It is true I felt that I was passing through the region of the air, and even that I touched that of fire ; but that we passed farther I cannot believe ; for the region of fire being between the heaven of the moon and the last region of the air, we could not have reached that heaven where the seven goats Sancho speaks of are without being burned ; and as we were not burned, either Sancho is lying or Sancho is dreaming.'

'I am neither lying nor dreaming,' said Sancho ; 'only ask me the tokens of those same goats, and you'll see by that whether I'm telling the truth or not.'

'Tell us them then, Sancho,' said the duchess.

'Two of them,' said Sancho, 'are green, two blood-red, two blue, and one a mixture of all colours.'

'An odd sort of goat, that,' said the duke ; 'in this earthly region of ours we have no such colours ; I mean goats of such colours.'

'That's very plain,' said Sancho ; 'of course there must be a difference between the goats of heaven and the goats of the earth.'

'Tell me, Sancho,' said the duke, 'did you see any he-goat among those goats ?'

'No, señor,' said Sancho ; 'but I have heard say that none ever passed the horns of the moon.'

They did not care to ask him anything more about his journey, for they saw he was in the vein to go rambling all over the heavens giving an account of everything that went on there, without having ever stirred from the garden. Such, in short, was the end of the adventure of the Distressed Duenna, which gave the duke and duchess laughing

matter not only for the time being, but for all their lives, and Sancho something to talk about for ages, if he lived so long; but Don Quixote, coming close to his ear, said to him, 'Sancho, as you would have us believe what you saw in heaven, I require you to believe me as to what I saw in the cave of Montesinos; I say no more.'

Note A (page 15).

We were told before that the peg was in the forehead, a very inconvenient position for the rider. In the magic horse in the *Arabian Nights* it was in the neck. In the case of Chaucer's 'Stede of bras,' to guide him—

'Ye moten trill a pin stont in his ere.'

Note B (page 28).

Dr. Eugenio Torralva, tried in 1528 at Cuenca on various charges of dealing in magic. One was that he claimed to have made the journey from Madrid to Rome in one night riding on a stick. 'Bourbon' is the Duke who was killed at the taking of Rome by the Imperialists in May 1527.

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHE PANZA BEFORE HE SET OUT TO GOVERN THE ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH OTHER WELL-CONSIDERED MATTERS.

THE duke and duchess were so well pleased with the successful and droll result of the adventure of the Distressed One, that they resolved to carry on the joke, seeing what a fit subject they had to deal with for making it all pass for reality. So having laid their plans and given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the next day, that following Clavileño's flight, the duke told Sancho to prepare and get ready to go and be governor, for his islanders were already looking out for him as for the showers of May.

Sancho made him an obeisance, and said, 'Ever since I came down from heaven, and from the top of it beheld the earth, and saw how little it is, the great desire I had to be a governor has been partly cooled in me; for what is there grand in being ruler on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or authority in governing half a dozen men about as big as hazel nuts; for, so far as I could see, there were no more on the whole earth? If your lordship would be so good as to give me ever so small a bit of heaven, were it no more than half a league, I'd rather have it than the best island in the world.'

‘Recollect, Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘I cannot give a bit of heaven, no not so much as the breadth of my nail, to anyone ; rewards and favours of that sort are reserved for God alone. What I can give I give you, and that is a real, genuine island, compact, well-proportioned, and uncommonly fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to use your opportunities, you may, with the help of the world’s riches, gain those of heaven.’

‘Well then,’ said Sancho, ‘let the island come ; and I’ll try and be such a governor, that in spite of scoundrels I’ll go to heaven ; and it’s not from any craving to quit my own humble condition or better myself, but from the desire I have to try what it tastes like to be a governor.’

‘If you once make trial of it, Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘you’ll eat your fingers off after the government, so sweet a thing is it to command and be obeyed. Depend upon it when your master comes to be emperor (as he will beyond a doubt from the course his affairs are taking), it will be no easy matter to wrest the dignity from him, and he will be sore and sorry at heart to have been so long without becoming one.’

‘Señor,’ said Sancho, ‘it is my belief it’s a good thing to be in command, if it’s only over a drove of cattle.’

‘May I be buried with you, Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘but you know everything ; I hope you will make as good a governor as your sagacity promises, and that is all I have to say ; and now remember to-morrow is the day you must set out for the government of the island, and this evening they will provide you with the proper attire for you to wear, and all things requisite for your departure.’

‘Let them dress me as they like,’ said Sancho; ‘however I’m dressed I’ll be Sancho Panza.’

‘That’s true,’ said the duke; ‘but one’s dress must be suited to the office or rank one holds; for it would not do for a jurist to dress like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go partly as a lawyer, partly as a captain, for, in the island I am giving you, arms are needed as much as letters, and letters as much as arms.’

‘Of letters I know but little,’ said Sancho, ‘for I don’t even know the A B C; but it is enough for me to have the Christus¹ in my memory to be a good governor. As for arms, I’ll handle those they give me till I drop, and then, God be my help!’

‘With so good a memory,’ said the duke, ‘Sancho cannot go wrong in anything.’

Here Don Quixote joined them; and learning what passed, and how soon Sancho was to go to his government, he with the duke’s permission took him by the hand, and retired to his room with him for the purpose of giving him advice as to how he was to demean himself in his office. As soon as they had entered the chamber he closed the door after him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a quiet tone thus addressed him: ‘I give infinite thanks to heaven, friend Sancho, that, before I have met with any good luck, fortune has come forward to meet thee. I who counted upon my good fortune to discharge the recompense of thy services, find myself still waiting for advancement, while thou, before the time, and contrary to

¹ The cross prefixed to the alphabet in schoolbooks: *no saber el Cristus*, is to know nothing at all.

all reasonable expectation, seest thyself blessed in the fulfilment of thy desires. Some will bribe, beg, solicit, rise early, entreat, persist, without attaining the object of their suit; while another comes, and without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself invested with the place or office so many have sued for; and here it is that the common saying, "There is good luck as well as bad luck in suits," applies. Thou, who, to my thinking, art beyond all doubt a dullard, without early rising or night watching or taking any trouble, with the mere breath of knight-errantry that has breathed upon thee, seest thyself without more ado governor of an island, as though it were a mere matter of course. This I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not the favour thou hast received to thine own merits, but give thanks to heaven that disposes matters beneficently, and secondly thanks to the great power the profession of knight-errantry contains in itself. With a heart, then, inclined to believe what I have said to thee, attend, my son, to thy Cato here¹ who would counsel thee and be thy polestar and guide to direct and pilot thee to a safe haven out of this stormy sea wherein thou art about to ingulf thyself; for offices and great trusts are nothing else but a mighty gulf of troubles.

' First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught. .

' Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the

¹ I.e. Dionysius Cato, author of the *Disticha*.

mind can imagine. If thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost, the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly.¹

‘That’s the truth,’ said Sancho; ‘but that was when I was a boy; afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for all who are governors don’t come of a kingly stock.’

‘True,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and for that reason those who are not of noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.’

‘Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed no one will set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who, born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances enough to weary thee.’

‘Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who are born princes and lords, for blood is an inheritance, but virtue an acquisition,² and

¹ In allusion to the fable that the peacock’s pride in his tail is tempered when he contemplates his ugly feet. In Spanish the expanded tail of the peacock is called his wheel—*rueda*.

² Prov. 218.

virtue has in itself alone a worth that blood does not possess.

‘ This being so, if perchance anyone of thy kinsfolk should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much of him ; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of Heaven (which is not pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply with the laws of well-ordered nature.

‘ If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and instruct her, and strive to smoothe down her natural roughness ; for all that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a boorish stupid wife.

‘ If perchance thou art left a widower—a thing which may happen—and in virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one to serve thee for a hook, or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy “ won’t have it ; ” ¹ for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge’s wife receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling to account ; where he will have repay in death fourfold, items that in life he regarded as naught.

‘ Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favoured by ignorant men who plume themselves on cleverness.

‘ Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

‘ Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises

¹ Prov. 38. An allusion to the popular joke against the begging friars, who were said to make a pretence of refusing gifts ; hinting, however, that they might be thrown into their hood.

and presents of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

‘When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost rigour of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

‘If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

‘If it should happen thee to give judgment in the cause of one who is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on the justice of the case.

‘Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man’s cause; for the errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and fortune.

‘If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

‘Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of thine objurgations.

‘Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature, and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing; for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

‘ If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be long, thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable ; thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst ; they and thy grandchildren will bear titles ; thou wilt live in peace and concord with all men ; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy great-grandchildren will close thine eyes.

‘ What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the adornment of thy mind ; listen now to those which tend to that of the body.’

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF THE SECOND SET OF COUNSELS DON QUIXOTE GAVE
SANCHO PANZA.

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and unbiassed understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these second counsels that he gave Sancho he showed himself to have a lively turn of humour, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom, and also his folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavoured to fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant to follow them and by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say:

‘With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean, and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance makes them fancy

that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons of a lizard-catching kestrel—a filthy and unnatural abuse.

‘Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius Cæsar.¹

‘Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and pages for earth; the vainglorious never think of this new mode of giving liveries.

‘Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as to make it seem thou art listening to thyself; for all affectation is bad.²

‘Dine sparingly and sup more sparingly still;³ for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

‘Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps neither secrets nor promises.

‘Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in anybody’s presence.’

‘Eruct!’ said Sancho; ‘I don’t know what that means.’

‘To eruct, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘means to belch,

¹ Suetonius: *Jul. Cæs.* c. 45.

² Prov. 3.

³ Prov. 54.

and that is one of the filthiest words in the Spanish language, though a very expressive one ; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin, and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations ; and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be readily understood ; this is the way a language is enriched ; custom and the public are all-powerful there.¹

‘In truth, señor,’ said Sancho, ‘one of the counsels and cautions I mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I’m constantly doing it.’

‘Eruct, Sancho, not belch,’ said Don Quixote.

‘Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it,’ said Sancho.

‘Likewise, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘thou must not mingle such a quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost ; for though proverbs are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and shoulders that they savour more of nonsense than of maxims.’

‘God alone can cure that,’ said Sancho ; ‘for I have more proverbs in me than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out ; that’s why my tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the purpose. But I’ll take care henceforward to use such as befit the dignity of my office ; for “in a house where there’s plenty, supper is soon cooked,” and “he who binds

¹ That curious sixteenth-century manual of the manners of good society, the *Galateo Español* of Lucas Gracian Dantisco, very probably suggested this hint.

does not wrangle," and "the bellringer's in a safe berth," and "giving and keeping require brains."¹

'That's it, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'pack, tack, string proverbs together; nobody is hindering thee! "My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks."² I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are talking about as "over the hills of Úbeda."³ Mind, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable; but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes conversation dull and vulgar.

'When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the horse's belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others.

'Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother of good fortune,⁴ and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the object of an honest ambition.

'The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less useful to thee than those I have given thee already, and it is this—never engage in a dispute about families, at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily one of those compared will be better than the other,

¹ Provs. 41, 74, 200, and 71.

² Prov. 45.

³ Prov. 284.

⁴ Prov. 77.

and thou wilt be hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape from the one thou hast exalted.

‘Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

‘For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow, if thou take care to let me know how thou art circumstanced.’

‘Señor,’ said Sancho, ‘I see well enough that all these things your worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use will they be to me if I don’t remember one of them? To be sure that about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the chance, will not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle, and jumble—I don’t and can’t recollect any more of it than

f last year’s clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can’t either read or write, I’ll give it to my confessor, to drive it into me and remind me of it whenever it is necessary.’

‘Ah, sinner that I am!’ said Don Quixote, ‘how bad it looks in governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee, Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou labourest under, and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name.’

'I can sign my name well enough,' said Sancho, 'for when I was steward of the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name. Besides I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make some one else sign for me, for "there's a remedy for everything except death;"¹ and as I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover, "he who has the alcalde for his father—,"² and I'll be governor, and that's higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of me and abuse me; "they'll come for wool and go back shorn;"³ "whom God loves, his house is sweet to him;"⁴ "the silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world;"⁵ and as I'll be rich, being a governor, and at the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me. "Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you;" "as much as thou hast so much art thou worth," as my grandmother used to say; and "thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance."'⁶

'Oh, God's curse upon thee, Sancho!' here exclaimed Don Quixote; 'sixty thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to

¹ Prov. 146.

² Prov. 8. *Seguro va a juicio* — 'goes into court with an easy mind.'

³ Prov. 124.

⁴ Prov. 87. There is some uncertainty about this proverb; whether it is 'his house is sweet to him,' or, 'his house knows it,' or, 'his hunting (*caza*) is successful.' In the text of the early editions it is in the first form. Hartzenbusch prefers the last.

⁵ Prov. 205.

⁶ Provs. 139, 221, and 16.

the gallows one day, I promise thee ; thy subjects will take the government from thee, or there will be revolts among them, all because of them. Tell me, where dost thou pick them up, thou booby ? How dost thou apply them, thou blockhead ? For with me, to utter one and make it apply properly, I have to sweat and labour as if I were digging.'

'By God, master mine,' said Sancho, 'your worship is making a fuss about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of what is my own ? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in trade except proverbs and more proverbs ; and here are three just this instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a basket ; but I won't repeat them, for "Sage silence is called Sancho."'¹

'That, Sancho, thou art not,' said Don Quixote ; 'for not only art thou not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity ; still I would like to know what three proverbs have just now come into thy memory, for I have been turning over mine own—and it is a good one—and none occur to me.'

'What can be better,' said Sancho, 'than "never put thy thumbs between two back teeth ;" and "to 'get out of my house' and 'what do you want with my wife ?' there is no answer ;" and "whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's a bad business for the pitcher ;" all which fit to a hair ? For no one should quarrel with his governor, or him in authority over him, because he will

¹ Prov. 214. Possibly a corruption of *santo*—'holy ;' another, and perhaps the older and more correct form, has 'sage,' 'prudent.' Garay gives it as in the text.

² Provs. 142, 42, and 34.

come off the worst, as he does who puts his finger between two back teeth, and if they are not back teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to whatever the governor may say there's no answer, any more than to "get out of my house" and "what do you want with my wife?" and then, as for that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So that he who sees the mote in another's eye had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of himself, 'the dead woman was frightened at the one with her throat cut;' and your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's.'¹

'Nay, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or in anybody else's, for no wise structure of any sort can stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it, Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou wilt turn the whole island upside down, a thing I might prevent by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs and sauciness.'

'Señor,' said Sancho, 'if your worship thinks I'm not fit for this government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of my soul is dearer to me than my whole

¹ Provs. 140, 143, and 43.

body ; and I can live just as well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges and capons ; and what's more, while we're asleep we're all equal,¹ great and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of governing ; for I know no more about the government of islands than a buzzard ; and if there's any reason to think that because of my being a governor the devil will get hold of me, I'd rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell.'

'By God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for those last words thou hast uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge is worth anything ; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the pursuit of thy main object ; I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for heaven always helps good intentions ; and now let us go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady are waiting for us.'

¹ Prov. 92.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCHE PANZA WAS CONDUCTED TO HIS GOVERNMENT,
AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE
IN THE CASTLE.

It is stated, they say, in the true original of this history, that when Cid Hamet came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate it as he wrote it¹—that is, as a kind of complaint the Moor made against himself for having taken in hand a story so dry and of so little variety as this of Don Quixote, for he found himself forced to speak perpetually of him and Sancho, without venturing to indulge in digressions and episodes more serious and more interesting. He said, too, that to go on, mind, hand, and pen always restricted to writing upon one single subject, and speaking through the mouths of a few characters, was intolerable drudgery, the result of which was never equal to the author's labour, and that to avoid this he had in the First Part availed himself of the device of novels, like 'The Ill-advised Curiosity,' and 'The Captive Captain,' which stand, as it were, apart from the story; the others that are given there being incidents which occurred to Don

¹ The original bringing a charge of misinterpretation against its translator, is a confusion of ideas that it would not be easy to match. With regard to Cid Hamet's apology, see Introduction, p. 68.

Quixote himself and could not be omitted. He also thought, he says, that many, engrossed by the interest attaching to the exploits of Don Quixote, would take none in the novels, and pass them over hastily or impatiently without noticing the elegance and art of their composition, which would be very manifest were they published by themselves and not as mere adjuncts to the crazes of Don Quixote or the simplicities of Sancho. Therefore in this Second Part he thought it best not to insert novels, either separate or interwoven, but only episodes, something like them, arising out of the circumstances the facts present; and even these sparingly, and with no more words than suffice to make them plain; and as he confines and restricts himself to the narrow limits of the narrative, though he has ability, capacity, and brains enough to deal with the whole universe, he requests that his labours may not be despised, and that credit be given him, not for what he writes, but for what he has refrained from writing; and so he goes on with his story, saying that the day Don Quixote gave the counsels to Sancho, the same afternoon after dinner he handed them to him in writing so that he might get some one to read them to him. They had scarcely, however, been given to him when he let them drop, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who showed them to the duchess, and they were both amazed afresh at the madness and wit of Don Quixote. To carry on the joke, then, the same evening they despatched Sancho with a large following to the village that was to serve him for an island. It happened that the person who had him in charge was a major-domo of the duke's, a man of great discretion and humour

—and there can be no humour without discretion—and the same who played the part of the Countess Trifaldi in the comical way that has been already described; and thus qualified, and instructed by his master and mistress as to how to deal with Sancho, he carried out their scheme admirably. Now it came to pass that as soon as Sancho saw this majordomo he seemed in his features to recognise those of the Trifaldi, and turning to his master, he said to him, ‘Señor, either the devil will carry me off, here on this spot, righteous and believing, or your worship will own to me that the face of this majordomo of the duke’s here is the very face of the Distressed One.’

Don Quixote regarded the majordomo attentively, and having done so, said to Sancho, ‘There is no reason why the devil should carry thee off, Sancho, either righteous or believing—and what thou meanest by that I know not; ¹ the face of the Distressed One is that of the majordomo, but for all that the majordomo is not the Distressed One; for his being so would involve a mighty contradiction; but this is not the time for going into questions of the sort, which would be involving ourselves in an inextricable labyrinth. Believe me, my friend, we must pray earnestly to our Lord that he deliver us both from wicked wizards and enchanters.’

‘It is no joke, señor,’ said Sancho, ‘for before this I heard him speak, and it seemed exactly as if the voice of the Trifaldi was sounding in my ears. Well, I’ll hold my

¹ There is, in fact, some difference of opinion as to the meaning of the phrase. The *Academy Dictionary* gives ‘instantly’—‘on the spot;’ *Covarrubias* ‘suddenly.’

peace ; but I'll take care to be on the look-out henceforth for any sign that may be seen to confirm or do away with this suspicion.'

'Thou wilt do well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and thou wilt let me know all thou discoverest on the subject, and all that befalls thee in thy government.'

Sancho at last set out attended by a great number of people. He was dressed in the garb of a lawyer, with a gaban of tawny watered camlet over all and a montera cap of the same material, and mounted à la gineta upon a mule. Behind him, in accordance with the duke's orders, followed Dapple with brand new ass-trappings and ornaments of silk, and from time to time Sancho turned round to look at his ass, so well pleased to have him with him that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany. On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess and got his master's blessing, which Don Quixote gave him with tears, and he received blubbing. Let worthy Sancho go in peace, and good luck to him, Gentle Reader ; and look out for two bushels of laughter, which the account of how he behaved himself in office will give thee. In the meantime turn thy attention to what happened his master the same night, and if thou dost not laugh thereat, at any rate thou wilt stretch thy mouth with a grin ; for Don Quixote's adventures must be honoured either with wonder or with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible for him to revoke the mandate and take away the government from him, he would have done so. The duchess observed

his dejection and asked him why he was melancholy ; because, she said, if it was for the loss of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would wait upon him to his full satisfaction.

‘The truth is, señora,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that I do feel the loss of Sancho ; but that is not the main cause of my looking sad ; and of all the offers your excellence makes me, I accept only the good-will with which they are made, and as to the remainder I entreat of your excellence to permit and allow me alone to wait upon myself in my chamber.’

‘Indeed, Señor Don Quixote,’ said the duchess, ‘that must not be ; four of my damsels, as beautiful as flowers, shall wait upon you.’

‘To me,’ said Don Quixote, ‘they will not be flowers, but thorns to pierce my heart. They, or anything like them, shall as soon enter my chamber as fly. If your highness wishes to gratify me still further, though I deserve it not, permit me to please myself, and wait upon myself in my own room ; for I place a barrier between my inclinations and my virtue, and I do not wish to break this rule through the generosity your highness is disposed to display towards me ; and, in short, I will sleep in my clothes, sooner than allow anyone to undress me.’

‘Say no more, Señor Don Quixote, say no more,’ said the duchess ; ‘I assure you I will give orders that not even a fly, not to say a damsel, shall enter your room. I am not the one to undermine the propriety of Señor Don Quixote, for it strikes me that among his many virtues the one that is pre-eminent is that of modesty. Your worship

may undress and dress in private and in your own way, as you please and when you please, for there will be no one to hinder you; and in your chamber you will find all the utensils requisite to supply the wants of one who sleeps with his door locked, to the end that no natural needs compel you to open it. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her fame extend all over the surface of the globe, for she deserves to be loved by a knight so valiant and so virtuous; and may kind heaven infuse zeal into the heart of our governor Sancho Panza to finish off his discipline speedily, so that the world may once more enjoy the beauty of so grand a lady.'

To which Don Quixote replied, 'Your highness has spoken like what you are; from the mouth of a noble lady nothing bad can come; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and better known to the world by the praise of your highness than by all the eulogies the greatest orators on earth could bestow upon her.'

'Well, well, Señor Don Quixote,' said the duchess, 'it is nearly supper-time, and the duke is probably waiting; come, let us go to supper, and retire to rest early, for the journey you made yesterday from Kandy was not such a short one but that it must have caused you some fatigue.'

'I feel none, señora,' said Don Quixote, 'for I would go so far as to swear to your excellence that in all my life I never mounted a quieter beast, or a pleasanter paced one, than Clavileño; and I don't know what could have induced Malambruno to discard a steed so swift and so gentle, and burn it so recklessly as he did.'

'Probably,' said the duchess, 'repenting of the evil he

had done to the Trifaldi and company, and others, and the crimes he must have committed as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to make away with all the instruments of his craft; and so burned Clavileño as the chief one, and that which mainly kept him restless, wandering from land to land; and by its ashes and the trophy of the placard the valour of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha is established for ever.'

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess; and having supped, retired to his chamber alone, refusing to allow anyone to enter with him to wait on him, such was his fear of encountering temptations that might lead or drive him to forget his chaste fidelity to his lady Dulcinea; for he had always present to his mind the virtue of Amadis, that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind him, and by the light of two wax candles undressed himself, but as he was taking off his stockings—O disaster unworthy of such a personage!—there came a burst, not of sighs, or anything belying his delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy gentleman was beyond measure distressed, and just then he would have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk there; I say green silk, because the stockings were green.

Here Cid Hamet exclaimed as he was writing, 'O poverty, poverty! I know not what could have possessed the great Cordovan poet to call thee "holy gift ungratefully received."¹ Although a Moor, I know well enough from the

¹ See Note A, p. 60.

intercourse I have had with Christians that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty ; but for all that, I say he must have a great deal of godliness who can find any satisfaction in being poor ; unless, indeed, it be the kind of poverty one of their greatest saints refers to, saying, “ possess all things as though ye possessed them not ; ”¹ which is what they call poverty in spirit. But thou, that other poverty—for it is of thee I am speaking now—why dost thou love to fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth more than with other people ? Why dost thou compel them to smear the cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons of their coats, one silk, another hair, and another glass ? Why must their ruffs be always crinkled like endive leaves, and not crimped with a crimping iron ?’ (From this we may perceive the antiquity of starch and crimped ruffs.) Then he goes on : ‘ Poor gentleman of good family ! always cockering up his honour, dining miserably and in secret, and making a hypocrite of the toothpick with which he sallies out into the street after eating nothing to oblige him to use it ! Poor fellow, I say, with his nervous honour, fancying they perceive a league off the patch on his shoe, the sweat-stains on his hat, the shabbiness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach ! ’²

All this was brought home to Don Quixote by the bursting of his stitches ; however, he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had left behind a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to wear the next day. At last he went to bed, out of spirits and heavy at heart, as much because he

¹ Cid Hamet has mixed up two passages—1 Cor. vii. 30, and 2 Cor. vi. 10.

² See Note B, p. 60.

missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to his stockings, the stitches of which he would have even taken up with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty a gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments. He put out the candles ; but the night was warm and he could not sleep ; he rose from his bed and opened slightly a grated window that looked out on a beautiful garden, and as he did so he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively, and those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words :

‘ Urge me not to sing, Emerencia, for thou knowest that ever since this stranger entered the castle and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but only weep ; besides my lady is a light rather than a heavy sleeper, and I would not for all the wealth of the world that she found us here ; and even if she were asleep and did not waken, my singing would be in vain, if this strange Æneas, who has come into my neighbourhood to flout me, sleeps on and wakens not to hear it.’

‘ Heed not that, dear Altisidora,’ replied a voice ; ‘ the duchess is no doubt asleep, and everybody in the house save the lord of thy heart and disturber of thy soul ; for just now I perceived him open the grated window of his chamber, so he must be awake ; sing, my poor sufferer, in a low sweet tone to the accompaniment of thy harp ; and even if the duchess hears us we can lay the blame on the heat of the night.’

‘ That is not the point, Emerencia,’ replied Altisidora, ‘ it is that I would not that my singing should lay bare my

heart, and that I should be thought a light and wanton maiden by those who know not the mighty power of love ; but come what may ; better a blush on the cheek than a sore in the heart ; ' ¹ and here a harp softly touched made itself heard. As he listened to all this Don Quixote was in a state of breathless amazement, for immediately the countless adventures like this, with windows, gratings, gardens, serenades, love-makings, and languishings, that he had read of in his trashy books of chivalry, came to his mind. He at once concluded that some damsel of the duchess's was in love with him, and that her modesty forced her to keep her passion secret. He trembled lest he should fall, and made an inward resolution not to yield ; and commending himself with all his might and soul to his lady Dulcinea he made up his mind to listen to the music ; and to let them know he was there he gave a pretended sneeze, at which the damsels were not a little delighted, for all they wanted was that Don Quixote should hear them. So having tuned the harp, Altisidora, running her hand across the strings, began this ballad :

O thou that art above in bed,
Between the holland sheets,
A-lying there from night till morn,
With outstretched legs asleep ; ²

O thou, most valiant knight of all
The famed Manchegan breed,
Of purity and virtue more
Than gold of Araby ;

¹ Prov. 242.

² See Note C, p. 60.

Give ear unto a suffering maid,
Well-grown but evil-starr'd,
For those two suns of thine have lit
A fire within her heart.

Adventures seeking thou dost rove,
To others bringing woe ;
Thou scatterest wounds, but, ah, the balm
To heal them dost withhold !

Say, valiant youth, and so may God
Thy enterprises speed,
Didst thou the light mid Libya's sands
Or Jaca's rocks first see ?

Did scaly serpents give thee suck ?
Who nursed thee when a babe ?
Wert cradled in the forest rude,
Or gloomy mountain cave ?

O Dulcinea may be proud,
That plump and lusty maid ;
For she alone hath had the power
A tiger fierce to tame.

And she for this shall famous be
From Tagus to Jarama,
From Manzanares to Genil,
From Duero to Arlanza.

Fain would I change with her, and give
A petticoat to boot,
The best and bravest that I have,
All trimmed with gold galloon.

O for to be the happy fair
Thy mighty arms enfold,
Or even sit beside thy bed
And scratch thy dusty poll !

I rave,—to favours such as these
Unworthy to aspire ;
Thy feet to tickle were enough
For one so mean as I.

What caps, what slippers silver-laced,
Would I on thee bestow !
What damask breeches make for thee ;
What fine long holland cloaks !

And I would give thee pearls that should
As big as oak-galls show ;
So matchless big that each might well
Be called the great ' Alone.'¹

Manchegan Nero, look not down
From thy Tarpeian Rock
Upon this burning heart, nor add
The fuel of thy wrath.

A virgin soft and young am I,
Not yet fifteen years old ;
(I'm only three months past fourteen,
I swear upon my soul.)

I hobble not nor do I limp,
All blemish I'm without,
And as I walk my lily locks
Are trailing on the ground.

And though my nose be rather flat,
And though my mouth be wide,
My teeth like topazes exalt
My beauty to the sky.

¹ One of the pearls of the Spanish crown was called *La Sola*, being unmatched for size.

Thou knowest that my voice is sweet,
That is if thou dost hear ;
And I am moulded in a form
Somewhat below the mean.

These charms, and many more, are thine,
Spoils to thy spear and bow all ;
A damsel of this house am I,
By name Altisidora.

Here the lay of the heart-stricken Altisidora came to an end, while the warmly wooed Don Quixote began to feel alarm ; and with a deep sigh he said to himself, ‘ O that I should be such an unlucky knight that no damsel can set eyes on me but falls in love with me ! O that the peerless Dulcinea should be so unfortunate that they cannot let her enjoy my incomparable constancy in peace ! What would ye with her, ye queens ? Why do ye persecute her, ye empresses ? Why do ye pursue her, ye virgins of from fourteen to fifteen ? Leave the unhappy being to triumph, rejoice and glory in the lot love has been pleased to bestow upon her in surrendering my heart and yielding up my soul to her. Ye love-smitten host, know that to Dulcinea only I am dough and sugar-paste, flint to all others ; for her I am honey, for you aloes. For me Dulcinea alone is beautiful, wise, virtuous, graceful, and high-bred, and all others are ill-favoured, foolish, light, and low-born. Nature sent me into the world to be hers and no other’s ; Altisidora may weep or sing, the lady for whose sake they belaboured me in the castle of the enchanted Moor may give way to despair, but I must be Dulcinea’s, boiled or roast, pure, courteous, and chaste, in spite of all the magic-working

powers on earth.' And with that he shut the window with a bang, and, as much out of temper and out of sorts as if some great misfortune had befallen him, stretched himself on his bed, where we will leave him for the present, as the great Sancho Panza, who is about to set up his famous government, now demands our attention.

Note A (page 53).

'O vida segura la mansa pobreza,
Dadiva santa desagradecida.'

JUAN DE MENA, *El Laberinto*, copla 227.

I suspect there is a touch of malice in the words 'the great Cordovan poet.' To hear any other poet but Gongora so described would have made a Gongorist foam at the mouth.

Note B (page 54).

The straits of the starving hidalgo were a favourite theme with the novelists and dramatists of the time. The difference of the treatment of the subject by the three great humourists, Mendoza in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Cervantes here, and Quevedo in the *Gran Tacaño*, is very striking.

Note C (page 56).

Shelton in a characteristic note apologises for this ballad and that in answer to it in chapter xlv. by saying that 'the verses are made to bee scurvy on purpose by the authour, so he observes neyther verse nor rime.' They are, of course, burlesque ballads, and the rhyme is the assonant which I have endeavoured to imitate.

CHAPTER XLV.

OF HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF HOW HE MADE A BEGINNING IN GOVERNING.

O PERPETUAL discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet stimulator of the water-coolers! ¹ Thymbræus here, Phœbus there, now archer, now physician, father of poetry, inventor of music; thou that always risest and, notwithstanding appearances, never settest! To thee, O Sun, by whose aid man begetteth man, to thee I appeal to help me and lighten the darkness of my wit that I may be able to proceed with scrupulous exactitude in giving an account of the great Sancho Panza's government; for without thee I feel myself weak, feeble, and uncertain.

To come to the point, then—Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of Barataria, either because the name of the village was Baratario, or because of the joke by way of which the government had been conferred upon him.² On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with great pomp they

¹ See Note A, p. 71.

² See Note B, p. 71.

conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure of the new governor astonished all those who were not in the secret, and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him on it, and the duke's majordomo said to him, 'It is an ancient custom in this island, señor governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to him, and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his answer the people take the measure of their new governor's wit, and hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly.'

While the majordomo was making this speech Sancho was gazing at several large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could not read he asked what that was that was painted on the wall. The answer was, 'Señor, there is written and recorded the day on which your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says, "This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy it."'

'And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?' asked Sancho.

'Your lordship,' replied the majordomo; 'for no other Panza but the one who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island.'

‘Well then, let me tell you, brother,’ said Sancho, ‘I haven’t got the “Don,” nor has any one of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father’s name, and Sancho was my grandfather’s, and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Doñas tacked on; I suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days I’ll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the midges, they’re so plenty.¹ Let the majordomo go on with his question, and I’ll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or not.’

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick, and the one who had no stick said, ‘Señor, some time ago I lent this good man ten gold-crowns in gold to gratify him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or of the payment, for he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he swears he

¹ The title of Don, like that of Esquire in this country, was beginning to be assumed by persons who had no claim to it. Cervantes evidently had a strong opinion on the subject.

returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before God.'

'What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?' said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, 'I admit, señor, that he lent them to me; but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly.'

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not recollecting it, was every minute asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given him back the crowns; and that from that time forth he would make no further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court. Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and observing too the resignation of the plaintiff, Sancho buried his head in his bosom and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his head and bade them call back the old man with the stick,

for he had already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him he said, 'Honest man, give me that stick, for I want it.'

'Willingly,' said the old man; 'here it is, señor,' and he put it into his hand.

Sancho took it and handing it to the other old man, said to him, 'Go, and God be with you; for now you are paid.'

'I, señor!' returned the old man; 'why, is this cane worth ten gold-crowns?'

'Yes,' said the governor, 'or if not I am the greatest dolt in the world; now you will see whether I have got the headpiece to govern a whole kingdom;' and he ordered the cane to be broken in two, there, in the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold-crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the conclusion that the ten crowns were in the cane; he replied that, observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be fools; besides he had himself heard the curate of his village mention just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be such a memory in

all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.¹

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming, 'Justice, señor governor, justice ! and if I don't get it on earth I'll go look for it in heaven. Señor governor of my soul, this wicked man caught me in the middle of the fields here and used my body as if it was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me ! got from me what I had kept these three-and-twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers ; and I always as hard as an oak, and keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle me !'

'It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not,' said Sancho ; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in answer to the woman's charge.

He all in confusion made answer, 'Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on the road with this

¹ In the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine there is a story resembling this of the two old men.

good dame, and the devil who makes a coil and a mess out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here ; she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to swear ; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it.'

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him ; he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant ; he obeyed trembling ; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and praying to God for the long life and health of the señor governor who had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however, to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his purse, ' Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her, by force even, and come back with it here ; ' and he did not say it to one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off at once like a flash of lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout was the woman's defence, she all the while crying out, ' Justice from God and the world ! see here, señor governor, the shamelessness and

boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him give me.'

'And did he take it?' asked the governor.

'Take it!' said the woman; 'I'd let my life be taken from me sooner than the purse. A pretty child I'd be! It's another sort of cat they must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels would not get it out of my grip; no, nor lions' claws; the soul from out of my body first!'

'She is right,' said the man; 'I own myself beaten and powerless; I confess I haven't the strength to take it from her;' and he let go his hold of her.

Upon this the governor said to the woman, 'Let me see that purse, my worthy and sturdy friend.' She handed it to him at once, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of force, 'Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit and vigour in defending your body as you have shown in defending that purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don't show your face in all this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew.'¹

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and the governor said to the man, 'Honest man, go home with your money, and God speed you; and for the future, if you don't want to lose it,

¹ Cervantes got this story from a very devout work, the *Norte de los Estados of Francisco de Osuna*, Burgos, 1550.

see that you don't take it into your head to yoke with anybody.' The man thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor's judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm-labourer, and the other a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before him, and the tailor said, 'Señor governor, this labourer and I come before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop yesterday (for saving everybody's presence I'm a passed tailor, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me, "Señor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?" Measuring the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected—as I supposed, and I supposed right—that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he would be at, and I said "yes." He, still following up his original unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I "yes" after "yes," until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; I gave them to him, but he won't pay me for the making; on the contrary, he calls upon me to pay *him*, or else return his cloth.'

'Is all this true, brother?' said Sancho.

'Yes, señor,' replied the man; 'but will your worship make him show the five caps he has made me?'

'With all my heart,' said the tailor; and drawing his hand from under his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon

the five fingers of it, and said, 'there are the five caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon my conscience I haven't a scrap of cloth left, and I'll let the work be examined by the inspectors of the trade.'

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit; Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, 'It seems to me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded arguments, but only to give off-hand the judgment of an honest man; and so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the labourer the cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the gaol, and let there be no more about it.'

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer's purse excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; ¹ however, the governor's orders were after all executed. All this, having been taken down by his chronicler, was at once despatched to the duke, who was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora's music, has pressing claims upon us now.

¹ In the original editions the case of the caps is placed first, but this shows that it should come last.

Note A (page 61).

Hartzenbusch thinks that this outburst is a caricature of a passage in some poem of the day, and that such imitations are not uncommon in *Don Quixote*. If so, we cannot wonder at it that Cervantes was not beloved by the high-flying poets of the period.

Note B (page 61).

Barato now means cheap, but in old Spanish it was also a substantive meaning a trick or a practical joke. According to Pellicer the 'island' was Alcalá del Ebro, a village near Pedrola, on a peninsula formed by a bend of the Ebro. The critics have been much exercised by the identification of Barataria, which has always been with the Cervantistas a favourite hunting ground for political allusions.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE TERRIBLE BELL AND CAT FRIGHT THAT DON QUIXOTE
GOT IN THE COURSE OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S
WOOLING.

WE left Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections which the music of the enamoured maid Altisidora had given rise to. He went to bed with them, and just like fleas they would not let him sleep or get a moment's rest, and the broken stitches of his stockings helped them. But as Time is fleet and no obstacle can stay his course, he came riding on the hours, and morning very soon arrived. Seeing which Don Quixote quitted the soft down, and, nowise slothful, dressed himself in his chamois suit and put on his travelling boots to hide the disaster to his stockings. He threw over him his scarlet mantle, put on his head a montera of green velvet trimmed with silver edging, flung across his shoulder the baldric with his good trenchant sword, took up a large rosary that he always carried with him, and with great solemnity and precision of gait proceeded to the ante-chamber where the duke and duchess were already dressed and waiting for him. But as he passed through a gallery, Altisidora and the other damsel, her friend, were lying in wait for him, and the instant Altisidora saw him she pretended to faint, while her friend

caught her in her lap, and began hastily unlacing the bosom of her dress.

Don Quixote observed it, and approaching them said, 'I know very well what this seizure arises from.'

'I know not from what,' replied the friend, 'for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this house, and I have never heard her complain all the time I have known her. A plague of all the knights-errant in the world, if they be all ungrateful! Go away, Señor Don Quixote; for this poor child will not come to herself again so long as you are here.'

To which Don Quixote returned, 'Do me the favour, señora, to let a lute be placed in my chamber to-night; and I will comfort this poor maiden to the best of my power; for in the early stages of love a prompt disillusion is an approved remedy;' and with this he retired, so as not to be remarked by any who might see him there.

He had scarcely withdrawn when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion, 'The lute must be left, for no doubt Don Quixote intends to give us some music; and being his it will not be bad.'

They went at once to inform the duchess of what was going on, and of the lute Don Quixote asked for, and she, delighted beyond measure, plotted with the duke and her two damsels to play him a trick that should be amusing but harmless; and in high glee they waited for night, which came quickly as the day had come; and as for the day, the duke and duchess spent it in charming conversation with Don Quixote.¹

When eleven o'clock came, Don Quixote found a guitar

¹ See Note A, p. 78.

in his chamber ; he tried it, opened the window, and perceived that some persons were walking in the garden ; and having passed his fingers over the frets of the guitar and tuned it as well as he could, he spat and cleared his chest, and then with a voice a little hoarse but full-toned, he sang the following ballad, which he had himself that day composed :¹

Mighty Love the hearts of maidens
Doth unsettle and perplex,
And the instrument he uses
Most of all is idleness.

Sewing, stitching, any labour,
Having always work to do,
To the poison Love instilleth
Is the antidote most sure.

And to proper-minded maidens
Who desire the matron's name
Modesty's a marriage portion,
Modesty their highest praise.

Men of prudence and discretion,
Courtiers gay and gallant knights,
With the wanton damsels dally,
But the modest take to wife.

There are passions, transient, fleeting,
Loves in hostelries declar'd,
Sunrise loves, with sunset ended,
When the guest hath gone his way.

Love that springs up swift and sudden,
Here to-day, to-morrow flown,
Passes, leaves no trace behind it,
Leaves no image on the soul.

¹. See Note C, page 60.

Painting that is laid on painting
Maketh no display or show ;
Where one beauty 's in possession
There no other can take hold.

Dulcinea del Toboso
Painted on my heart I wear ;
Never from its tablets, never,
Can her image be eras'd.

The quality of all in lovers
Most esteemed is constancy ;
'T is by this that love works wonders,
This exalts them to the skies.

Don Quixote had got so far with his song, to which the duke, the duchess, Altisidora, and nearly the whole household of the castle were listening, when all of a sudden from a gallery above that was exactly over his window they let down a cord with more than a hundred bells attached to it, and immediately after that discharged a great sack full of cats, which also had bells of smaller size tied to their tails. Such was the din of the bells and the squalling of the cats, that though the duke and duchess were the contrivers of the joke they were startled by it, while Don Quixote stood paralysed with fear ; and as luck would have it, two or three of the cats made their way in through the grating of his chamber,¹ and flying from one side to the other, made it seem as if there was a legion of devils at large in it. They extinguished the candles that were burning in the room, and rushed about seeking some way of escape ; the cord with the large bells never ceased rising and falling ; and

¹ See Note B, p. 78.

most of the people of the castle, not knowing what was really the matter, were at their wits' end with astonishment. Don Quixote sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, began making passes at the grating, shouting out, 'Avaunt, malignant enchanter! avaunt, ye witchcraft-working rabble! I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom your evil machinations avail not nor have any power.' And turning upon the cats that were running about the room, he made several cuts at them. They dashed at the grating and escaped by it, save one that, finding itself hard pressed by the slashes of Don Quixote's sword, flew at his face and held on to his nose tooth and nail, with the pain of which he began to shout his loudest. The duke and duchess hearing this, and guessing what it was, ran with all haste to his room, and as the poor gentleman was striving with all his might to detach the cat from his face, they opened the door with a master-key and went in with lights and witnessed the unequal combat.¹ The duke ran forward to part the combatants, but Don Quixote cried out aloud, 'Let no one take him from me; leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; I will teach him, I myself, who Don Quixote of La Mancha is.' The cat, however, never minding these threats, snarled and held on; but at last the duke pulled it off and flung it out of the window. Don Quixote was left with a face as full of holes as a sieve and a nose not in very good condition, and greatly vexed that they did not let him finish the battle he had been so stoutly fighting with

¹ This sentence is very awkwardly constructed in the original; I have partly followed Hartzenbusch's rearrangement of it.

that villain of an enchanter. They sent for some oil of John's wort, and Altisidora herself with her own fair hands bandaged all the wounded parts; and as she did so she said to him in a low voice, 'All these mishaps have befallen thee, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of thy insensibility and obstinacy; and God grant thy squire Sancho may forget to whip himself, so that that dearly beloved Dulcinea of thine may never be released from her enchantment, and that thou mayest never enjoy her or come to her bed, at least while I who adore thee am alive.'

To all this Don Quixote made no answer except to heave deep sighs, and then stretched himself on his bed, thanking the duke and duchess for their kindness, not because he stood in any fear of that bell-ringing rabble of enchanters in cat shape, but because he recognised their good intentions in coming to his rescue. The duke and duchess left him to repose and withdrew greatly grieved at the unfortunate result of the joke; as they never thought the adventure would have fallen so heavy on Don Quixote or cost him so dear, for it cost him five days of confinement to his bed, during which he had another adventure, pleasanter than the late one, which his chronicler will not relate just now in order that he may turn his attention to Sancho Panza, who was proceeding with great diligence and drollery in his government.

Note A (page 78).

In the original editions five or six lines are inserted here stating that the duchess despatched a page with Sancho's letter to his wife ; but they are repeated with some trifling changes in chapter l., which is obviously their proper place, while they come in very awkwardly here.

Note B (page 75).

The *reja* or grating of a Spanish window usually bulges out somewhat at the lower part so as to form a sort of seat for the occupant of the chamber. The cats descending on the projecting part were thus enabled to make their way into the room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ACCOUNT OF HOW SANCHE PANZA
CONDUCTED HIMSELF IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that seat placed, and no more than the one cover laid. A personage, who it appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his side with a whalebone wand in his hand. They then lifted up a fine white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get at it, not to

say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page had carried it off with the same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho seeing this was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, 'It is not to be eaten, señor governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, señor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard for their health than for my own, studying day and night and making myself acquainted with the governor's constitution, in order to be able to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to me to be fit for him, and keep from him what I think will do him harm and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture wherein life consists.'

'Well then,' said Sancho, 'that dish of roast partridges there that seems so savoury will not do me any harm.'

To this the physician replied, 'Of those my lord the governor shall not eat so long as I live.'

'Why so?' said Sancho.

'Because,' replied the doctor, 'our master Hippocrates, the polestar and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms *omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*,

which means "all repletion is bad, but that of partridge is the worst of all."

'In that case,' said Sancho, 'let señor doctor see among the dishes that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I'm dying of hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it.'

'Your worship is right, señor governor,' said the physician; 'and therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food;¹ if that veal were not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of the question.'

'That big dish that is smoking farther off,' said Sancho, 'seems to me to be an olla podrida,² and out of the diversity of things in such ollas, I can't fail to light upon something tasty and good for me.'

'*Absit*,' said the doctor; 'far from us be any such base thought! There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants' weddings with your ollas podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors, where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and the reason is, that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong in those that are simple, while in the

¹ *Peliagudo*, furry, means also dangerous, in popular parlance.

² *Olla podrida* (properly rotten), a more savoury olla than the ordinary *pot-au-feu*, containing pigs' feet, sausages, and a variety of other ingredients.

compound we may, by merely altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his digestion.'

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and where he had studied.

He replied, 'My name, señor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero, I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna.'

To which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned, 'Then let Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal-aguero, native of Tirteafuera,¹ a place that's on the right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I'll take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I'll not leave a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant; for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and honour as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out this or I'll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his head. And if they call me to account for it, I'll clear myself by saying I served God in killing a bad doctor—a general executioner. And now give me something to eat, or else take your

¹ *Aguero* means omen or augury; Tirteafuera (literally 'take thyself off') is a village of La Mancha situated just as the doctor describes. V. map.

government; for a trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans.’¹

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and he would have made a *Tirteafuera* out of the room but that the same instant a post-horn sounded in the street; and the carver putting his head out of the window turned round and said, ‘It’s a courier from my lord the duke, no doubt with some despatch of importance.’

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from his bosom, placed it in the governor’s hands. Sancho handed it to the majordomo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus: *To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own hands or those of his secretary.* Sancho when he heard this said, ‘Which of you is my secretary?’ ‘I am, señor,’ said one of those present, ‘for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan.’ ‘With that addition,’ said Sancho, ‘you might be secretary to the emperor himself;’² open this paper and see what it says.’ The new-born secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be cleared, the majordomo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows:

It has come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack upon it some night, I know

¹ Prov. 157.

² Biscayans mustered strong in the royal service in the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II.

not when. It behoves you to be on the alert and keep watch; that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity; keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you, and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the Sixteenth of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

THE DUKE.

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so too, and turning to the majordomo he said to him, 'What we have got to do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the lock-up; for if anyone wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death and the worst of all, which is hunger.'

'Likewise,' said the carver, 'it is my opinion your worship should not eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from some nuns; and as they say, "behind the cross there's the devil."'¹

'I don't deny it,' said Sancho; 'so for the present give me a piece of bread and four pound or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for the fact is I can't go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned; for it is the tripes that carry the heart and not the heart the

¹ Prov. 75.

tripes.¹ And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not to forget to send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger; and I will take it as a great favour and will not fail to serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it you may inclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan you may add whatever you like and whatever will come in best; and now take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against me or my island.'

At this instant a page entered saying, 'Here is a farmer on business, who wants to speak to your lordship on a matter of great importance, he says.'

'It's very odd,' said Sancho, 'the ways of these men on business; is it possible they can be such fools as not to see that an hour like this is no hour for coming on business? We who govern and we who are judges—are we not men of flesh and blood, and are we not to be allowed the time required for taking rest, unless they'd have us made of marble? By God and on my conscience, if the government remains in my hands (which I have a notion it won't), I'll bring more than one man on business to order. However, tell this good man to come in; but take care first of all that he is not some spy or one of my assassins.'

'No, my lord,' said the page, 'for he looks like a simple

¹ Prov. 232.

fellow, and either I know very little or he is as good as good bread.'

'There is nothing to be afraid of,' said the majordomo, 'for we are all here.'

'Would it be possible, carver,' said Sancho, 'now that Doctor Pedro Recio is not here, to let me eat something solid and substantial, if it were even a piece of bread and an onion?'

'To-night at supper,' said the carver, 'the shortcomings of the dinner shall be made good, and your lordship shall be fully satisfied and contented.'

'God grant it,' said Sancho.

The farmer now came in, a well-favoured man that one might see a thousand leagues off was an honest fellow and a good soul. The first thing he said was, 'Which is the lord governor here?'

'Which should it be,' said the secretary, 'but he who is seated in the chair?'

'Then I humble myself before him,' said the farmer; and going on his knees he asked for his hand, to kiss it. Sancho refused it, and bade him stand up and say what he wanted. The farmer obeyed, and then said, 'I am a farmer, señor, a native of Miguelturra, a village two leagues from Ciudad Real.'

'Another Tirteafuera!' said Sancho; 'say on, brother; I know Miguelturra very well I can tell you, for it's not very far from my own town.'

'The case is this, señor,' continued the farmer, 'that by God's mercy I am married with the leave and licence of the holy Roman Catholic Church; I have two sons, students,

and the younger is studying to become bachelor, and the elder to be licentiate; I am a widower, for my wife died, or more properly speaking, a bad doctor killed her on my hands, giving her a purge when she was with child; and if it had pleased God that the child had been born, and was a boy, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his brothers the bachelor and the licentiate.'

'So that if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you would not now be a widower,' said Sancho.

'No, señor, certainly not,' said the farmer.

'We've got that much settled,' said Sancho; 'get on, brother, for it's more bed-time than business-time.'

'Well then,' said the farmer, 'this son of mine who is going to be a bachelor, fell in love in the said town with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerines does not come to them by ancestry or descent, but because all the family are paralytics,¹ and for a better name they call them Perlerines; though to tell the truth the damsel is as fair as an Oriental pearl, and like a flower of the field, if you look at her on the right side; on the left not so much, for on that side she wants an eye that she lost by small-pox; and though her face is thickly and deeply pitted, those who love her say they are not pits that are there, but the graves where the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly that not to soil her face she carries her nose turned up, as they say, so that one would fancy it was running away from her mouth; and with all this she looks extremely well, for she

¹ *Perlesia*, paralysis.

has a wide mouth ; and but for wanting ten or a dozen teeth and grinders she might compare and compete with the comeliest. Of her lips I say nothing, for they are so fine and thin that, if lips might be reeled, one might make a skein of them ; but being of a different colour from ordinary lips they are wonderful, for they are mottled, blue, green, and purple—let my lord the governor pardon me for painting so minutely the charms of her who some time or other will be my daughter ; for I love her, and I don't find her amiss.'

'Paint what you will,' said Sancho ; 'I enjoy your painting, and if I had dined there could be no dessert more to my taste than your portrait.'

'That I have still to furnish,' said the farmer ;¹ 'but a time will come when we may be able if we are not now ; and I can tell you, señor, if I could paint her gracefulness and her tall figure, it would astonish you ; but that is impossible because she is bent double with her knees up to her mouth ; but for all that it is easy to see that if she could stand up she'd knock her head against the ceiling ; and she would have given her hand to my bachelor ere this, only that she can't stretch it out, for it's contracted ; but still one can see its elegance and fine make by its long furrowed nails.'

'That will do, brother,' said Sancho ; 'consider you have painted her from head to foot ; what is it you want now ? Come to the point without all this beating about the bush, and all these scraps and additions.'

¹ This is Professor Juan Calderon's explanation ; but the passage is rather obscure.

‘I want your worship, señor,’ said the farmer, ‘to do me the favour of giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl’s father, begging him to be so good as to let this marriage take place, as we are not ill-matched either in the gifts of fortune or of nature; for to tell the truth, señor governor, my son is possessed of a devil, and there is not a day but the evil spirits torment him three or four times; and from having once fallen into the fire, he has his face puckered up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes watery and always running; but he has the disposition of an angel, and if it was not for belabouring and pummelling himself he’d be a saint.’

‘Is there anything else you want, good man?’ said Sancho.

‘There’s another thing I’d like,’ said the farmer, ‘but I’m afraid to mention it; however, out it must; for after all I can’t let it be rotting in my breast, come what may. I mean, señor, that I’d like your worship to give me three hundred or six hundred ducats as a help to my bachelor’s portion, to help him in setting up house, I mean; for they must, in short, live by themselves, without being subject to the interferences of their fathers-in-law.’

‘Just see if there’s anything else you’d like?’ said Sancho, ‘and don’t hold back from mentioning it out of bashfulness or modesty.’

‘No, indeed there is not,’ said the farmer.

The moment he said this the governor started to his feet, and seizing the chair he had been sitting on exclaimed, ‘By all that’s good, you ill-bred, boorish Don Bumpkin, if you don’t get out of this at once and hide yourself from my

sight, I'll lay your head open with this chair. You whore-son rascal, you devil's own painter, and is it at this hour you come to ask me for six hundred ducats ! How should I have them, you stinking brute ? And why should I give them to you if I had them, you knave and blockhead ? What have I to do with Miguelturra or the whole family of the Perlerines ? Get out I say, or by the life of my lord the duke I'll do as I said. You're not from Miguelturra, but some knave sent here from hell to tempt me. Why, you villain, I have not yet had the government half a day, and you want me to have six hundred ducats already !'

The carver made signs to the farmer to leave the room, which he did with his head down, and to all appearance in terror lest the governor should carry his threats into effect, for the rogue knew very well how to play his part. But let us leave Sancho in his wrath, and peace be with them all ; and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged and doctored after the cat wounds, of which he was not cured for eight days ; and on one of these there befell him what Cid Hamet promises to relate with that exactitude and truth with which he is wont to set forth everything connected with this great history, however minute it may be.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH DOÑA RODRIGUEZ, THE
DUCHESS'S DUENNA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES
WORTHY OF RECORD AND ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

EXCEEDINGLY moody and dejected was the sorely wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat, mishaps incidental to knight-errantry. Six days he remained without appearing in public, and one night as he lay awake thinking of his misfortunes and of Altisidora's pursuit of him, he perceived that some one was opening the door of his room with a key, and he at once made up his mind that the enamoured damsel was coming to make an assault upon his chastity and put him in danger of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. 'No,' said he, firmly persuaded of the truth of his idea (and he said it loud enough to be heard), 'the greatest beauty upon earth shall not avail to make me renounce my adoration of her whom I bear stamped and graved in the core of my heart and the secret depths of my bowels; be thou, lady mine, transformed into a clumsy country wench, or into a nymph of golden Tagus weaving a web of silk and gold, let Merlin or Montesinos hold thee captive where they will; where'er thou art, thou art mine, and where'er I am, I must be thine.'

The very instant he had uttered these words, the door opened. He stood up on the bed wrapped from head to foot in a yellow satin coverlet, with a cap on his head, and his face and his moustaches tied up, his face because of the scratches, and his moustaches to keep them from drooping and falling down, in which trim he looked the most extraordinary scarecrow that could be conceived. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, and just as he was expecting to see the love-smitten and unhappy Altisidora make her appearance, he saw coming in a most venerable duenna, in a long white-bordered veil that covered and enveloped her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a short lighted candle, while with her right she shaded it to keep the light from her eyes, which were covered by spectacles of great size, and she advanced with noiseless steps, treading very softly.

Don Quixote kept an eye upon her from his watch-tower, and observing her costume and noting her silence, he concluded that it must be some witch or sorceress that was coming in such a guise to work him some mischief, and he began crossing himself at a great rate. The spectre still advanced, and on reaching the middle of the room, looked up and saw the energy with which Don Quixote was crossing himself; and if he was scared by seeing such a figure as hers, she was terrified at the sight of his; for the moment she saw his tall yellow form with the coverlet and the bandages that disfigured him, she gave a loud scream, and exclaiming, 'Jesus! what's this I see?' let fall the candle in her fright, and then finding herself in the dark, turned about to make off, but stumbling on her skirts in

her consternation, she measured her length with a mighty fall.

Don Quixote in his trepidation began saying, 'I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me what thou art and what thou wouldst with me. If thou art a soul in torment, say so, and all that my powers can do I will do for thee; for I am a Catholic Christian and love to do good to all the world, and to this end I have embraced the order of knight-errantry to which I belong, the province of which extends to doing good even to souls in purgatory.'

The unfortunate duenna hearing herself thus conjured, by her own fear guessed Don Quixote's, and in a low plaintive voice answered, 'Señor Don Quixote—if so be you are indeed Don Quixote—I am no phantom or spectre or soul in purgatory, as you seem to think, but Doña Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady the duchess, and I come to you with one of those grievances your worship is wont to redress.'

'Tell me, Señora Doña Rodriguez,' said Don Quixote, 'do you perchance come to transact any go-between business? Because I must tell you I am not available for anybody's purpose, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Señora Doña Rodriguez, if you will leave out and put aside all love messages, you may go and light your candle and come back, and we will discuss all the commands you have for me and whatever you wish, saving only, as I said, all seductive communications.'

'I carry nobody's messages, señor,' said the duenna; 'little you know me. Nay, I'm not far enough advanced

in years to take to any such childish tricks. God be praised I have a soul in my body still, and all my teeth and grinders in my mouth, except one or two that the colds, so common in this Aragon country, have robbed me of. But wait a little, while I go and light my candle, and I will return immediately and lay my sorrows before you as before one who relieves those of all the world;’ and without staying for an answer she quitted the room and left Don Quixote tranquilly meditating while he waited for her. A thousand thoughts at once suggested themselves to him on the subject of this new adventure, and it struck him as being ill done and worse advised in him to expose himself to the danger of breaking his plighted faith to his lady; and said he to himself, ‘Who knows but that the devil, being wily and cunning, may be trying now to entrap me with a duenna, having failed with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses? Many a time have I heard it said by many a man of sense that he will sooner offer you a flat-nosed wench than a roman-nosed one; and who knows but this privacy, this opportunity, this silence, may awaken my sleeping desires, and lead me in these my latter years to fall where I have never tripped? In cases of this sort it is better to flee than to await the battle. But I must be out of my senses to think and utter such nonsense; for it is impossible that a long, white-hooded, spectacled duenna could stir up or excite a wanton thought in the most graceless bosom in the world. Is there a duenna on earth that has fair flesh? Is there a duenna in the world that escapes being ill-tempered, wrinkled, and prudish? Avaunt, then, ye duenna crew,

undelightful to all mankind. Oh, but that lady did well who, they say, had at the end of her reception room a couple of figures of duennas with spectacles and lace-cushions, as if at work, and those statues served quite as well to give an air of propriety to the room as if they had been real duennas.'

So saying he leaped off the bed, intending to close the door and not allow Señora Rodriguez to enter; but as he went to shut it Señora Rodriguez returned with a wax candle lighted, and having a closer view of Don Quixote, with the coverlet round him, and his bandages and night-cap, she was alarmed afresh, and retreating a couple of paces, exclaimed, 'Am I safe, sir knight? for I don't look upon it as a sign of very great virtue that your worship should have got up out of bed.'

'I may well ask the same, señora,' said Don Quixote; 'and I do ask whether I shall be safe from being assailed and forced?'

'Of whom and against whom do you demand that security, sir knight?' said the duenna.

'Of you and against you I ask it,' said Don Quixote; 'for I am not marble, nor are you brass, nor is it now ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, or a trifle past it I fancy, and we are in a room more secluded and retired than the cave could have been where the treacherous and daring Æneas enjoyed the fair soft-hearted Dido. But give me your hand, señora; I require no better protection than my own continence, and my own sense of propriety; as well as that which is inspired by that venerable head-dress;' and so saying he kissed her right hand and took it in his

own, she yielding it to him with equal ceremoniousness. And here Cid Hamet inserts a parenthesis in which he says that to have seen the pair marching from the door to the bed, linked hand in hand in this way, he would have given the best of the two tunics he had.

Don Quixote finally got into bed, and Doña Rodriguez took her seat on a chair at some little distance from his couch, without taking off her spectacles or putting aside the candle. Don Quixote wrapped the bedclothes round him and covered himself up completely, leaving nothing but his face visible, and as soon as they had both regained their composure he broke silence, saying, 'Now, Señora Doña Rodriguez, you may unbosom yourself and out with everything you have in your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels; and by me you shall be listened to with chaste ears, and aided by compassionate exertions.'

'I believe it,' replied the duenna; 'from your worship's gentle and winning presence only such a Christian answer could be expected. The fact is, then, Señor Don Quixote, that though you see me seated in this chair, here in the middle of the kingdom of Aragon, and in the attire of a despised outcast duenna, I am from the Asturias of Oviedo,¹ and of a family with which many of the best of the province are connected by blood; but my untoward fate and the improvidence of my parents, who, I know not how, were unseasonably reduced to poverty, brought me to the court of Madrid, where as a provision and to avoid greater misfortunes, my parents placed me as seamstress in the service

¹ The distinction was necessary, as what is now the province of Santander was then called the Asturias of Santander.

of a lady of quality, and I would have you know that for hemming and sewing I have never been surpassed by any all my life. My parents left me in service and returned to their own country, and a few years later went, no doubt, to heaven, for they were excellent good Catholic Christians. I was left an orphan with nothing but the miserable wages and trifling presents that are given to servants of my sort in palaces; but about this time, without any encouragement on my part, one of the esquires of the household fell in love with me, a man somewhat advanced in years, full-bearded and personable, and above all as good a gentleman as the king himself, for he came of a mountain stock.¹ We did not carry on our loves with such secrecy but that they came to the knowledge of my lady, and she, not to have any fuss about it, had us married with the full sanction of the holy mother Roman Catholic Church, of which marriage a daughter was born to put an end to my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in childbirth, for I passed through it safely and in due season, but because shortly afterwards my husband died of a certain shock he received, and had I time to tell you of it I know your worship would be surprised; and here she began to weep bitterly and said, 'Pardon me, Señor Don Quixote, if I am unable to control myself, for every time I think of my unfortunate husband my eyes fill up with tears. God bless me, with what an air of dignity he used to carry my lady behind him on a stout mule as black as jet! for in those days they did not use coaches or chairs, as they say they do now, and ladies rode behind their squires. This much at least I cannot help telling you, that you may

¹ See Note A, p. 102.

observe the good breeding and punctiliousness of my worthy husband. As he was turning into the Calle de Santiago in Madrid, which is rather narrow, one of the *alcaldes* of the Court, with two *alguacils* before him, was coming out of it, and as soon as my good squire saw him he wheeled his mule about and made as if he would turn and accompany him. My lady, who was riding behind him, said to him in a low voice, "What are you about, you sneak, don't you see that I am here?" The *alcalde* like a polite man pulled up his horse and said to him, "Proceed, señor, for it is I, rather, who ought to accompany my lady Doña Casilda"—for that was my mistress's name. Still my husband, cap in hand, persisted in trying to accompany the *alcalde*, and seeing this my lady, filled with rage and vexation, pulled out a big pin, or, I rather think, a bodkin, out of her needle-case and drove it into his back with such force that my husband gave a loud yell, and writhing fell to the ground with his lady. Her two lacqueys ran to raise her up, and the *alcalde* and the *alguacils* did the same; the Guadalajara gate was all in commotion—I mean the idlers congregated there;¹ my mistress came back on foot, and my husband hurried away to a barber's shop protesting that he was run right through the guts. The courtesy of my husband was noised abroad to such an extent, that the boys gave him no peace in the street; and on this account, and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my lady dismissed him; and it was chagrin at this I am convinced beyond a doubt that brought on his death. I was left a helpless widow, with a daughter on my hands

¹ The Guadalajara gate was then very much what the Puerta del Sol is to modern Madrid.

growing up in beauty like the sea-foam ; at length, however, as I had the character of being an excellent needlewoman, my lady the duchess, then lately married to my lord the duke, offered to take me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, and my daughter also, and here as time went by my daughter grew up and with her all the graces in the world ; she sings like a lark, dances quick as thought, foots it like a gipsy, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and does sums like a miser ; of her neatness I say nothing, for the running water is not purer, and her age is now, if my memory serves me, sixteen years five months and three days, one more or less. To come to the point, the son of a very rich farmer living in a village of my lord the duke's not very far from here, fell in love with this girl of mine ; and in short, how I know not, they came together, and under the promise of marrying her he made a fool of my daughter, and will not keep his word. And though my lord the duke is aware of it (for I have complained to him, not once but many and many a time, and entreated him to order the farmer to marry my daughter), he turns a deaf ear and will scarcely listen to me ; the reason being that as the deceiver's father is so rich, and lends him money, and is constantly going security for his debts, he does not like to offend or annoy him in any way. Now, señor, I want your worship to take it upon yourself to redress this wrong either by entreaty or by arms ; for by what all the world says you came into it to redress grievances and right wrongs and help the unfortunate. Let your worship put before you the unprotected condition of my daughter, her grace, her youth, and all the perfections I have said she possesses ; and before God and on my conscience,

out of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe, and the one they call Altisidora, and look upon as the boldest and gayest of them, put in comparison with my daughter, does not come within two leagues of her. For I would have you know, señor, all is not gold that glitters,¹ and that same little Altisidora has more forwardness than good looks, and more impudence than modesty; besides being not very sound, for she has such a disagreeable breath that one cannot bear to be near her for a moment; and even my lady the duchess—but I'll hold my tongue, for they say that walls have ears.'

'For heaven's sake, Doña Rodriguez, what ails my lady the duchess?' asked Don Quixote.

'Adjured in that way,' replied the duenna, 'I cannot help answering the question and telling the whole truth. Señor Don Quixote, have you observed the comeliness of my lady the duchess, that smooth complexion of hers like a burnished polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and carmine, that gay lively step with which she treads or rather seems to spurn the earth, so that one would fancy she went radiating health wherever she passed? Well then, let me tell you she may thank, first of all God, for this, and next, two issues that she has, one in each leg, by which all the evil humours, of which the doctors say she is full, are discharged.'

'Blessed Virgin!' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'and is it possible that my lady the duchess has drains of that sort? I would not have believed it if the barefoot friars had told it me; but as the lady Doña Rodriguez says so, it

¹ Prov. 161.

must be so. But surely such issues, and in such places, do not discharge humours, but liquid amber. Verily, I do believe now that this practice of opening issues is a very important matter for the health.'¹

Don Quixote had hardly said this, when the chamber door flew open with a loud bang, and with the start the noise gave her Doña Rodriguez let the candle fall from her hand, and the room was left as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is. Suddenly the poor duenna felt two hands seize her by the throat, so tightly that she could not croak, while some one else, without uttering a word, very briskly hoisted up her petticoats, and with what seemed to be a slipper began to lay on so heartily that anyone would have felt pity for her; but although Don Quixote felt it he never stirred from his bed, but lay quiet and silent, nay apprehensive that his turn for a drubbing might be coming. Nor was the apprehension an idle one; for leaving the duenna (who did not dare to cry out) well basted, the silent executioners fell upon Don Quixote, and stripping him of the sheet and the coverlet, they pinched him so fast and so hard that he was driven to defend himself with his fists, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted nearly half an hour, and then the phantoms fled; Doña Rodriguez gathered up her skirts, and bemoaning her fate went out without saying a word to Don Quixote, and he, sorely pinched, puzzled, and dejected, remained alone, and there we will leave him, wondering who could have been the perverse enchanter who had

¹ Issues were, in fact, very much relied upon as preservatives of health in Spain, just as periodical blood-letting was in England somewhat later.

reduced him to such a state ; but that shall be told in due season, for Sancho claims our attention, and the methodical arrangement of the story demands it.

Note A (page 97).

That is from the 'Montaña,' the mountain region to the north of Castile and Leon which was the stronghold of the Spaniards in the earlier days of the great national struggle. Lope and Quevedo, who were also of the mountain stock, use much the same language.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED SANCHE IN MAKING THE ROUND
OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the great governor angered and irritated by that portrait-painting rogue of a farmer who, instructed by the majordomo, as the majordomo was by the duke, tried to practise upon him ; he however, fool, boor, and clown as he was, held his own against them all, saying to those round him and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who as soon as the private business of the duke's letter was disposed of had returned to the room, 'Now I see plainly enough that judges and governors ought to be and must be made of brass not to feel the importunities of the applicants that at all times and all seasons insist on being heard, and having their business despatched, and their own affairs and no others attended to, come what may ; and if the poor judge does not hear them and settle the matter—either because he cannot or because that is not the time set apart for hearing them—forthwith they abuse him, and run him down, and gnaw at his bones, and even pick holes in his pedigree. You silly, stupid applicant, don't be in a hurry ; wait for the proper time and season for doing business ; don't come at dinner-hour, or at bedtime ; for judges are only flesh and blood, and must give to Nature what she naturally

demands of them ; all except myself, for in my case I give her nothing to eat, thanks to Señor Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here, who would have me die of hunger, and declares that death to be life ; and the same sort of life may God give him and all his kind—I mean the bad doctors ; for the good ones deserve palms and laurels.'

- All who knew Sancho Panza were astonished to hear him speak so elegantly, and did not know what to attribute it to unless it were that office and grave responsibility either smarten or stupefy men's wits. At last Doctor Pedro Recio Agüero of Tirteafuera promised to let him have supper that night, though it might be in contravention of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied and looked forward to the approach of night and supper-time with great anxiety ; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves' feet rather far gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor at supper he said to him, 'Look here, señor doctor, for the future don't trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges ; it is accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips and onions ; and if by any chance it is given these palace dishes, it receives them squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head-carver had best do is to serve me with what they call ollas podridas (and the rottener they

are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into them, so long as it is good to eat, and I'll be obliged to him, and will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship, for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all.¹ I mean to govern this island without giving up a right or taking a bribe;² let everyone keep his eye open, and look out for the arrow;³ for I can tell them "the devil's in Cantillana,"⁴ and if they drive me to it they'll see something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the flies will eat you.'⁵

'Of a truth, señor governor,' said the carver, 'your worship is in the right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship with all zeal, affection, and good-will, for the mild kind of government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship's disadvantage.'

'That I believe,' said Sancho; 'and they would be great fools if they did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my Dapple's, for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose; and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know,

¹ Prov. 88.² Prov. 51.³ Prov. 248.

⁴ Prov. 35. A rather obscure proverb. Cantillana is a village to the north-east of Seville. One explanation is that it refers to the doings of one of Jofre Tenorio's captains in suppressing the disturbances in the reign of Alfonso XI.

⁵ Prov. 139.

my friends, that lazy idlers are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and above all to respect religion and honour its ministers. What say you to that, my friends? Is there anything in what I say, or am I talking to no purpose?'

'There is so much in what your worship says, señor governor,' said the majordomo, 'that I am filled with wonder when I see a man like your worship, entirely without learning (for I believe you have none at all), say such things, and so full of sound maxims and sage remarks, very different from what was expected of your worship's intelligence by those who sent us or by us who came here. Every day we see something new in this world; jokes become realities, and the jokers find the tables turned upon them.'

Night came, and with the permission of Doctor Pedro Recio, the governor had supper.¹ They then got ready to go the rounds, and he started with the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, the chronicler charged with recording his deeds, and alguacils and notaries enough to form a fair-sized squadron. In the midst marched Sancho with his staff, as fine a sight as one could wish to see, and but a few streets of the town had been traversed when they heard a noise as of a clashing of swords. They hastened to the spot, and found that the combatants were but two, who seeing the authorities approaching stood still, and one of them exclaimed, 'Help, in the name of God and the king!

¹ Cervantes forgets he had given Sancho his supper already.

Are men to be allowed to rob in the middle of this town, and rush out and attack people in the very streets ?'

'Be calm, my good man,' said Sancho, 'and tell me what the cause of this quarrel is ; for I am the governor.'

Said the other combatant, 'Señor governor, I will tell you in a very few words. Your worship must know that this gentleman has just now won more than a thousand reals in that gambling house opposite, and God knows how. I was there, and gave more than one doubtful point in his favour, very much against what my conscience told me. He made off with his winnings, and when I made sure he was going to give me a crown or so at least by way of a present, as it is usual and customary to give men of quality of my sort who stand by to see fair or foul play, and back up swindles, and prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money and left the house. Indignant at this I followed him, and speaking him fairly and civilly asked him to give me if it were only eight reals, for he knows I am an honest man and that I have neither profession nor property, for my parents never brought me up to any or left me any ; but the rogue, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater sharper than Andradilla, would not give me more than four reals ; so your worship may see how little shame and conscience he has. But by my faith if you had not come up I'd have made him disgorge his winnings, and he'd have learned what the range of the steel-yard was.'

'What say you to this ?' asked Sancho. The other replied that all his antagonist said was true, and that he did not choose to give him more than four reals because he very often gave him money ; and that those who expected

presents ought to be civil and take what is given them with a cheerful countenance, and not make any claim against winners unless they know them for certain to be sharpers and their winnings to be unfairly won; and that there could be no better proof that he himself was an honest man than his having refused to give anything; for sharpers always pay tribute to lookers-on who know them.'

'That is true,' said the majordomo; 'let your worship consider what is to be done with these men.'

'What is to be done,' said Sancho, 'is this; you, the winner, be you good, bad, or indifferent, give this assailant of yours a hundred reals at once, and you must disburse thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you who have neither profession nor property, and hang about the island in idleness, take these hundred reals now, and some time of the day to-morrow quit the island under sentence of banishment for ten years, and under pain of completing it in another life if you violate the sentence, for I'll hang you on a gibbet, or at least the hangman will by my orders; not a word from either of you, or I'll make him feel my hand.'

The one paid down the money and the other took it, and the latter quitted the island, while the other went home; and then the governor said, 'Either I am not good for much, or I'll get rid of these gambling houses, for it strikes me they are very mischievous.'

'This one at least,' said one of the notaries, 'your worship will not be able to get rid of, for a great man owns it, and what he loses every year is beyond all comparison more than what he makes by the cards. On the minor

gambling houses your worship may exercise your power, and it is they that do most harm and shelter the most bare-faced practices; for in the houses of lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers dare not attempt to play their tricks; and as the vice of gambling has become common, it is better that men should play in houses of repute than in some tradesman's, where they catch an unlucky fellow in the small hours of the morning and skin him alive.'

'I know already, notary, that there is a good deal to be said on that point,' said Sancho.

And now a tipstaff came up with a young man in his grasp, and said, 'Señor governor, this youth was coming towards us, and as soon as he saw the officers of justice he turned about and ran like a deer, a sure proof that he must be some evil-doer; I ran after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I should never have caught him.'

'What did you run for, fellow?' said Sancho.

To which the young man replied, 'Señor, it was to avoid answering all the questions officers of justice put.'

'What are you by trade?'

'A weaver.'

'And what do you weave?'

'Lance heads, with your worship's good leave.'

'You're facetious with me! You plume yourself on being a wag? Very good; and where were you going just now?'

'To take the air, señor.'

'And where does one take the air in this island?'

'Where it blows.'

'Good! your answers are very much to the point; you

are a smart youth ; but take notice that I am the air, and that I blow upon you a-stern, and send you to gaol. Ho there ! lay hold of him and take him off ; I'll make him sleep there to-night without air.'

'By God,' said the young man, 'your worship will make me sleep in gaol just as soon as make me king.'

'Why sha'n't I make thee sleep in gaol ?' said Sancho. 'Have I not the power to arrest thee and release thee whenever I like ?'

'All the power your worship has,' said the young man, 'won't be able to make me sleep in gaol.'

'How ? not able !' said Sancho ; 'take him away at once where he'll see his mistake with his own eyes, even if the gaoler is willing to exert his interested generosity on his behalf ; for I'll lay a penalty of two thousand ducats on him if he allows him to stir a step from the prison.'

'That's ridiculous,' said the young man ; 'the fact is, all the men on earth will not make me sleep in prison.'

'Tell me, you devil,' said Sancho, 'have you got any angel that will deliver you, and take off the irons I am going to order them to put upon you ?'

'Now, señor governor,' said the young man in a sprightly manner, 'let us be reasonable and come to the point. Granted your worship may order me to be taken to prison, and to have irons and chains put on me, and to be shut up in a cell, and may lay heavy penalties on the gaoler if he lets me out, and that he obeys your orders ; still, if I don't choose to sleep, and choose to remain awake all night without closing an eye, will your worship with all your power be able to make me sleep if I don't choose ?'

‘No, truly,’ said the secretary, ‘and the fellow has made his point.’

‘So then,’ said Sancho, ‘it would be entirely of your own choice you would keep from sleeping; not in opposition to my will?’

‘No, señor,’ said the youth, ‘certainly not.’

‘Well then, go, and God be with you,’ said Sancho; ‘be off home to sleep, and God give you sound sleep, for I don’t want to rob you of it; but for the future, let me advise you don’t joke with the authorities, because you may come across some one who will bring down the joke on your own skull.’

The young man went his way, and the governor continued his round, and shortly afterwards two tipstiffs came up with a man in custody, and said, ‘Señor governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and not an ill-favoured one, in man’s clothes.’ They raised two or three lanterns to her face, and by their light they distinguished the features of a woman to all appearance of the age of sixteen or a little more, with her hair gathered into a gold and green silk net, and fair as a thousand pearls. They scanned her from head to foot, and observed that she had on red silk stockings with garters of white taffety bordered with gold and pearl; her breeches were of green and gold stuff, and under an open jacket or jerkin of the same she wore a doublet of the finest white and gold cloth; her shoes were white and such as men wear; she carried no sword at her belt, but only a richly ornamented dagger, and on her fingers she had several handsome rings. In short, the girl seemed fair to look at in the eyes of all, and none of those who beheld her knew her, the people of the town

said they could not imagine who she was, and those who were in the secret of the jokes that were to be practised upon Sancho were the ones who were most surprised, for this incident or discovery had not been arranged by them ; and they watched anxiously to see how the affair would end.

Sancho was fascinated by the girl's beauty, and he asked her who she was, where she was going, and what had induced her to dress herself in that garb. She with her eyes fixed on the ground answered in modest confusion, 'I cannot tell you, señor, before so many people what it is of such consequence to me to have kept secret ; one thing I wish to be known, that I am no thief or evil-doer, but only an unhappy maiden whom the power of jealousy has led to break through the respect that is due to modesty.'

Hearing this the majordomo said to Sancho, 'Make the people stand back, señor governor, that this lady may say what she wishes with less embarrassment.'

Sancho gave the order, and all except the majordomo, the head-carver, and the secretary fell back. Finding herself then in the presence of no more, the damsel went on to say, 'I am the daughter, sirs, of Pedro Perez Mazorca, the wool-farmer of this town, who is in the habit of coming very often to my father's house.'

'That won't do, señora,' said the majordomo ; 'for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I know he has no child at all, either son or daughter ; and besides, though you say he is your father, you add then that he comes very often to your father's house.'

'I had already noticed that,' said Sancho.

'I am confused just now, sirs,' said the damsel, 'and I don't know what I am saying; but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know.'

'Ay, that will do,' said the majordomo; 'for I know Diego de la Llana, and know that he is a gentleman of position and a rich man, and that he has a son and a daughter, and that since he was left a widower nobody in all this town can speak to having seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so closely shut up that he does not give even the sun a chance of seeing her; and for all that report says she is extremely beautiful.'

'It is true,' said the damsel, 'and I am that daughter; whether report lies or not as to my beauty, you, sirs, will have decided by this time, as you have seen me;' and with this she began to weep bitterly.

On seeing this the secretary leant over to the head-carver's ear, and said to him in a low voice, 'Something serious has no doubt happened this poor maiden, that she goes wandering from home in such a dress and at such an hour, and one of her rank too.' 'There can be no doubt about it,' returned the carver, 'and moreover her tears confirm your suspicion.' Sancho gave her the best comfort he could, and entreated her to tell them without any fear what had happened her, as they would all earnestly and by every means in their power endeavour to relieve her.

'The fact is, sirs,' said she, 'that my father has kept me shut up these ten years, for so long is it since the earth received my mother. Mass is said at home in a sumptuous chapel, and all this time I have seen but the sun in the heaven by day, and the moon and the stars by night; nor

do I know what streets are like, or plazas, or churches, or even men, except my father and a brother I have, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer; whom, because he came frequently to our house, I took it into my head to call my father, to avoid naming my own. This seclusion and the restrictions laid upon my going out, were it only to church, have been keeping me unhappy for many a day and month past; I longed to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, and it did not seem to me that this wish was inconsistent with the respect maidens of good quality should have for themselves. When I heard them talking of bull-fights taking place, and of javelin games,¹ and of acting plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what sort of things these were, and many more that I had never seen; he explained them to me as well as he could, but the only effect was to kindle in me a still stronger desire to see them. At last, to cut short the story of my ruin, I begged and entreated my brother—O that I had never made such an entreaty—' And once more she gave way to a burst of weeping.

'Proceed, señora,' said the majordomo, 'and finish your story of what has happened to you, for your words and tears are keeping us all in suspense.'

'I have but little more to say, though many a tear to shed,' said the damsel; 'for ill-placed desires can only be paid for in some such way.'

The maiden's beauty had made a deep impression on the head-carver's heart, and he again raised his lantern for another look at her, and thought they were not tears

¹ Played by men on horseback with reed javelins and light bucklers.

she was shedding, but seed-pearl or dew of the meadow, nay, he exalted them still higher, and made Oriental pearls of them, and fervently hoped her misfortune might not be so great a one as her tears and sobs seemed to indicate. The governor was losing patience at the length of time the girl was taking to tell her story, and told her not to keep them waiting any longer ; for it was late, and there still remained a good deal of the town to be gone over.

She, with broken sobs and half-suppressed sighs, went on to say, ' My misfortune, my misadventure, is simply this, that I entreated my brother to dress me up as a man in a suit of his clothes, and take me some night, when our father was asleep, to see the whole town ; he, overcome by my entreaties, consented, and dressing me in this suit and himself in clothes of mine that fitted him as if made for him (for he has not a hair on his chin, and might pass for a very beautiful young girl), to-night, about an hour ago, more or less, we left the house, and guided by our youthful and foolish impulse we made the circuit of the whole town, and then, as we were about to return home, we saw a great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me, ' Sister, this must be the round, stir your feet and put wings to them, and follow me as fast as you can, lest they recognise us, for that would be a bad business for us ; ' and so saying he turned about and began, I cannot say to run but to fly ; in less than six paces I fell from fright, and then the officer of justice came up and carried me before your worships, where I find myself put to shame before all these people as whimsical and vicious.'

' So then, señora,' said Sancho, ' no other mishap has

befallen you, nor was it jealousy that made you leave home, as you said at the beginning of your story ?'

'Nothing has happened me,' said she, 'nor was it jealousy that brought me out, but merely a longing to see the world, which did not go beyond seeing the streets of this town.'

The appearance of the tipstaffs with her brother in custody, whom one of them had overtaken as he ran away from his sister, now fully confirmed the truth of what the damsel said. He had nothing on but a rich petticoat and a short blue damask cloak with fine gold lace, and his head was uncovered and adorned only with its own hair, which looked like rings of gold, so bright and curly was it. The governor, the majordomo, and the carver went aside with him, and, unheard by his sister, asked him how he came to be in that dress, and he with no less shame and embarrassment told exactly the same story as his sister, to the great delight of the enamoured carver ; the governor, however, said to them, 'In truth, young lady and gentleman, this has been a very childish affair, and to explain your folly and rashness there was no necessity for all this delay and all these tears and sighs ; for if you had said we are so-and-so, and we escaped from our father's house in this way in order to ramble about, out of mere curiosity and with no other object, there would have been an end of the matter, and none of these little sobs and tears and all the rest of it.'

'That is true,' said the damsel, 'but you see the confusion I was in was so great it did not let me behave as I ought.'

'No harm has been done,' said Sancho ; 'come, we will

leave you at your father's house ; perhaps they will not have missed you ; and another time don't be so childish or eager to see the world ; for a respectable damsel should have a broken leg and keep at home ; and the woman and the hen by gadding about are soon lost ; and she who is eager to see is also eager to be seen ; ¹ I say no more.'

The youth thanked the governor for his kind offer to take them home, and they directed their steps towards the house, which was not far off. On reaching it the youth threw a pebble up at a grating, and immediately a woman-servant who was waiting for them came down and opened the door to them, and they went in, leaving the party marvelling as much at their grace and beauty as at the fancy they had for seeing the world by night and without quitting the village ; which, however, they set down to their youth.

The head-carver was left with a heart pierced through and through, and he made up his mind on the spot to demand the damsel in marriage of her father on the morrow, making sure she would not be refused him as he was a servant of the duke's ; and even to Sancho ideas and schemes of marrying the youth to his daughter Sanchica suggested themselves, and he resolved to open the negotiation at the proper season, persuading himself that no husband could be refused to a governor's daughter. And so the night's round came to an end, and a couple of days later the government, whereby all his plans were overthrown and swept away, as will be seen farther on.

¹ Provs. 148, 150, and 239.

CHAPTER L.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH WHO THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS WERE WHO FLOGGED THE DUENNA AND PINCHED DON QUIXOTE, AND ALSO WHAT BEFELL THE PAGE WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHE PANZA'S WIFE.

CID HAMET, the painstaking investigator of the minute points of this veracious history, says that when Doña Rodriguez left her own room to go to Don Quixote's, another duenna who slept with her observed her, and as all duennas are fond of prying, listening, and sniffing, she followed her so silently that the good Rodriguez never perceived it; and as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's room, not to fail in a duenna's invariable practice of tattling, she hurried off that instant to report to the duchess how Doña Rodriguez was closeted with Don Quixote. The duchess told the duke, and asked him to let her and Altisidora go and see what the said duenna wanted with Don Quixote. The duke gave them leave, and the pair cautiously and quietly crept to the door of the room and posted themselves so close to it that they could hear all that was said inside. But when the duchess heard how the Rodriguez had made public the Aranjuez of her issues¹ she

¹ Issues are called *fuentes*, 'fountains,' and the fountains of Aranjuez are as famous in Spain as those of Versailles in France.

could not restrain herself, nor Altisidora either; and so, filled with rage and thirsting for vengeance, they burst into the room and tormented Don Quixote and flogged the duenna in the manner already described; for indignities offered to their charms and self-esteem mightily provoke the anger of women and make them eager for revenge. The duchess told the duke what had happened, and he was much amused by it; and she, in pursuance of her design of making merry and diverting herself with Don Quixote, despatched the page who had played the part of Dulcinea in the negotiations for her disenchantment (which Sancho Panza in the cares of government had forgotten all about) to Teresa Panza his wife with her husband's letter and another from herself, and also a great string of fine coral beads as a present.¹

Now the history says this page was very sharp and quick-witted; and eager to serve his lord and lady he set off very willingly for Sancho's village. Before he entered it he observed a number of women washing in a brook,² and asked them if they could tell him whether there lived there a woman of the name of Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha. At the question a young girl who was washing stood up and said, 'Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho is my father, and that knight is our master.'

'Well then, miss,' said the page, 'come and show me where your mother is, for I bring her a letter and a present from your father.'

¹ See chapter xlv. Note A.

² Argamasilla is almost the only village in La Mancha where such a sight could be seen; an arm of the Guadiana flows past it.

‘That I will with all my heart, señor,’ said the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen, more or less; and leaving the clothes she was washing to one of her companions, and without putting anything on her head or feet, for she was bare-legged and had her hair hanging about her, away she skipped in front of the page’s horse, saying, ‘Come, your worship, our house is at the entrance of the town, and my mother is there, sorrowful enough at not having had any news of my father this ever so long.’

‘Well,’ said the page, ‘I am bringing her such good news that she will have reason to thank God for it.’

And then, skipping, running, and capering, the girl reached the town, but before going into the house she called out at the door, ‘Come out, mother Teresa, come out, come out; here’s a gentleman with letters and other things from my good father.’ At these words her mother Teresa Panza came out spinning a bundle of flax, in a grey petticoat (so short was it one would have fancied ‘they to her shame had cut it short’¹), a grey bodice of the same stuff, and a smock. She was not very old, though plainly past forty, strong, healthy, vigorous, and sun-dried; and seeing her daughter and the page on horseback, she exclaimed, ‘What’s this, child? What gentleman is this?’

‘A servant of my lady, Doña Teresa Panza,’ replied the page; and suiting the action to the word he flung himself off his horse, and with great humility advanced to kneel before the lady Teresa, saying, ‘Let me kiss your hand, Señora Doña Teresa, as the lawful and only wife of Señor

¹ A line from the old ballad, ‘*Á Calatrava la Vieja*.’ Docking the skirts was a punishment for misconduct in old times.

Don Sancho Panza, rightful governor of the island of Barataria.'

'Ah, señor, get up, don't do that,' said Teresa; 'for I'm not a bit of a court lady, but only a poor countrywoman, the daughter of a clodcrusher, and the wife of a squire-errant and not of any governor at all.'

'You are,' said the page, 'the most worthy wife of a most arch-worthy governor; and as a proof of what I say accept this letter and this present;' and at the same time he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads with gold clasps, and placed it on her neck, and said, 'This letter is from his lordship the governor, and the other as well as these coral beads from my lady the duchess, who sends me to your worship.'

Teresa stood lost in astonishment, and her daughter just as much, and the girl said, 'May I die but our master Don Quixote's at the bottom of this; he must have given father the government or county he so often promised him.'

'That is the truth,' said the page; 'for it is through Señor Don Quixote that Señor Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as will be seen by this letter.'

'Will your worship read it to me, noble sir?' said Teresa; 'for though I can spin I can't read, not a scrap.'

'Nor I either,' said Sanchica; 'but wait a bit, and I'll go and fetch some one who can read it, either the curate himself or the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and they'll come gladly to hear any news of my father.'

'There is no need to fetch anybody,' said the page; 'for though I can't spin I can read, and I'll read it;' and so he read it through, but as it has been already given it is

not inserted here ; and then he took out the other one from the duchess, which ran as follows :

Friend Teresa,—Your husband Sancho's good qualities, of heart as well as of head, induced and compelled me to request my husband the duke to give him the government of one of his many islands. I am told he governs like a gerfalcon, of which I am very glad, and my lord the duke, of course, also ; and I am very thankful to heaven that I have not made a mistake in choosing him for that same government ; for I would have Señora Teresa know that a good governor is hard to find in this world, and may God make me as good as Sancho's way of governing. Herewith I send you, my dear, a string of coral beads with gold clasps ; I wish they were Oriental pearls ; but ' he who gives thee a bone does not wish to see thee dead ; ' ¹ a time will come when we shall become acquainted and meet one another, but God knows the future. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me to hold herself in readiness, for I mean to make a high match for her when she least expects it. They tell me there are big acorns in your village ; send me a couple of dozen or so, and I shall value them greatly as coming from your hand ; and write to me at length to assure me of your health and well-being ; and if there be anything you stand in need of, it is but to open your mouth, and that shall be the measure ; and so God keep you.

From this place.

Your loving friend,

THE DUCHESS.

¹ Prov. 66.

‘Ah, what a good, plain, lowly lady!’ said Teresa when she heard the letter; ‘that I may be buried with ladies of that sort, and not the gentlewomen we have in this town, that fancy because they are gentlewomen the wind must not touch them, and go to church with as much airs as if they were queens, no less, and seem to think they are disgraced if they look at a farmer’s wife! And see here how this good lady, for all she’s a duchess, calls me “friend,” and treats me as if I was her equal—and equal may I see her with the tallest church-tower in La Mancha! And as for the acorns, señor, I’ll send her ladyship a peck and such big ones that one might come to see them as a show and a wonder. And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman is comfortable; put up this horse, and get some eggs out of the stable, and cut plenty of bacon, and let’s give him his dinner like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own bonny face deserve it all; and meanwhile I’ll run out and give the neighbours the news of our good luck, and father curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are and always have been such friends of thy father’s.’

‘That I will, mother,’ said Sanchica; ‘but mind, you must give me half of that string; for I don’t think my lady the duchess could have been so stupid as to send it all to you.’

‘It is all for thee, my child,’ said Teresa; ‘but let me wear it round my neck for a few days; for verily it seems to make my heart glad.’

‘You will be glad too,’ said the page, ‘when you see the bundle there is in this portmanteau, for it is a suit of the

finest cloth, that the governor only wore one day out hunting and now sends, all for Señora Sanchica.'

'May he live a thousand years,' said Sanchica, 'and the bearer as many, nay two thousand, if needful.'

With this Teresa hurried out of the house with the letters, and with the string of beads round her neck, and went along thrumming the letters as if they were a tambourine, and by chance coming across the curate and Samson Carrasco she began capering and saying, 'None of us poor now, faith! We've got a little government! Ay, let the finest fine lady tackle me, and I'll give her a setting down!'

'What's all this, Teresa Panza,' said they; 'what madness is this, and what papers are those?'

'The madness is only this,' said she, 'that these are the letters of duchesses and governors, and these I have on my neck are fine coral beads, with ave-marias and paternosters of beaten gold, and I am a governess.'

'God help us,' said the curate, 'we don't understand you, Teresa, or know what you are talking about.'

'There, you may see it yourselves,' said Teresa, and she handed them the letters.

The curate read them out for Samson Carrasco to hear, and Samson and he regarded one another with looks of astonishment at what they had read, and the bachelor asked who had brought the letters. Teresa in reply bade them come with her to her house and they would see the messenger, a most elegant youth, who had brought another present which was worth as much more. The curate took the coral beads from her neck and examined them again

and again, and having satisfied himself as to their fineness he fell to wondering afresh, and said, 'By the gown I wear I don't know what to say or think of these letters and presents; on the one hand I can see and feel the fineness of these coral beads, and on the other I read how a duchess sends to beg for a couple of dozen of acorns.'

'Square that if you can,' said Carrasco; 'well, let's go and see the messenger, and from him we'll learn something about this mystery that has turned up.'

They did so, and Teresa returned with them. They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon to be paved with eggs¹ for his dinner. His looks and his handsome apparel pleased them both greatly; and after they had saluted him courteously, and he them, Samson begged him to give them his news, as well of Don Quixote as of Sancho Panza, for, he said, though they had read the letters from Sancho and her ladyship the duchess, they were still puzzled and could not make out what was meant by Sancho's government, and above all of an island, when all or most of those in the Mediterranean belonged to his Majesty.

To this the page replied, 'As to Señor Sancho Panza's being a governor there is no doubt whatever; but whether it is an island or not that he governs, with that I have nothing to do; suffice it that it is a town of more than a thousand inhabitants; with regard to the acorns I may tell you my lady the duchess is so unpretending and unassuming that, not to speak of sending to beg for acorns

¹ A graphic description of the dish as dressed in Spain, where the bacon and eggs are fried together.

from a peasant woman, she has been known to send to ask for the loan of a comb from one of her neighbours ; for I would have your worships know that the ladies of Aragon, though they are just as illustrious, are not so punctilious and haughty as the Castilian ladies ; they treat people with greater familiarity.'

In the middle of this conversation Sanchica came in with her skirt full of eggs, and said she to the page, 'Tell me, señor, does my father wear trunk-hose since he has been governor ?'

'I have not noticed,' said the page ; 'but no doubt he wears them.'

'Ah ! my God !' said Sanchica, 'what a sight it must be to see my father in tights ! Isn't it odd that ever since I was born I have had a longing to see my father in trunk-hose ?'

'As things go you will see that if you live,' said the page ; 'by God he is in the way to take the road with a sunshade if the government only lasts him two months more.'

The curate and the bachelor could see plainly enough that the page spoke in a waggish vein ; but the fineness of the coral beads, and the hunting suit that Sancho sent (for Teresa had already shown it to them) did away with the impression ; and they could not help laughing at Sanchica's wish, and still more when Teresa said, 'Señor curate, look about if there's anybody here going to Madrid or Toledo, to buy me a hooped petticoat, a proper fashionable one of the best quality ; for indeed and indeed I must do honour to my husband's government as well as I can ; nay, if I am put

to it, I'll go to court and set up a coach like all the world; for she who has a governor for her husband may very well have one and keep one.'

'And why not, mother!' said Sanchica; 'would to God it were to-day instead of to-morrow, even though they were to say when they saw me seated in the coach with my mother, "See that rubbish, that garlic-stuffed fellow's daughter, how she goes stretched at her ease in a coach as if she was a she-pope!" But let them tramp through the mud, and let me go in my coach with my feet off the ground. Bad luck to backbiters all over the world; "let me go warm and the people may laugh."'¹ Do I say right, mother?'

'To be sure you do, my child,' said Teresa; 'and all this good luck, and even more, my good Sancho foretold me; and thou wilt see, my daughter, he won't stop till he has made me a countess; for to make a beginning is everything in luck; and as I have heard thy good father say many a time (for besides being thy father he's the father of proverbs too), "When they offer thee a heifer, run with a halter; ² when they offer thee a government, take it; when they would give thee a county, seize it; when they say, 'Here, here!' to thee with something good, swallow it." Oh no! go to sleep, and don't answer the strokes of good fortune and the lucky chances that are knocking at the door of your house!'

'And what do I care,' added Sanchica, 'whether anybody says when he sees me holding my head up, "The dog saw himself in hempen breeches," and the rest of it?'³

Hearing this the curate said, 'I do believe that all this

¹ Prov. 81.

² Prov. 236.

³ Prov. 164.

family of the Panzas are born with a sackful of proverbs in their insides, every one of them ; I never saw one of them that does not pour them out at all times and on all occasions.'

'That is true,' said the page, 'for Señor Governor Sancho utters them at every turn ; and though a great many of them are not to the purpose, still they amuse one, and my lady the duchess and the duke praise them highly.'

'Then you still maintain that all this about Sancho's government is true, señor,' said the bachelor, 'and that there actually is a duchess who sends him presents and writes to him ? Because we, although we have handled the presents and read the letters, don't believe it and suspect it to be something in the line of our fellow-townsmen Don Quixote, who fancies that everything is done by enchantment ; and for this reason I am almost ready to say that I'd like to touch and feel your worship to see whether you are a mere ambassador of the imagination or a man of flesh and blood.'

'All I know, sirs,' replied the page, 'is that I am a real ambassador, and that Señor Sancho Panza is governor as a matter of fact, and that my lord and lady the duke and duchess can give, and have given him this same government, and that I have heard the said Sancho Panza bears himself very stoutly therein ; whether there be any enchantment in all this or not, it is for your worships to settle between you ; for that's all I know by the oath I swear, and that is by the life of my parents whom I have still alive, and love dearly.'

'It may be so,' said the bachelor; 'but *dubitat Augustinus*.'

'Doubt who will,' said the page; 'what I have told you is the truth, and that will always rise above falsehood as oil above water; ¹ if not *operibus credite, et non verbis*. Let one of you come with me, and he will see with his eyes what he does not believe with his ears.'

'It's for me to make that trip,' said Sanchica; 'take me with you, señor, behind you on your horse; for I'll go with all my heart to see my father.'

'Governors' daughters,' said the page, 'must not travel along the roads alone, but accompanied by coaches and litters and a great number of attendants.'

'By God,' said Sanchica, 'I can go just as well mounted on a she-ass as in a coach; what a dainty lass you must take me for!'

'Hush, girl,' said Teresa; 'you don't know what you're talking about; the gentleman is quite right, for "as the time so the behaviour;" ² when it was Sancho it was "Sancha;" when it is governor it's "señora;" I don't know if I'm right.'

'Señora Teresa says more than she is aware of,' said the page; 'and now give me something to eat and let me go at once, for I mean to return this evening.'

'Come and do penance with me,' said the curate at this; 'for Señora Teresa has more will than means to serve so worthy a guest.'

The page refused, but had to consent at last for his own sake; and the curate took him home with him very

¹ Prov. 241.

² Prov. 224.

gladly, in order to have an opportunity of questioning him at leisure about Don Quixote and his doings. The bachelor offered to write the letters in reply for Teresa ; but she did not care to let him mix himself up in her affairs, for she thought him somewhat given to joking ; and so she gave a cake and a couple of eggs to a young acolyte who was a penman, and he wrote for her two letters, one for her husband and the other for the duchess, dictated out of her own head, which are not the worst inserted in this great history, as will be seen farther on.

CHAPTER LI.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO'S GOVERNMENT, AND OTHER SUCH
ENTERTAINING MATTERS.

DAY came after the night of the governor's round ; a night which the head-carver passed without sleeping, so full were his thoughts of the face and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the majordomo spent what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his words and deeds. The señor governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio's directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes ; but seeing there was no help for it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of stomach ; Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who had given it to him ; how-

ever, with his hunger and his conserve he undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in the presence of the majordomo and the other attendants, and it was in these words: 'Señor, a large river separated two districts of one and the same lordship—will your worship please to pay attention, for the case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which the lord of river bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was to this effect, "If any-one crosses by this bridge from one side to the other he shall declare on oath where he is going to and with what object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if falsely, he shall be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows erected there, without any remission." Though the law and its severe penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, "If we let this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go free." It is asked of your worship, señor governor, what are the judges to do with this man? For

they are still in doubt and perplexity ; and having heard of your worship's acute and exalted intellect, they have sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on this very intricate and puzzling case.'¹

To this Sancho made answer, 'Indeed those gentlemen the judges that send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have more of the obtuse than the acute in me ; however, repeat the case over again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to hit the point.'

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then Sancho said, 'It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment, and in this way ; the man swears that he is going to die upon the gallows ; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge ; but if they don't hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged.'

'It is as the señor governor says,' said the messenger ; 'and as regards a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire or hesitate about.'

'Well then I say,' said Sancho, 'that of this man they should let pass the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied ; and in this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with.'

'But then, señor governor,' replied the querist, 'the man will have to be divided into two parts ; and if he is divided

¹ This puzzle is very like one in Aulus Gellius, quoted also in Pedro Mexía's *Silva de Varia Leccion* (l. 1, c. xviii.) ; a book of curiosities of literature on which Cervantes draws more than once.

of course he will die ; and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it is absolutely necessary to comply with it.'

'Look here, my good sir,' said Sancho ; 'either I'm a numskull or else there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and passing over the bridge ; for if the truth saves him the falsehood equally condemns him ; and that being the case it is my opinion you should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil ; this I would give signed with my name if I knew how to sign ; and what I have said in this case is not out of my own head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the justice of a case I should lean to mercy ; and it is God's will that I should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for it.'

'That is true,' said the majordomo ; 'and I maintain that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have pronounced a better decision than the great Panza has given ; let the morning's audience close with this, and I will see that the señor governor has dinner entirely to his liking.'

'That's all I ask for—fair play,' said Sancho ; 'give me my dinner, and then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I'll despatch them in a twinkling.'

The majordomo kept his word, for he felt it against his

conscience to kill so wise a governor by hunger ; particularly as he intended to have done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was commissioned to practise upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, 'It may well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is as follows.'

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHE PANZA,
GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders, friend Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for which I give special thanks to heaven that can raise the poor from the dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself. But I would have thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart ; for the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be such as they require and not measured by what his own humble

tastes may lead him to prefer. Dress well ; a stick dressed up does not look like a stick ; ¹ I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at the same time it be neat and handsome. To win the good-will of the people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou must do ; one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before), and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make not many proclamations ; but those thou makest take care that they be good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out ; for proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not exist ; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them ; and laws that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a step-father to vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the gaols, the slaughter-houses, and the market-places ; for the presence of the governor is of great importance in such places ; it comforts the prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of the market-women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art (even if perchance

¹ Prov. 168.

thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider, con and con over again the advice and the instructions I gave thee before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at every step. Write to thy lord and lady and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose; but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the majordomo who is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of giving over very shortly this idle life I am now leading, for I was not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to think will put me out of favour with the duke and duchess; but though I am sorry

for it I do not care, for after all I must obey my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the common saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I quote this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast been a governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being an object of pity to anyone.

Thy friend

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table, and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer was to the following effect.

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I have them so long—God send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me

that certain spies had got into this island to kill me ; but up to the present I have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here ; he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera ; so you see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and more diet, until he brings one down to bare bones ; as if leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of vexation ; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I was a hermit ; and as I don't do it willingly I suspect that in the end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don't know what to think of it ; for here they tell me that the governors that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman ; my head-carver has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a son-in-law ; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the father of the pair, who is one

Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market-places, as your worship advises me, and yesterday I found a stall-keeper selling new hazelnuts and proved her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel of new ; I confiscated the whole for the children of the charity-school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough, and I sentenced her not to come into the market-place for a fortnight ; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than the market-women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of ; and I will strive to show myself grateful when the time comes ; kiss her hands for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your worship to have any difference with my lord and lady ; for if you fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm ; and as you give me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the scratching I don't understand ; but I suppose it must be one of the ill-turns the wicked enchanter are always doing your worship ; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could send your worship something ;

but I don't know what to send, unless it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that they make in this island ; but if the office remains with me I'll find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanter, and bring me well and peacefully out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship's servant

SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier ; and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho putting their heads together arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government. Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to the good government of what he fancied the island ; and he ordained that there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held in ; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots, and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants' wages, which were

becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see whether they really were so ; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there, and are called *The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza*.

CHAPTER LII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND DISTRESSED OR AFFLICTED DUENNA, OTHERWISE CALLED DOÑA RODRIGUEZ.

CID HAMET relates that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches felt that the life he was leading in the castle was entirely inconsistent with the order of chivalry he professed, so he determined to ask the duke and duchess to permit him to take his departure for Saragossa, as the time of the festival was now drawing near, and he hoped to win there the suit of armour which is the prize at festivals of the sort. But one day at table with the duke and duchess, just as he was about to carry his resolution into effect and ask for their permission, lo and behold suddenly there came in through the door of the great hall two women, as they afterwards proved to be, draped in mourning from head to foot, one of whom approaching Don Quixote flung herself at full length at his feet, pressing her lips to them, and uttering moans so sad, so deep, and so doleful that she put all who heard and saw her into a state of perplexity ; and though the duke and duchess supposed it must be some joke their servants were playing off upon Don Quixote, still the earnest way the woman sighed and moaned and wept puzzled them and made them feel uncertain, until Don Quixote, touched with compassion, raised her up and made

her unveil herself and remove the mantle from her tearful face. She complied and disclosed what no one could have ever anticipated, for she disclosed the countenance of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; the other female in mourning being her daughter, who had been made a fool of by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were filled with astonishment, and the duke and duchess more than any; for though they thought her a simpleton and a weak creature, they did not think her capable of crazy pranks. Doña Rodriguez, at length, turning to her master and mistress said to them, 'Will your excellences be pleased to permit me to speak to this gentleman for a moment, for it is requisite I should do so in order to get successfully out of the business in which the boldness of an evil-minded clown has involved me?'

The duke said that for his part he gave her leave, and that she might speak with Señor Don Quixote as much as she liked.

She then, turning to Don Quixote and addressing herself to him said, 'Some days since, valiant knight, I gave you an account of the injustice and treachery of a wicked farmer to my dearly beloved daughter, the unhappy damsel here before you, and you promised me to take her part and right the wrong that has been done her; but now it has come to my hearing that you are about to depart from this castle in quest of such fair adventures as God may vouchsafe to you; therefore, before you take the road, I would that you challenge this froward rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter in fulfilment of the promise he gave her to become her husband before he seduced her; for to expect that my

lord the duke will do me justice is to ask pears from the elm tree,¹ for the reason I stated privately to your worship ; and so may our Lord grant you good health and forsake us not.'

To these words Don Quixote replied very gravely and solemnly, 'Worthy duenna, check your tears, or rather dry them, and spare your sighs ; for I take it upon myself to obtain redress for your daughter, for whom it would have been better not to have been so ready to believe lovers' promises, which are for the most part quickly made and very slowly performed ; and so, with my lord the duke's leave, I will at once go in quest of this inhuman youth, and will find him out and challenge him and slay him, if so be he refuses to keep his promised word ; for the chief object of my profession is to spare the humble and chastise the proud ; I mean, to help the distressed and destroy the oppressors.'

'There is no necessity,' said the duke, 'for your worship to take the trouble of seeking out the rustic of whom this worthy duenna complains, nor is there any necessity, either, for asking my leave to challenge him ; for I admit him duly challenged, and will take care that he is informed of the challenge, and accepts it, and comes to answer it in person to this castle of mine, where I shall afford to both a fair field, observing all the conditions which are usually and properly observed in such trials, and observing too justice to both sides, as all princes who offer a free field to combatants within the limits of their lordships are bound to do.'

¹ Prov. 180.

‘Then with that assurance and your highness’s good leave,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I hereby for this once waive my privilege of gentle blood, and come down and put myself on a level with the lowly birth of the wrong-doer, making myself equal with him and enabling him to enter into combat with me ; and so, I challenge and defy him, though absent, on the plea of his malfeasance in breaking faith with this poor damsel, who was a maiden and now by his misdeed is none ; and say that he shall fulfil the promise he gave her to become her lawful husband, or else stake his life upon the question.’

And then plucking off a glove he threw it down in the middle of the hall, and the duke picked it up, saying, as he had said before, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, and fixed six days thence as the time, the courtyard of the castle as the place, and for arms the customary ones of knights, lance and shield and full armour, with all the other accessories, without trickery, guile, or charms of any sort, and examined and passed by the judges of the field. ‘But first of all,’ he said, ‘it is requisite that this worthy duenna and unworthy damsel should place their claim for justice in the hands of Don Quixote ; for otherwise nothing can be done, nor can the said challenge be brought to a lawful issue.’

‘I do so place it,’ replied the duenna.

‘And I too,’ added her daughter, all in tears and covered with shame and confusion.

This declaration having been made, and the duke having settled in his own mind what he would do in the matter, the ladies in black withdrew, and the duchess gave orders

that for the future they were not to be treated as servants of hers, but as lady adventurers who came to her house to demand justice ; so they gave them a room to themselves and waited on them as they would on strangers, to the consternation of the other women-servants, who did not know where the folly and impudence of Doña Rodriguez and her unlucky daughter would stop.

And now, to complete the enjoyment of the feast and bring the dinner to a satisfactory end, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered the hall ; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him, being anxious to know the result of his journey ; but when they asked him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many people or in a few words, and begged their excellences to be pleased to let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the meantime amuse themselves with these letters ; and taking out the letters he placed them in the duchess's hand. One bore by way of address, *Letter for my lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don't know where* ; and the other, *To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me*. The duchess's bread would not bake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter ; and having looked over it herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all present to hear, she read out as follows.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for indeed I found it very welcome. The

string of coral beads is very fine, and my husband's hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco; but I don't care for that, for so long as it is true, as it is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your worship's leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day, and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and to let it be something to speak of, because one's expenses are heavy at the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my friends and neighbours tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, 'Who are those ladies in that coach?' and some servant of mine will answer, 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;' and in this way Sancho will become known, and

I'll be thought well of, and 'to Rome for everything.'¹ I am as vexed as vexed can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village ; for all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger ones ; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me ; and I will take care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,

Your servant,

TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza's letter, but particularly the duke and duchess ; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's opinion whether they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHE PANZA.

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a catholic Christian that I was within two

¹ Prov. 207.

fingers' breadth of going mad I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for who could have thought that a goat-herd would come to be a governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I live longer; for I don't expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I will try to do honour to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I only laugh, and look at my string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our

daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess ; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the village ; La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the door of the town-hall ; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in advance ; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such trifling things ; he returned the money, and for all that has married on the pretence of being a good workman ; to be sure he has now laid aside his paint-brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has received the first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, found it out, and has gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here ; when they left they took away with them three of the girls of the village ; I will not tell thee who they are ; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad. Sanchica is making bone-lace ; she earns eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts into a money-box as a help towards house furnishing ; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The fountain in the

plaza has run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived, bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho's village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior to those of Tronchon.¹ The duchess received it with greatest delight, in which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

¹ A town in Aragon, between Teruel and Morella.

CHAPTER LIII.

OF THE TROUBLOUS END AND TERMINATION SANCHE PANZA'S
GOVERNMENT CAME TO.

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain for ever in the same state, is an idle fancy ; on the contrary, in it everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the autumn the winter, and the winter the spring,¹ and so time rolls with never-ceasing wheel. Man's life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cid Hamet the Mahometan philosopher ; for there are many that by the light of nature alone, without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that eternal life we hope for ; but our author is here speaking of the rapidity with which Sancho's government came to an end, melted away, disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and

¹ So the passage stands in the original : and so no doubt Cervantes wrote it.

giving opinions and making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell-ringing and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts, he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, 'To arms, to arms, señor governor, to arms! The enemy is in the island in countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valour come to our support.'

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they approached one of them called out to him, 'Arm at once, your lordship, if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost.'

'What have I to do with arming?' said Sancho. 'What do I know about arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am, God help me, don't understand these scuffles.'

'Ah, señor governor,' said another, 'what slackness of

mettle this is! Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right to be so, for you are our governor.'

'Arm me then, in God's name,' said Sancho, and they at once produced two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in front and the other behind, and passing his arms through openings they had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage; for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure to bring their business to a successful issue.

'How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?' said Sancho, 'when I can't stir my knee-caps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my body won't let me. What you must do is carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright in some postern, and I'll hold it either with this lance or with my body.'

'On, señor governor!' cried another, 'it is fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow louder, and the danger is pressing.'

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor

governor made an attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with such a crash that he fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise inclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two kneading-troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that, if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay, sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him, others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watch-tower issued orders to the troops, shouting out, 'Here, our side! Here the enemy is thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those ladders! Here with your stink-pots of pitch and resin, and kettles of boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!' In short, in his ardour he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine of war by means of which an assault upon a city is warded off, while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying to himself, 'O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this torture!' Heaven heard his prayer, and when

he least expected it he heard voices exclaiming, 'Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten! Come, señor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that invincible arm.'

'Lift me up,' said the wretched Sancho in a woebegone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet he said, 'The enemy I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don't want to divide the spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one, to give me a sup of wine, for I'm parched with thirst, and wipe me dry, for I'm turning to water.'

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine and unbound the shields, and he seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry they had pushed it so far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more, and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him a loving kiss, on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes, 'Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and

feeding your little carcase, happy were my hours, my days, and my years ; but since I left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul ;' and all the while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack-saddle on the ass, without a word from anyone. Then having Dapple saddled, he, with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself to the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, and Pedro Recio the doctor and several others who stood by, he said, ' Make way, gentlemen, and let me go back to my old freedom ; let me go look for my past life, and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Ploughing and digging, vine-dressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well at Rome ;¹ I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to. A reaping-hook fits my hand better than a governor's sceptre ; I'd rather have my fill of gazpacho² than be subject to the misery of a meddling doctor who kills me with hunger, and I'd rather lie in summer under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double sheep-skin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your worships, and tell my lord the duke that " naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor

¹ Prov. 206.

² The favourite noontide mess of the Andalusian peasantry ; consisting of cucumbers shred fine, bread-crumbs, oil, vinegar, and water fresh from the spring.

gain ;”¹ I mean that without a farthing I came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand aside and let me go ; I have to plaster myself, for I believe every one of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling over me to-night.’

‘That is unnecessary, señor governor,’ said Doctor Recio, ‘for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon make you as sound and strong as ever ; and as for your diet I promise your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever you like.’

‘You spoke late,’ said Sancho. ‘I’d as soon turn Turk as stay any longer. Those jokes won’t pass a second time. By God I’d as soon remain in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say “odds,” odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable I leave the ant’s wings that lifted me up into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me,² and let’s take to level ground and our feet once more ; and if they’re not shod in pinked shoes of cordovan, they won’t want for rough sandals of hemp ; “every ewe to her like,”³ “and let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet ;”⁴ and now let me pass, for it’s growing late with me.’

To this the majordomo said, ‘Señor governor, we would let your worship go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for your wit and Christian

¹ Prov. 73.² Prov. 118.³ Prov. 162.⁴ Prov. 187.

conduct naturally make us regret you ; but it is well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then you may go and the peace of God go with you.'

'No one can demand it of me,' said Sancho, 'but he whom my lord the duke shall appoint ; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an exact one ; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel.'

'By God the great Sancho is right,' said Doctor Recio, 'and it is my opinion we should let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him.'

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear him company and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort or for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself ; for the distance being so short there was no occasion for any better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH DEALS WITH MATTERS RELATING TO THIS HISTORY
AND NO OTHER.

THE duke and duchess resolved that the challenge Don Quixote had, for the reason already mentioned, given their vassal, should be proceeded with ; and as the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to escape having Doña Rodriguez for a mother-in-law, they arranged to substitute for him a Gascon lacquey, named Tosilos, first of all carefully instructing him in all he had to do. Two days later the duke told Don Quixote that in four days from that time his opponent would present himself on the field of battle armed as a knight, and would maintain that the damsel lied by half a beard, nay a whole beard,¹ if she affirmed that he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was greatly pleased at the news, and promised himself to do wonders in the lists, and reckoned it rare good fortune that an opportunity should have offered for letting his noble hosts see what the might of his strong arm was capable of ; and so in high spirits and satisfaction he awaited the expiration of the four days, which measured by his impatience seemed spinning themselves out into four

¹ A phrase for lying impudently.

hundred ages. Let us leave them to pass as we do other things, and go and bear Sancho company, as mounted on Dapple, half glad, half sad, he paced along on his road to join his master, in whose society he was happier than in being governor of all the islands in the world. Well then, it so happened that before he had gone a great way from the island of his government (and whether it was island, city, town, or village that he governed he never troubled himself to inquire) he saw coming along the road he was travelling six pilgrims with staves, foreigners of that sort that beg for alms singing; who as they drew near arranged themselves in a line and lifting up their voices all together began to sing in their own language something that Sancho could not understand, with the exception of one word which sounded plainly 'alms,' from which he gathered that it was alms they asked for in their song; and being, as Cid Hamet says, remarkably charitable, he took out of his alforjas the half loaf and half cheese he had been provided with, and gave them to them, explaining to them by signs that he had nothing else to give them. They received them very gladly, but exclaimed, 'Geld! Geld!'

'I don't understand what you want of me, good people,' said Sancho.

On this one of them took a purse out of his bosom and showed it to Sancho, by which he comprehended they were asking for money, and putting his thumb to his throat and spreading his hand upwards he gave them to understand that he had not the sign of a coin about him, and urging Dapple forward he broke through them. But as he was passing, one of them who had been examining him very

closely rushed towards him, and flinging his arms round him exclaimed in a loud voice and good Spanish, 'God bless me! What's this I see? Is it possible that I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Panza? But there's no doubt about it, for I'm not asleep, nor am I drunk just now.'

Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name and find himself embraced by a foreign pilgrim, and after regarding him steadily without speaking he was still unable to recognise him; but the pilgrim perceiving his perplexity cried, 'What! and is it possible, Sancho Panza, that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shopkeeper of thy village?'

Sancho upon this looking at him more carefully began to recall his features, and at last recognised him perfectly, and without getting off the ass threw his arms round his neck saying, 'Who the devil could have known thee, Ricote, in this mummer's dress thou art in? Tell me, who has frenchified thee, and how dost thou dare to return to Spain, where if they catch thee and recognise thee it will go hard enough with thee?'

'If thou dost not betray me, Sancho,' said the pilgrim, 'I am safe; for in this dress no one will recognise me; but let us turn aside out of the road into that grove there where my comrades are going to eat and rest, and thou shalt eat with them there, for they are very good fellows; I'll have time enough to tell thee then all that has happened me since I left our village in obedience to his Majesty's edict that threatened such severities against the unfortunate people of my nation, as thou hast heard.'

Sancho complied, and Ricote having spoken to the other pilgrims they withdrew to the grove they saw, turning a considerable distance out of the road. They threw down their staves, took off their pilgrim's cloaks and remained in their under-clothing; they were all good-looking young fellows, except Ricote, who was a man somewhat advanced in years. They carried alforjas all of them, and all apparently well filled, at least with things provocative of thirst, such as would summon it from two leagues off. They stretched themselves on the ground, and making a tablecloth of the grass they spread upon it bread, salt, knives, walnuts, scraps of cheese, and well-picked ham-bones which if they were past gnawing were not past sucking. They also put down a black dainty called, they say, caviar, and made of the eggs of fish, a great thirst-wakener. Nor was there any lack of olives, dry, it is true, and without any seasoning, but for all that toothsome and pleasant. But what made the best show in the field of the banquet was half a dozen botas of wine, for each of them produced his own from his alforjas; even the good Ricote, who from a Morisco had transformed himself into a German or Dutchman, took out his, which in size might have vied with the five others. They then began to eat with very great relish and very leisurely, making the most of each morsel—very small ones of everything—they took up on the point of the knife; and then all at the same moment raised their arms and botas aloft, the mouths pressed to their mouths, and all eyes fixed on heaven just as if they were taking aim at it; and in this attitude they remained ever so long, wagging their heads from side to side as if in acknowledgment of the pleasure

they were enjoying while they decanted the bowels of the bottles into their own stomachs.

Sancho beheld all, 'and nothing gave him pain ;' ¹ so far from that, acting on the proverb he knew so well, 'when thou art at Rome do as thou seest,' ² he asked Ricote for his bota and took aim like the rest of them, and with not less enjoyment. Four times did the botas bear being uplifted, but the fifth it was all in vain, for they were drier and more sapless than a rush by that time, which made the jollity that had been kept up so far begin to flag.

Every now and then some one of them would grasp Sancho's right hand in his own saying, 'Español y Tudesquito uno bon compañero ;' and Sancho would answer, 'Bon compañero, jur á Di,' and then go off into a fit of laughter that lasted an hour, without a thought for the moment of anything that had befallen him in his government ; for cares have very little sway over us while we are eating and drinking. At length, the wine having come to an end with them, drowsiness began to come over them, and they dropped asleep on their very table and table-cloth. Ricote and Sancho alone remained awake, for they had eaten more and drunk less, and Ricote drawing Sancho aside, they seated themselves at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep ; and without once falling into his own Morisco tongue Ricote spoke as follows in pure Castilian :

'Thou knowest well, neighbour and friend Sancho Panza, how the proclamation or edict his Majesty commanded to

¹ A line from the ballad of *Mira Nero de Tarpeya*, Duran No. 571.

² Prov. 208.

be issued against those of my nation filled us all with terror and dismay; ¹ me at least it did, insomuch that I think before the time granted us for quitting Spain was out, the full force of the penalty had already fallen upon me and upon my children. I decided, then, and I think wisely (just like one who knows that at a certain date the house he lives in will be taken from him, and looks out beforehand for another to change into), I decided, I say, to leave the town myself, alone and without my family, and go to seek out some place to remove them to comfortably and not in the hurried way in which the others took their departure; for I saw very plainly, and so did all the older men among us, that the proclamations were not mere threats, as some said, but positive enactments which would be enforced at the appointed time; and what made me believe this was what I knew of the base and extravagant designs which our people harboured, designs of such a nature that I think it was a divine inspiration that moved his Majesty to carry out a resolution so spirited; not that we were all guilty, for some there were true and steadfast Christians; but they were so few that they could make no head against those who were not; and it was not prudent to cherish a viper in the bosom by having enemies in the house. In short it was with just cause that we were visited with the penalty of banishment, a mild and lenient one in the eyes of some, but to us the most terrible that could be inflicted upon us. Wherever we are we weep for Spain; for after all we were born there and it is our natural fatherland. Nowhere do we find the reception our unhappy condition needs;

¹ See Note A, p. 172.

and in Barbary and all the parts of Africa where we counted upon being received, succoured, and welcomed, it is there they insult and ill-treat us most. We knew not our good fortune until we lost it;¹ and such is the longing we almost all of us have to return to Spain, that most of those who like myself know the language, and there are many who do, come back to it and leave their wives and children forsaken yonder, so great is their love for it;² and now I know by experience the meaning of the saying, sweet is the love of one's country.

'I left our village, as I said, and went to France, but though they gave us a kind reception there I was anxious to see all I could. I crossed into Italy, and reached Germany, and there it seemed to me we might live with more freedom, as the inhabitants do not pay any attention to trifling points; everyone lives as he likes, for in most parts they enjoy liberty of conscience. I took a house in a town near Augsburg, and then joined these pilgrims, who are in the habit of coming to Spain in great numbers every year to visit the shrines there, which they look upon as their Indies and a sure and certain source of gain. They travel nearly all over it, and there is no town out of which they do not go full up of meat and drink, as the saying is, and with a real, at least, in money, and they come off at the end of their travels with more than a hundred crowns saved, which, changed into gold, they smuggle out of the kingdom either in the hollow of their staves or in the patches of their

¹ Prov. 23.

² This is historically true; in 1618 it was found necessary to order a second expulsion of returned Moriscoes.

pilgrim's cloaks or by some device of their own, and carry to their own country in spite of the guards at the posts and passes where they are searched. Now my purpose is, Sancho, to carry away the treasure that I left buried, which, as it is outside the town, I shall be able to do without risk, and to write, or cross over from Valencia, to my daughter and wife, who I know are at Algiers, and find some means of bringing them to some French port and thence to Germany, there to await what it may be God's will to do with us; for, after all, Sancho, I know well that Ricota my daughter and Francisca Ricota my wife are Catholic Christians, and though I am not so much so, still I am more of a Christian than a Moor, and it is always my prayer to God that he will open the eyes of my understanding and show me how I am to serve him; but what amazes me and I cannot understand is why my wife and daughter should have gone to Barbary rather than to France, where they could live as Christians.'

To this Sancho replied, 'Remember, Ricote, that may not have been open to them, for Juan Tiopieyo thy wife's brother took them, and being a true Moor he went where he could go most easily; and another thing I can tell thee, it is my belief thou art going in vain to look for what thou hast left buried, for we heard they took from thy brother-in-law and thy wife a great quantity of pearls and money in gold which they brought to be passed.'

'That may be,' said Ricote; 'but I know they did not

¹ At first a certain amount of property was permitted to be carried away, but ultimately the deported Moriscoes were not allowed to carry anything with them.

touch my hoard, for I did not tell them where it was, for fear of accidents; and so, if thou wilt come with me, Sancho, and help me to take it away and conceal it, I will give thee two hundred crowns wherewith thou mayest relieve thy necessities, and, as thou knowest, I know they are many.'

'I would do it,' said Sancho; 'but I am not at all covetous, for I gave up an office this morning in which, if I was, I might have made the walls of my house of gold and dined off silver plates before six months were over; and so for this reason, and because I feel I would be guilty of treason to my king if I helped his enemies, I would not go with thee if instead of promising me two hundred crowns thou wert to give me four hundred here in hand.'

'And what office is this thou hast given up, Sancho?' asked Ricote.

'I have given up being governor of an island,' said Sancho, 'and such a one, faith, as you won't find the like of easily.'

'And where is this island?' said Ricote.

'Where?' said Sancho; 'two leagues from here, and it is called the island of Barataria.'

'Nonsense! Sancho,' said Ricote; 'islands are away out in the sea; there are no islands on the mainland.'

'What? No islands!' said Sancho; 'I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it this morning, and yesterday I was governing there as I pleased like a *sagittarius*;¹ but for all that I gave it up, for it seemed to me a dangerous office, a governor's.'

¹ Sancho's meaning is not very clear here. *Sagittarius* in the Germanic slang is one who is whipped through the streets.

'And what hast thou gained by the government?' asked Ricote.

'I have gained,' said Sancho, 'the knowledge that I am no good for governing, unless it is a drove of cattle, and that the riches that are to be got by these governments are got at the cost of one's rest and sleep, ay and even one's food; for in islands the governors must eat little, especially if they have doctors to look after their health.'

'I don't understand thee, Sancho,' said Ricote; 'but it seems to me all nonsense thou art talking. Who would give thee islands to govern? Is there any scarcity in the world of cleverer men than thou art for governors? Hold thy peace, Sancho, and come back to thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt come with me as I said to help me to take away the treasure I left buried (for indeed it may be called a treasure, it is so large), and I will give thee wherewithal to keep thee, as I told thee.'

'And I have told thee already, Ricote, that I will not,' said Sancho; 'let it content thee that by me thou shalt not be betrayed, and go thy way in God's name and let me go mine; for I know that well-gotten gain may be lost, but ill-gotten gain is lost, itself and its owner likewise.'¹

'I will not press thee, Sancho,' said Ricote; 'but tell me, wert thou in our village when my wife and daughter and brother-in-law left it?'

'I was so,' said Sancho; 'and I can tell thee thy daughter left it looking so lovely that all the village turned out to see her, and everybody said she was the fairest creature in the world. She wept as she went, and em-

¹ Prov. 24.

braced all her friends and acquaintances and those who came out to see her, and she begged them all to commend her to God and Our Lady his mother, and this in such a touching way that it made me weep myself, though I'm not much given to tears commonly; and, faith, many a one would have liked to hide her, or go out and carry her off on the road; but the fear of going against the king's command kept them back. The one who showed himself most moved was Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich young heir thou knowest of, and they say he was deep in love with her; and since she left he has not been seen in our village, and we all suspect he has gone after her to steal her away, but so far nothing has been heard of it.'

'I always had a suspicion that gentleman had a passion for my daughter,' said Ricote; 'but as I felt sure of my Ricota's virtue it gave me no uneasiness to know that he loved her; for thou must have heard it said, Sancho, that the Morisco women seldom or never engage in amours with the old Christians; and my daughter, who I fancy thought more of being a Christian than of love-making, would not trouble herself about the attentions of this heir.'

'God grant it,' said Sancho, 'for it would be a bad business for both of them; but now let me be off, friend Ricote, for I want to reach where my master Don Quixote is to-night.'

'God be with thee, brother Sancho,' said Ricote; 'my comrades are beginning to stir, and it is time, too, for us to continue our journey;' and then they both embraced, and Sancho mounted Dapple, and Ricote leant upon his staff, and so they parted.

Note A (page 166).

The edict Ricote refers to was that published September 22, 1609, commanding the Moriscoes under pain of death to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Africa at three days' notice. The date is significant. It was six months after the signature of the treaty that virtually recognised the independence of the United Provinces, and acknowledged the defeat of the Church in the struggle for domination in the Netherlands. The victory of the Netherlands, in fact, recoiled upon the unhappy Moriscoes. The anti-Morisco movement had been hitherto confined to Valencia and the Valencian clergy; but now the priesthood throughout Spain, in their fury at the escape of the northern heretics, took it up and turned it into a popular agitation. Cervantes quotes here some of the stock arguments of the agitators, but in the novel of the *Colloquy of the Dogs* he gives them in fuller detail. The Church in this instance adopted the usual tactics of the demagogue, and appealed to the stupidity and the cupidity of the masses, frightening them with the bugbear of another Mohammedan invasion aided by these aliens, and pointing out that the Morisco by his industry, frugality, skill, and business-like qualities was everywhere taking the bread out of the mouth of the Christian Spaniard. The real offence of the Moriscoes was, of course, that, in spite of all the Church could do, from baptism to burning, they still remained unsatisfactory Christians. As Cervantes with exquisite naïveté says in the *Colloquy*, 'It would be a miracle to find one of them that has a genuine belief in the holy Christian faith.' Very likely. It can hardly have gained fervour from the fires of the Inquisition with Moriscoes who remembered their own old faith that for seven centuries had respected Church and Synagogue, and left Jew and Christian to worship in peace. The king, a kind-hearted man, bigot as he was shrank from the wholesale cruelty of the Church proposals, but he was frightened into yielding. For Lerma resistance would have been an immediate fall from power. The opposition of the nobles was futile; the men who had made Spain a great nation were powerless now against the combined forces of stupidity and fanaticism that were undoing their work. The sufferings of the wretched Moriscoes, the massacres of those that resisted, the miseries of those that submitted, are a tale that has been told often enough; and as for the effects on Spain, to quote the words of Don Florencio Janer, who has written one of the ablest and most impartial books on the subject, 'it may be said that from an Arabia Felix it was converted into an Arabia Deserta.' A sad story; and hardly less sad to find noble Cervantes lifting up his voice on the side of the silliest agitation, the stupidest policy, and the cruelest measure that ever history has had occasion to record.

CHAPTER LV.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHE ON THE ROAD, AND OTHER THINGS
THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

THE length of time he delayed with Ricote prevented Sancho from reaching the duke's castle that day, though he was within half a league of it when night, somewhat dark and cloudy, overtook him. This, however, as it was summer time, did not give him much uneasiness, and he turned aside out of the road intending to wait for morning; but his ill-luck and hard fate so willed it that as he was searching about for a place to make himself as comfortable as possible, he and Dapple fell into a deep dark hole that lay among some very old buildings. As he fell he commended himself with all his heart to God, fancying he was not going to stop until he reached the depths of the bottomless pit; but it did not turn out so, for at little more than thrice a man's height Dapple touched bottom, and he found himself sitting on him without having received any hurt or damage whatever. He felt himself all over and held his breath to try whether he was quite sound or had a hole made in him anywhere, and finding himself all right and whole and in perfect health he was profuse in his thanks to God our Lord for the mercy that had been shown him, for he made

sure he had been broken into a thousand pieces. He also felt along the sides of the pit with his hands to see if it were possible to get out of it without help, but he found they were quite smooth and afforded no hold anywhere, at which he was greatly distressed, especially when he heard how pathetically and dolefully Dapple was bemoaning himself, and no wonder he complained, nor was it from ill-temper, for in truth he was not in a very good case. 'Alas,' said Sancho, 'what unexpected accidents happen at every step to those who live in this miserable world ! Who would have said that one who saw himself yesterday sitting on a throne, governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and his vassals, would see himself to-day buried in a pit without a soul to help him, or servant or vassal to come to his relief ? Here must we perish with hunger, my ass and myself, if indeed we don't die first, he of his bruises and injuries, and I of grief and sorrow. At any rate I'll not be as lucky as my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, when he went down into the cave of that enchanted Montesinos, where he found people to make more of him than if he had been in his own house ; for it seems he came in for a table laid out and a bed ready made. There he saw fair and pleasant visions, but here I'll see, I imagine, toads and adders. Unlucky wretch that I am, what an end my follies and fancies have come to ! They'll take up my bones out of this, when it is heaven's will that I'm found, picked clean, white and polished, and my good Dapple's with them, and by that, perhaps, it will be found out who we are, at least by such as have heard that Sancho Panza never separated from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. Unlucky

wretches, I say again, that our hard fate should not let us die in our own country and among our own people, where if there was no help for our misfortune, at any rate there would be some one to grieve for it and to close our eyes as we passed away! O comrade and friend, how ill have I repaid thy faithful services! Forgive me, and entreat Fortune, as well as thou canst, to deliver us out of this miserable strait we are both in; and I promise to put a crown of laurel on thy head, and make thee look like a poet laureate, and give thee double feeds.'

In this strain did Sancho bewail himself, and his ass listened to him, but answered him never a word, such was the distress and anguish the poor beast found himself in. At length, after a night spent in bitter moanings and lamentations, day came, and by its light Sancho perceived that it was wholly impossible to escape out of that pit without help, and he fell to bemoaning his fate and uttering loud shouts to find out if there was anyone within hearing; but all his shouting was only crying in the wilderness, for there was not a soul anywhere in the neighbourhood to hear him, and then at last he gave himself up for dead. Dapple was lying on his back, and Sancho helped him to his feet, which he was scarcely able to keep; and then taking a piece of bread out of his alforjas which had shared their fortunes in the fall, he gave it to the ass, to whom it was not unwelcome, saying to him as if he understood him, 'With bread all sorrows are less.'¹

And now he perceived on one side of the pit a hole large enough to admit a person if he stooped and squeezed him-

¹ Prov. 178.

self into a small compass. Sancho made for it, and entered it by creeping, and found it wide and spacious on the inside, "which he was able to see as a ray of sunlight that penetrated what might be called the roof showed it all plainly. He observed too that it opened and widened out into another spacious cavity; seeing which he made his way back to where the ass was, and with a stone began to pick away the clay from the hole until in a short time he had made room for the beast to pass easily, and this accomplished, taking him by the halter, he proceeded to traverse the cavern to see if there was any outlet at the other end. He advanced, sometimes in the dark, sometimes with light, but never without fear; 'God Almighty help me!' said he to himself; 'this that is a misadventure to me would make a good adventure for my master Don Quixote. He would have been sure to take these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens or the palaces of Galiana,¹ and would have counted upon issuing out of this darkness and imprisonment into some blooming meadow; but I, unlucky that I am, hopeless and spiritless, expect at every step another pit deeper than the first to open under my feet and swallow me up for good; "welcome evil, if thou comest alone."'²

In this way and with these reflections he seemed to himself to have travelled rather more than half a league, when at last he perceived a dim light that looked like daylight and found its way in on one side, showing that this road, which appeared to him the road to the other world, led to some opening.

¹ A Moorish princess, the remains of whose palace may still be seen, so the Toledans say, near the bridge of Alcantara at Toledo.

² Prov. 131.

Here Cid Hamet leaves him, and returns to Don Quixote, who in high spirits and satisfaction was looking forward to the day fixed for the battle he was to fight with him who had robbed Doña Rodriguez's daughter of her honour, for whom he hoped to obtain satisfaction for the wrong and injury shamefully done to her. It came to pass, then, that having sallied forth one morning to practise and exercise himself in what he would have to do in the encounter he expected to find himself engaged in the next day, as he was putting Rocinante through his paces or pressing him to the charge, he brought his feet so close to a pit that but for reining him in tightly it would have been impossible for him to avoid falling into it. He pulled him up, however, without a fall, and coming a little closer examined the hole without dismounting; but as he was looking at it he heard loud cries proceeding from it, and by listening attentively was able to make out that he who uttered them was saying, 'Ho, above there! is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman that will take pity on a sinner buried alive, on an unfortunate disgoverned governor?'

It struck Don Quixote that it was the voice of Sancho Panza he heard, whereat he was taken aback and amazed, and raising his own voice as much as he could, he cried out, 'Who is below there? Who is that complaining?'

'Who should be here, or who should complain,' was the answer, 'but the forlorn Sancho Panza, for his sins and for his ill-luck governor of the island of Barataria, squire that was to the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha?'

When Don Quixote heard this his amazement was re-

doubled and his perturbation grew greater than ever, for it suggested itself to his mind that Sancho must be dead, and that his soul was in torment down there ; and carried away by this idea he exclaimed, 'I conjure thee by everything that as a Catholic Christian I can conjure thee by, tell me who thou art ; and if thou art a soul in torment, tell me what thou wouldst have me do for thee ; for as my profession is to give aid and succour to those that need it in this world, it will also extend to aiding and succouring the distressed of the other, who cannot help themselves.'

'In that case,' answered the voice, 'your worship who speaks to me must be my master Don Quixote of La Mancha ; nay, from the tone of the voice it is plain it can be nobody else.'

'Don Quixote I am,' replied Don Quixote, 'he whose profession it is to aid and succour the living and the dead in their necessities ; wherefore tell me who thou art, for thou art keeping me in suspense ; because, if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and art dead, since the devils have not carried thee off, and thou art by God's mercy in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church has intercessory means sufficient to release thee from the pains thou art in ; and I for my part will plead with her to that and, so far as my substance will go ; without further delay, therefore, declare thyself, and tell me who thou art.'

'By all that's good,' was the answer, 'and by the birth of whomsoever your worship chooses, I swear, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I have never died all my life ; but that, having given up my government for reasons that would

require more time to explain, I fell last night into this pit where I am now, and Dapple is witness and won't let me lie, for more by token he is here with me.'

Nor was this all; one would have fancied the ass understood what Sancho said, because that moment he began to bray so loudly that the whole cave rang again.

'Famous testimony!' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'I know that bray as well as if I was its mother, and thy voice too, my Sancho. Wait while I go to the duke's castle, which is close by, and I will bring some one to take thee out of this pit into which thy sins no doubt have brought thee.'

'Go, your worship,' said Sancho, 'and come back quick for God's sake; for I cannot bear being buried alive here any longer, and I'm dying of fear.'

Don Quixote left him, and hastened to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had happened Sancho, and they were not a little astonished at it; they could easily understand his having fallen, from the confirmatory circumstance of the cave which had been in existence there from time immemorial; but they could not imagine how he had quitted the government without their receiving any intimation of his coming. To be brief, they fetched ropes and tackle, as the saying is, and by dint of many hands and much labour they drew up Dapple and Sancho Panza out of the darkness into the light of day. A student who saw him remarked, 'That's the way all bad governors should come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depths of the pit, dead with hunger, pale, and I suppose without a farthing.'

Sancho overheard him and said, 'It is eight or ten

days, brother growler, since I entered upon the government of the island they gave me, and all that time I never had a bellyful of victuals, no not for an hour; doctors persecuted me and enemies crushed my bones; nor had I any opportunity of taking bribes or levying taxes; and if that be the case, as it is, I don't deserve, I think, to come out in this fashion; but "man proposes and God disposes;"¹ and God knows what is best, and what suits each one best; and "as the occasion, so the behaviour;"² and "let nobody say 'I won't drink of this water;'"³ and "where one thinks there are fitches, there are no pegs;"⁴ God knows my meaning and that's enough; I say no more, though I could.'

'Be not angry or annoyed at what thou hearest, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'or there will never be an end of it; keep a safe conscience and let them say what they like; for trying to stop slanderers' tongues is like trying to put gates to the open plain.⁵ If a governor comes out of his government rich, they say he has been a thief; and if he comes out poor, that he has been a noodle and a block-head.'

'They'll be pretty sure this time,' said Sancho, 'to set me down for a fool rather than a thief.'

Thus talking, and surrounded by boys and a crowd of people, they reached the castle, where in one of the corridors the duke and duchess stood waiting for them; but Sancho would not go up to see the duke until he had first put up Dapple in the stable, for he said he had passed

¹ Prov. 89.

² Prov. 224.

³ Prov. 5.

⁴ Prov. 226,

⁵ Prov. 195.

a very bad night in his last quarters ; then he went upstairs to see his lord and lady, and kneeling before them he said, 'Because it was your highnesses' pleasure, not because of any desert of my own, I went to govern your island of Barataria, which I entered naked, "and naked I find myself ; I neither lose nor gain."¹ Whether I have governed well or ill, I have had witnesses who will say what they think fit. I have answered questions, I have decided causes, and always dying of hunger, for Doctor Pedro Recio of Tirteafuera, the island and governor doctor, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night and put us in a great quandary, but the people of the island say they came off safe and victorious by the might of my arm ; and may God give them as much health as there's truth in what they say. In short, during that time I have weighed the cares and responsibilities governing brings with it, and by my reckoning I find my shoulders can't bear them, nor are they a load for my loins or arrows for my quiver ; and so, before the government threw me over I preferred to throw the government over ; and yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had when I entered it. I asked no loan of anybody, nor did I try to fill my pocket ; and though I meant to make some useful laws, I made hardly any, as I was afraid they would not be kept ; for in that case it comes to the same thing to make them or not to make them. I quitted the island, as I said, without any escort except my ass ; I fell into a pit, I pushed on through it, until this morning by the light of the sun I saw an outlet, but not

¹ Prov, 73,

so easy a one but that, had not heaven sent me my master Don Quixote, I'd have stayed there till the end of the world. So now my lord and lady duke and duchess, here is your governor Sancho Panza, who in the bare ten days he has held the government has come by the knowledge that he would not give anything to be governor, not to say of an island, but of the whole world; and that point being settled, kissing your worships' feet, and imitating the game of the boys when they say, "leap thou, and give me one,"¹ I take a leap out of the government and pass into the service of my master Don Quixote; for after all, though in it I eat my bread in fear and trembling, at any rate I take my fill; and for my part, so long as I'm full, it's all alike to me whether it's with carrots or with partridges.'

Here Sancho brought his long speech to an end, Don Quixote having been the whole time in dread of his uttering a host of absurdities; and when he found him leave off with so few, he thanked heaven in his heart. The duke embraced Sancho and told him he was heartily sorry he had given up the government so soon, but that he would see that he was provided with some other post on his estate less onerous and more profitable. The duchess also embraced him, and gave orders that he should be taken good care of, as it was plain to see he had been badly treated and worse bruised.

¹ An allusion to a kind of game of leap-frog.

CHAPTER LVI.

OF THE PRODIGIOUS AND UNPARALLELED BATTLE THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS IN DEFENCE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUENNA DOÑA RODRIGUEZ.

THE duke and duchess had no reason to regret the joke that had been played upon Sancho Panza in giving him the government; especially as their majordomo returned the same day, and gave them a minute account of almost every word and deed that Sancho uttered or did during the time; and to wind up with eloquently described to them the attack upon the island and Sancho's fright and departure, with which they were not a little amused. After this the history goes on to say that the day fixed for the battle arrived, and that the duke, after having repeatedly instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to deal with Don Quixote so as to vanquish him without killing or wounding him, gave orders to have the heads removed from the lances, telling Don Quixote that Christian charity, on which he plumed himself, could not suffer the battle to be fought with so much risk and danger to life; and that he must be content with the offer of a battle-field on his territory (though that was against the decree of the holy council,

which prohibits all challenges of the sort) and not push such an arduous venture to its extreme limits. Don Quixote bade his excellence arrange all matters connected with the affair as he pleased, as on his part he would obey him in everything. The dread day, then, having arrived, and the duke having ordered a spacious stand to be erected facing the court of the castle for the judges of the field and the appellant duennas, mother and daughter, vast crowds flocked from all the villages and hamlets of the neighbourhood to see the novel spectacle of the battle; nobody, dead or alive, in those parts having ever seen or heard of such a one.

The first person to enter the field and the lists was the master of the ceremonies, who surveyed and paced the whole ground to see that there was nothing unfair and nothing concealed to make the combatants stumble or fall; then the duennas entered and seated themselves, enveloped in mantles covering their eyes, nay even their bosoms, and displaying no slight emotion as Don Quixote appeared in the lists. Shortly afterwards, accompanied by several trumpets and mounted on a powerful steed that threatened to crush the whole place, the great lacquey Tosilos made his appearance on one side of the courtyard with his visor down and stiffly cased in a suit of stout shining armour. The horse was a manifest Frieslander, broad-backed and flea-bitten, and with half a hundred of wool hanging to each of his fetlocks. The gallant combatant came well primed by his master the duke as to how he was to bear himself against the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha; being warned that he must on no account slay him, but

strive to shirk the first encounter so as to avoid the risk of killing him, as he was sure to do if he met him full tilt. He crossed the courtyard at a walk, and coming to where the duennas were placed stopped to look at her who demanded him for a husband ; the marshal of the field summoned Don Quixote, who had already presented himself in the courtyard, and standing by the side of Tosilos he addressed the duennas, and asked them if they consented that Don Quixote of La Mancha should do battle for their right. They said they did, and that whatever he should do in that behalf they declared rightly done, final and valid. By this time the duke and duchess had taken their places in a gallery commanding the inclosure, which was filled to overflowing with a multitude of people eager to see this perilous and unparalleled encounter. The conditions of the combat were that if Don Quixote proved the victor his antagonist was to marry the daughter of Doña Rodriguez ; but if he should be vanquished his opponent was released from the promise that was claimed against him and from all obligations to give satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies apportioned the sun to them,¹ and stationed them, each on the spot where he was to stand. The drums beat, the sound of the trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled under foot, the hearts of the gazing crowd were full of anxiety, some hoping for a happy issue, some apprehensive of an untoward ending to the affair, and lastly, Don Quixote, commending himself with all his heart to God our Lord and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting for them to give the necessary signal for the onset. Our

¹ See Note A, chap. vi.

lacquey, however, was thinking of something very different ; he only thought of what I am now going to mention.

It seems that as he stood contemplating his enemy she struck him as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen all his life ; and the little blind boy whom in our streets they commonly call Love had no mind to let slip the chance of triumphing over a lacquey heart, and adding it to the list of his trophies ; and so, stealing gently upon him unseen, he drove a dart two yards long into the poor lacquey's left side and pierced his heart through and through ; which he was able to do quite at his ease, for Love is invisible, and comes in and goes out as he likes, without anyone calling him to account for what he does. Well then, when they gave the signal for the onset our lacquey was in an ecstasy, musing upon the beauty of her whom he had already made mistress of his liberty, and so he paid no attention to the sound of the trumpet, unlike Don Quixote, who was off the instant he heard it, and, at the highest speed Rocinante was capable of, set out to meet his enemy, his good squire Sancho shouting lustily as he saw him start, ' God guide thee, cream and flower of knights-errant ! God give thee the victory, for thou hast the right on thy side ! ' But though Tosilos saw Don Quixote coming at him he never stirred a step from the spot where he was posted ; and instead of doing so called loudly to the marshal of the field, to whom when he came up to see what he wanted he said, ' Señor, is not this battle to decide whether I marry or do not marry that lady ? ' ' Just so,' was the answer. ' Well then,' said the lacquey, ' I feel qualms of conscience, and I should lay a heavy burden upon it if I were to proceed any further with

the combat; I therefore declare that I yield myself vanquished, and that I am willing to marry the lady at once.'

The marshal of the field was lost in astonishment at the words of Tosilos; and as he was one of those who were privy to the arrangement of the affair he knew not what to say in reply. Don Quixote pulled up in mid career when he saw that his enemy was not coming on to the attack. The duke could not make out the reason why the battle did not go on; but the marshal of the field hastened to him to let him know what Tosilos said, and he was amazed and extremely angry at it. In the meantime Tosilos advanced to where Doña Rodriguez sat and said in a loud voice, 'Señora, I am willing to marry your daughter, and I have no wish to obtain by strife and fighting what I can obtain in peace and without any risk to my life.'

The valiant Don Quixote heard him, and said, 'As that is the case I am released and absolved from my promise; let them marry by all means, and as God our Lord has given her, may Saint Peter add his blessing.'

The duke had now descended to the courtyard of the castle, and going up to Tosilos he said to him, 'Is it true, sir knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that moved by scruples of conscience you wish to marry this damsel?'

'It is, señor,' replied Tosilos.

'And he does well,' said Sancho, 'for what thou hast to give to the mouse, give to the cat, and it will save thee all trouble.'¹

Tosilos meanwhile was trying to unlace his helmet, and

¹ Prov. 151.

he begged them to come to his help at once, as his power of breathing was failing him, and he could not remain so long shut up in that confined space. They removed it in all haste, and his lacquey features were revealed to public gaze. At this sight Doña Rodriguez and her daughter raised a mighty outcry, exclaiming, 'This is a trick! This is a trick! They have put Tosilos, my lord the duke's lacquey, upon us in place of the real husband. The justice of God and the king against such trickery, not to say roguery!'

'Do not distress yourselves, ladies,' said Don Quixote; 'for this is no trickery or roguery; or if it is, it is not the duke who is at the bottom of it, but those wicked enchanters who persecute me, and who, jealous of my reaping the glory of this victory, have turned your husband's features into those of this person, who you say is a lacquey of the duke's; take my advice, and notwithstanding the malice of my enemies marry him, for beyond a doubt he is the very one you wish to get for a husband.'

When the duke heard this all his anger was near vanishing in a fit of laughter, and he said, 'The things that happen to Señor Don Quixote are so extraordinary that I am ready to believe this lacquey of mine is not one; but let us adopt this plan and device; let us put off the marriage for, say, a fortnight, and let us keep this person about whom we are uncertain in close confinement, and perhaps in the course of that time he may return to his original shape; for the spite which the enchanters entertain against Señor Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially as it is of so little advantage to them to practise these deceptions and transformations.'

‘Oh, señor,’ said Sancho, ‘those scoundrels are well used to changing whatever concerns my master from one thing into another. A knight that he overcame some time back, called the Knight of the Mirrors, they turned into the shape of the bachelor Samson Carrasco of our town and a great friend of ours ; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they have turned into a common country wench ; so I suspect this lacquey will have to live and die a lacquey all the days of his life.’

Here the Rodriguez’s daughter exclaimed, ‘Let him be who he may, this man that claims me for a wife ; I am thankful to him for the same, for I had rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey than the cheated mistress of a gentleman ; though he who played me false is nothing of the kind.’

To be brief, all the talk and all that had happened ended in Tosilos being shut up until it was seen how his transformation turned out. All hailed Don Quixote as victor, but the greater number were vexed and disappointed at finding that the combatants they had been so anxiously waiting for had not battered one another to pieces, just as the boys are disappointed when the man they are waiting to see hanged does not come out, because the prosecution or the court has pardoned him. The people dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, they locked up Tosilos, Doña Rodriguez and her daughter remained perfectly contented when they saw that any way the affair must end in marriage, and Tosilos wanted nothing else.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT FOLLOWED WITH THE WITTY AND IMPUDENT ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S DAMSELS.

DON QUIXOTE now felt it right to quit a life of such idleness as he was leading in the castle; for he fancied that he was making himself sorely missed by suffering himself to remain shut up and inactive amid the countless luxuries and enjoyments his hosts lavished upon him as a knight-errant; and he felt too that he would have to render a strict account to heaven of that indolence and seclusion; and so one day he asked the duke and duchess to grant him permission to take his departure. They gave it, showing at the same time that they were very sorry he was leaving them. The duchess gave his wife's letters to Sancho Panza, who shed tears over them, saying, 'Who would have thought that such grand hopes as the news of my government bred in my wife Teresa Panza's breast would end in my going back now to the vagabond adventures of my master Don Quixote of La Mancha? Still I'm glad to see my Teresa behaved as she ought in sending the acorns, for if she had not sent them I'd have been sorry, and she'd have shown herself ungrateful. It is a comfort to me that they

can't call that present a bribe ; for I had got the government already when she sent them, and it's but reasonable that those who have had a good turn done them should show their gratitude, if it's only with a trifle. After all I went into the government naked, and I come out of it naked ; so I can say with a safe conscience—and that's no small matter—"naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain."¹

Thus did Sancho soliloquise on the day of their departure, as Don Quixote, who had the night before taken leave of the duke and duchess, coming out made his appearance at an early hour in full armour in the courtyard of the castle. The whole household of the castle were watching him from the corridors, and the duke and duchess, too, came out to see him. Sancho was mounted on his Dapple, with his alforjas, valise, and provender, supremely happy because the duke's majordomo, the same that had acted the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred gold crowns to meet the necessary expenses of the road, but of this Don Quixote knew nothing as yet. While all were, as has been said, observing him, suddenly from among the duennas and handmaidens of the duchess the impudent and witty Altisidora lifted up her voice and said in pathetic tones :

Give ear, cruel knight ;
 Draw rein ; where 's the need
 Of spurring the flanks
 Of that ill-broken steed ?

¹ Prov. 73.

DON QUIXOTE.

From what art thou flying?
 No dragon I am,
 Not even a sheep,
 But a tender young lamb.
 Thou hast jilted a maiden
 As fair to behold
 As nymph of Diana
 Or Venus of old.

Bireno,¹ Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?
 Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

In thy claws, ruthless robber,
 Thou bearest away
 The heart of a meek
 Loving maid for thy prey,
 Three kerchiefs thou stealest,
 And garters a pair,
 From legs than the whitest
 Of marble more fair;
 And the sighs that pursue thee
 Would burn to the ground
 Two thousand Troy Towns,
 If so many were found.

Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?
 Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May no bowels of mercy
 To Sancho be granted,
 And thy Dulcinea
 Be left still enchanted,
 May thy falsehood to me
 Find its punishment in her,
 For in my land the just
 Often pays for the sinner.²

¹ See Note A, p. 195.

² Prov. 123.

May thy grandest adventures
 Discomfitures prove,
 May thy joys be all dreams,
 And forgotten thy love.
 Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?
 Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May thy name be abhorred
 For thy conduct to ladies,
 From London to England,
 From Seville to Cadiz;
 May thy cards be unlucky,
 Thy hands contain ne'er a
 King, seven, or ace
 When thou playest primera;
 When thy corns are cut
 May it be to the quick;
 When thy grinders are drawn
 May the roots of them stick.
 Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?
 Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

All the while the unhappy Altisidora was bewailing herself in the above strain Don Quixote stood staring at her; and without uttering a word in reply to her he turned round to Sancho and said, 'Sancho my friend, I conjure thee by the life of thy forefathers tell me the truth; say, hast thou by any chance taken the three kerchiefs and the garters this love-sick maid speaks of?'

To this Sancho made answer, 'The three kerchiefs I have; but the garters, as much as "over the hills of Úbeda."'¹

¹ Prov. 34.

The duchess was amazed at Altisidora's assurance ; she knew that she was bold, lively, and impudent, but not so much so as to venture to make free in this fashion ; and not being prepared for the joke, her astonishment was all the greater. The duke had a mind to keep up the sport, so he said, 'It does not seem to me well done in you, sir knight, that after having received the hospitality that has been offered you in this very castle, you should have ventured to carry off even three kerchiefs, not to say my handmaid's garters. It shows a bad heart and does not tally with your reputation. Restore her garters, or else I defy you to mortal combat, for I am not afraid of rascally enchanters changing or altering my features as they changed his who encountered you into those of my lacquey, Tosilos.'

'God forbid,' said Don Quixote, 'that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person from which I have received such great favours. The kerchiefs I will restore, as Sancho says he has them ; as to the garters that is impossible, for I have not got them, neither has he ; and if your handmaiden here will look in her hiding-places, depend upon it she will find them. I have never been a thief, my lord duke, nor do I mean to be so long as I live, if God cease not to have me in his keeping. This damsel by her own confession speaks as one in love, for which I am not to blame, and therefore need not ask pardon, either of her or of your excellence, whom I entreat to have a better opinion of me, and once more to give me leave to pursue my journey.'

'And may God so prosper it, Señor Don Quixote,' said

the duchess, 'that we may always hear good news of your exploits ; God speed you ; for the longer you stay, the more you inflame the hearts of the damsels who behold you ; and as for this one of mine, I will so chastise her that she will not transgress again, either with her eyes or with her words.'

'One word and no more, O valiant Don Quixote, I ask you to hear,' said Altisidora, 'and that is that I beg your pardon about the theft of the garters ; for by God and upon my soul I have got them on, and I have fallen into the same blunder as he did who went looking for his ass being all the while mounted on it.'

'Didn't I say so ?' said Sancho. 'I'm a likely one to hide thefts ! Why if I wanted to deal in them, opportunities came ready enough to me in my government.'

Don Quixote bowed his head, and saluted the duke and duchess and all the bystanders, and wheeling Rocinante round, Sancho following him on Dapple, he rode out of the castle, shaping his course for Saragossa.

Note A (page 192).

Bireno, Duke of Zealand, who deserted Olimpia, daughter of the Count of Holland, very much as Theseus deserted Ariadne. *Orlando Furioso*, Cantos 9 and 10. There is a ballad on the subject, with a refrain which may have suggested that introduced here.

CHAPTER LVIII.

WHICH TELLS HOW ADVENTURES CAME CROWDING ON DON QUIXOTE IN SUCH NUMBERS THAT THEY GAVE ONE ANOTHER NO BREATHING-TIME.

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself in the open country, free, and relieved from the attentions of Altisidora, he felt at his ease, and in fresh spirits to take up the pursuit of chivalry once more; and turning to Sancho he said, 'Freedom, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that heaven has bestowed upon men; no treasures that the earth holds buried or the sea conceals can compare with it; for freedom, as for honour, life may and should be ventured; and on the other hand, captivity is the greatest evil that can fall to the lot of man. I say this, Sancho, because thou hast seen the good cheer, the abundance we have enjoyed in this castle we are leaving; well then, amid those dainty banquets and snow-cooled beverages I felt as though I were undergoing the straits of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom as if they had been mine own; for the sense of being under an obligation to return benefits and favours received is a restraint that checks the independence of the spirit. Happy he, to whom heaven has given a piece of bread for which he is not bound to give thanks to any but heaven itself!'

‘For all your worship says,’ said Sancho, ‘it is not becoming that there should be no thanks on our part for two hundred gold crowns that the duke’s majordomo has given me in a little purse which I carry next my heart, like a warming plaster or comforter, to meet any chance calls; for we sha’n’t always find castles where they’ll entertain us; now and then we may light upon roadside inns where they’ll cudgel us.’

In conversation of this sort the knight and squire errant were pursuing their journey, when, after they had gone a little more than half a league, they perceived some dozen men dressed like labourers stretched upon their cloaks on the grass of a green meadow eating their dinner. They had beside them what seemed to be white sheets concealing some objects under them, standing upright or lying flat, and arranged at intervals. Don Quixote approached the diners, and, saluting them courteously first, he asked them what it was those cloths covered. ‘Señor,’ answered one of the party, ‘under these cloths are some images carved in relief intended for a retablo¹ we are putting up in our village; we carry them covered up that they may not be soiled, and on our shoulders that they may not be broken.’

‘With your good leave,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I should like to see them; for images that are carried so carefully no doubt must be fine ones.’

‘I should think they were!’ said the other; ‘let the money they cost speak for that; for as a matter of fact there is not one of them that does not stand us in more

¹ The elaborate carved work that rises at the back of the altar in Spanish churches.

than fifty ducats ; and that your worship may judge ; wait a moment, and you shall see with your own eyes ;' and getting up from his dinner he went and uncovered the first image, which proved to be one of Saint George on horseback with a dragon writhing at his feet and the lance thrust down its throat with all that fierceness that is usually depicted. The whole group was one blaze of gold, as the saying is. On seeing it Don Quixote said, 'That knight was one of the best knights-errant the army of heaven ever owned ; he was called Don Saint George, and he was moreover a defender of maidens. Let us see this next one.'

The man uncovered it, and it was seen to be that of Saint Martin on his horse, dividing his cloak with the beggar. The instant Don Quixote saw it he said, 'This knight too was one of the Christian adventurers, but I believe he was generous rather than valiant, as thou mayest perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar and giving him half of it ; no doubt it was winter at the time, for otherwise he would have given him the whole of it, so charitable was he.'

'It was not that, most likely,' said Sancho, 'but that he held with the proverb that says, "For giving and keeping there's need of brains."'¹

Don Quixote laughed, and asked them to take off the next cloth, underneath which was seen the image of the patron saint of the Spains seated on horseback, his sword stained with blood, trampling on Moors and treading heads underfoot ; and on seeing it Don Quixote exclaimed, 'Ay,

¹ Prov. 71.

this is a knight, and of the squadrons of Christ! This one is called Don Saint James the Moorslayer, one of the bravest saints and knights the world ever had or heaven has now.'

They then raised another cloth which it appeared covered Saint Paul falling from his horse, with all the details that are usually given in representations of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it, rendered in such life-like style that one would have said Christ was speaking and Paul answering, 'This,' he said, 'was in his time the greatest enemy that the Church of God our Lord had, and the greatest champion it will ever have; a knight-errant in life, a steadfast saint in death, an untiring labourer in the Lord's vineyard, a teacher of the Gentiles, whose school was heaven, and whose instructor and master was J sus Christ himself.'

There were no more images, so Don Quixote bade them cover them up again, and said to those who had brought them, 'I take it as a happy omen, brothers, to have seen what I have; for these saints and knights were of the same profession as myself, which is the calling of arms; only there is this difference between them and me, that they were saints, and fought with divine weapons, and I am a sinner and fight with human ones. They won heaven by force of arms, for heaven suffereth violence; and I, so far, know not what I have won by dint of my sufferings; but if my Dulcinea del Toboso were to be released from hers, perhaps with mended fortunes and a mind restored to itself I might direct my steps in a better path than I am following at present.'

‘May God hear and sin be deaf,’¹ said Sancho to this:

The men were filled with wonder, as well at the figure as at the words of Don Quixote, though they did not understand one half of what he meant by them. They finished their dinner, took their images on their backs, and bidding farewell to Don Quixote resumed their journey.

Sancho was amazed afresh at the extent of his master’s knowledge, as much as if he had never known him, for it seemed to him that there was no story or event in the world that he had not at his fingers’ ends and fixed in his memory, and he said to him, ‘In truth, master mine, if this that has happened to us to-day is to be called an adventure, it has been one of the sweetest and pleasantest that have befallen us in the whole course of our travels; we have come out of it unlaboured and undismayed, neither have we drawn sword nor have we smitten the earth with our bodies, nor have we been left famishing; blessed be God that he has let me see such a thing with my own eyes!’

‘Thou sayest well, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘but remember all times are not alike nor do they always run the same way; and these things the vulgar commonly call omens, which are not based upon any natural reason, will by him who is wise be esteemed and reckoned happy accidents merely. One of these believers in omens will get up of a morning, leave his house, and meet a friar of the order of the blessed Saint Francis, and, as if he had met a griffin, he will turn about and go home. With another Mendoza² the salt is spilt on his table, and gloom is spilt over his heart, as if nature was obliged to give warning of

¹ Prov. 90.

² See Note A, p. 211.

coming misfortunes by means of such trivial things as these. The wise man and the Christian should not trifle with what it may please heaven to do. Scipio on coming to Africa stumbled as he leaped on shore ; his soldiers took it as a bad omen ; but he, clasping the soil with his arms, exclaimed, "Thou canst not escape me, Africa, for I hold thee tight between my arms." Thus, Sancho, meeting those images has been to me a most happy occurrence.'

'I can well believe it,' said Sancho ; 'but I wish your worship would tell me what is the reason that the Spaniards, when they are about to give battle, in calling on that Saint James the Moorslayer, say "Santiago and close Spain!"'¹ Is Spain, then, open, so that it is needful to close it ; or what is the meaning of this form ?'

'Thou art very simple, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ;² 'God, look you, gave that great knight of the Red Cross to Spain as her patron saint and protector, especially in those hard struggles the Spaniards had with the Moors ; and therefore they invoke and call upon him as their defender in all their battles ; and in these he has been many a time seen beating down, trampling under foot, destroying and slaughtering the Hagarene³ squadrons in the sight of all ; of which fact I could give thee many examples recorded in truthful Spanish histories.'

Sancho changed the subject, and said to his master, 'I marvel, señor, at the boldness of Altisidora, the duchess's handmaid ; he whom they call Love must have cruelly

¹ *Santiago y cierra España*—the old Spanish war-cry.

² Hartzenbusch thinks something has dropped out here ; some sort of explanation of the words by Don Quixote.

³ .e., of the descendants of Hagar.

pierced and wounded her ; they say he is a little blind urchin who, though blear-eyed, or more properly speaking sightless, if he aims at a heart, be it ever so small, hits it and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have heard it said too that the arrows of Love are blunted and robbed of their points by maidenly modesty and reserve ; but with this Altisidora it seems they are sharpened rather than blunted.'

'Bear in mind, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that love is influenced by no consideration, recognises no restraints of reason, and is of the same nature as death, that assails alike the lofty palaces of kings and the humble cabins of shepherds ; and when it takes entire possession of a heart, the first thing it does is to banish fear and shame from it ; and so without shame Altisidora declared her passion, which excited in my mind embarrassment rather than commiseration.'

'Notable cruelty !' exclaimed Sancho ; 'unheard-of ingratitude ! I can only say for myself that the very smallest loving word of hers would have subdued me and made a slave of me. The devil ! What a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, what a soul of mortar ! But I can't imagine what it is that this damsel saw in your worship that could have conquered and captivated her so. What gallant figure was it, what bold bearing, what sprightly grace, what comeliness of feature, which of these things by itself, or what all together, could have made her fall in love with you ? For indeed and in truth many a time I stop to look at your worship from the sole of your foot to the topmost hair of your head, and I see more to frighten one than to make

one fall in love ; moreover I have heard say that beauty is the first and main thing that excites love, and as your worship has none at all, I don't know what the poor creature fell in love with.'

'Recollect, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'there are two sorts of beauty, one of the mind, the other of the body ; that of the mind displays and exhibits itself in intelligence, in modesty, in honourable conduct, in generosity, in good breeding ; and all these qualities are possible and may exist in an ugly man ; and when it is this sort of beauty and not that of the body that is the attraction, love is apt to spring up suddenly and violently. I, Sancho, perceive clearly enough that I am not beautiful, but at the same time I know I am not hideous ; and it is enough for an honest man not to be a monster to be an object of love, if only he possesses the endowments of mind I have mentioned.'

While engaged in this discourse they were making their way through a wood that lay beyond the road, when suddenly, without expecting anything of the kind, Don Quixote found himself caught in some nets of green cord stretched from one tree to another ; and unable to conceive what it could be, he said to Sancho, 'Sancho, it strikes me this affair of these nets will prove one of the strangest adventures imaginable. May I die if the enchanters that persecute me are not trying to entangle me in them and delay my journey, by way of revenge for my obduracy towards Altisidora. Well then let me tell them that if these nets, instead of being green cord, were made of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that wherewith the jealous god of blacksmiths enmeshed Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily

as if they were made of rushes or cotton threads.' But just as he was about to press forward and break through all, suddenly from among some trees two shepherdesses of surpassing beauty presented themselves to his sight—or at least damsels dressed like shepherdesses, save that their jerkins and sayas¹ were of fine brocade; that is to say, the sayas were rich farthingales of gold embroidered tabby. Their hair, that in its golden brightness vied with the beams of the sun itself, fell loose upon their shoulders and was crowned with garlands twined with green laurel and red everlasting; and their years to all appearance were not under fifteen nor above eighteen. Such was the spectacle that filled Sancho with amazement, fascinated Don Quixote, made the sun halt in his course to behold them, and held all four in a strange silence.² One of the shepherdesses, at length, was the first to speak and said to Don Quixote, 'Hold, sir knight, and do not break these nets; for they are not spread here to do you any harm, but only for our amusement; and as I know you will ask why they have been put up, and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a village some two leagues from this, where there are many people of quality and rich gentlefolk, it was agreed upon by a number of friends and relations to come with their wives, sons and daughters, neighbours, friends and kinsmen, and make holiday in this spot, which is one of the pleasantest in the whole neighbourhood, setting up a new pastoral Arcadia among ourselves, we maidens dressing our-

¹ A sort of kirtle worn by the peasant women.

² Hartzenbusch protests that Cervantes can never have written this; but his pen undoubtedly does sometimes indulge in a flourish of the kind.

selves as shepherdesses and the youths as shepherds. We have prepared two eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso, the other by the most excellent Camoens, in its own Portuguese tongue, but we have not as yet acted them. Yesterday was the first day of our coming here; we have a few of what they say are called field-tents pitched among the trees on the bank of an ample brook that fertilises all these meadows; last night we spread these nets in the trees here to snare the silly little birds that startled by the noise we make may fly into them. If you please to be our guest, señor, you will be welcomed heartily and courteously, for here just now neither care nor sorrow shall enter.'

She held her peace and said no more, and Don Quixote made answer, 'Of a truth, fairest lady, Actæon when he unexpectedly beheld Diana bathing in the stream could not have been more fascinated and wonderstruck than I at the sight of your beauty. I commend your mode of entertainment, and thank you for the kindness of your invitation; and if I can serve you, you may command me with full confidence of being obeyed, for my profession is none other than to show myself grateful, and ready to serve persons of all conditions, but especially persons of quality such as your appearance indicates; and if, instead of taking up, as they probably do, but a small space, these nets took up the whole surface of the globe, I would seek out new worlds through which to pass, so as not to break them; and that ye may give some degree of credence to this exaggerated language of mine, know that it is no less than Don Quixote of La Mancha that makes this declaration to you, if indeed it be that such a name has reached your ears.'

‘Ah! friend of my soul,’ instantly exclaimed the other shepherdess, ‘what great good fortune has befallen us! Seest thou this gentleman we have before us? Well then let me tell thee he is the most valiant and the most devoted and the most courteous gentleman in all the world, unless a history of his achievements that has been printed and I have read is telling lies and deceiving us. I will lay a wager that this good fellow who is with him is one Sancho Panza his squire, whose drolleries none can equal.’

‘That’s true,’ said Sancho; ‘I am that same droll and squire you speak of, and this gentleman is my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, the same that’s in the history and that they talk about.’

‘Oh, my friend,’ said the other, ‘let us entreat him to stay; for it will give our fathers and brothers infinite pleasure; I too have heard just what thou hast told me of the valour of the one and the drolleries of the other; and what is more, of him they say that he is the most constant and loyal lover that was ever heard of, and that his lady is one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom all over Spain the palm of beauty is awarded.’

‘And justly awarded,’ said Don Quixote, ‘unless, indeed, your unequalled beauty makes it a matter of doubt. But spare yourselves the trouble, ladies, of pressing me to stay, for the urgent calls of my profession do not allow me to take rest under any circumstances.’

At this instant there came up to the spot where the four stood a brother of one of the two shepherdesses, like them in shepherd costume, and as richly and gaily dressed as they were. They told him that their companion was

the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, and the other Sancho his squire, of whom he knew already from having read their history. The gay shepherd offered him his services and begged that he would accompany him to their tents, and Don Quixote had to give way and comply. And now the game was started, and the nets were filled with a variety of birds that deceived by the colour fell into the danger they were flying from. Upwards of thirty persons, all gaily attired as shepherds and shepherdesses, assembled on the spot, and were at once informed who Don Quixote and his squire were, whereat they were not a little delighted, as they knew of him already through his history. They repaired to the tents, where they found tables laid out, and choicely, plentifully, and neatly furnished. They treated Don Quixote as a person of distinction, giving him the place of honour, and all observed him, and were full of astonishment at the spectacle. At last the cloth being removed, Don Quixote with great composure lifted up his voice and said :

‘ One of the greatest sins that men are guilty of is—some will say pride—but I say ingratitude, going by the common saying that hell is full of ingrates. This sin, so far as it has lain in my power, I have endeavoured to avoid ever since I have enjoyed the faculty of reason ; and if I am unable to requite good deeds that have been done me by other deeds, I substitute the desire to do so ; and if that be not enough I make them known publicly ; for he who declares and makes known the good deeds done to him would repay them by others if it were in his power, and for the most part those who receive are the inferiors of

those who give. Thus, God is superior to all because he is the supreme giver, and the offerings of man fall short by an infinite distance of being a full return for the gifts of God; but gratitude in some degree makes up for this deficiency and shortcoming. I therefore, grateful for the favour that has been extended to me here, and unable to make a return in the same measure, restricted as I am by the narrow limits of my power, offer what I can and what I have to offer in my own way; and so I declare that for two full days I will maintain in the middle of this highway leading to Saragossa, that these ladies disguised as shepherdesses, who are here present, are the fairest and most courteous maidens in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts, be it said without offence to those who hear me, ladies and gentlemen.'

On hearing this Sancho, who had been listening with great attention, cried out in a loud voice, 'Is it possible there is anyone in the world who will dare to say and swear that this master of mine is a madman? Say, gentlemen shepherds, is there a village priest, be he ever so wise or learned, who could say what my master has said; or is there knight-errant, whatever renown he may have as a man of valour, that could offer what my master has offered now?'

Don Quixote turned upon Sancho, and with a countenance glowing with anger said to him, 'Is it possible, Sancho, there is anyone in the whole world who will say thou art not a fool, with a lining to match, and I know not what trimmings of impertinence and roguery? Who asked

thee to meddle in my affairs, or to inquire whether I am a wise man or a blockhead? Hold thy peace; answer me not a word; saddle Rocinante if he be unsaddled; and let us go to put my offer into execution; for with the right that I have on my side thou mayest reckon as vanquished all who shall venture to question it;’ and in a great rage, and showing his anger plainly, he rose from his seat, leaving the company lost in wonder, and making them feel doubtful whether they ought to regard him as a madman or a rational being. In the end, though they sought to dissuade him from involving himself in such a challenge, assuring him they admitted his gratitude as fully established, and needed no fresh proofs to be convinced of his valiant spirit, as those related in the history of his exploits were sufficient, still Don Quixote persisted in his resolve; and mounted on Rocinante, bracing his buckler on his arm and grasping his lance, he posted himself in the middle of a high road that was not far from the green meadow. Sancho followed on Dapple, together with all the members of the pastoral gathering, eager to see what would be the upshot of his vainglorious and extraordinary proposal.

Don Quixote, then, having, as has been said, planted himself in the middle of the road, made the welkin ring with words to this effect: ‘Ho ye travellers and wayfarers, knights, squires, folk on foot or on horseback, who pass this way or shall pass in the course of the next two days! Know that Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here to maintain by arms that the beauty and courtesy enshrined in the nymphs that dwell in these meadows and groves surpass all upon earth, putting aside the

lady of my heart, Dulcinea del Toboso. Wherefore, let him who is of the opposite opinion come on, for here I await him.'

Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they fell unheard by any adventurer; but fate, that was guiding affairs for him from better to better, so ordered it that shortly afterwards there appeared on the road a crowd of men on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all riding in a compact body and in great haste. No sooner had those who were with Don Quixote seen them than they turned about and withdrew to some distance from the road, for they knew that if they stayed some harm might come to them; but Don Quixote with intrepid heart stood his ground, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with Rocinante's hind-quarters. The troop of lancers came up, and one of them who was in advance began shouting to Don Quixote, 'Get out of the way, you son of the devil, or these bulls will knock you to pieces!'

'Rabble!' returned Don Quixote, 'I care nothing for bulls, be they the fiercest Jarama breeds on its banks.¹ Confess at once, scoundrels, that what I have declared is true; else ye have to deal with me in combat.'

The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way even if he wished; and so the drove of fierce bulls and tame bullocks,² together with the crowd of herdsmen and others who were taking them to be penned

¹ The river that joins the Tagus at Aranjuez. The bull that Gazul encountered in the ballad, *Estando toda la Corte*, was '*nacido en la ribera del celebrado Jarama*.'

² *Cabestros*, employed to lead the bulls when driven in from the pastures.

up at a village where they were to be run¹ the next day, passed over Don Quixote and over Sancho, Rocinante and Dapple, hurling them all to the earth and rolling them over on the ground. Sancho was left crushed, Don Quixote scared, Dapple belaboured and Rocinante in no very sound condition. They all got up, however, at length, and Don Quixote in great haste, stumbling here and falling there, started off running after the drove, shouting out, 'Hold! stay! ye rascally rabble, a single knight awaits you, and he is not of the temper or opinion of those who say, "For a flying enemy make a bridge of silver."' ² The retreating party in their haste, however, did not stop for that, or heed his menaces any more than last year's clouds. Weariness brought Don Quixote to a halt, and more enraged than avenged he sat down on the road to wait until Sancho, Rocinante and Dapple came up. When they reached him master and man mounted once more, and without going back to bid farewell to the mock or imitation Arcadia, and more in humiliation than contentment, they continued their journey.

¹ The phrase in Spanish is not 'bull-fight' but 'bull-run'—*corrida de toros*.

² Prov. 93.

Note A (page 200).

According to Covarrubias family superstitions were very common in Spain; Quevedo, always a valuable illustrator of Cervantes, in *The Book of all Things* refers to this of the Mendoza family. 'If you upset the salt cellar,' he says, 'and are a Mendoza, rise from table without dining, and the omen will be fulfilled; for as it is a misfortune not to dine, a misfortune will have befallen you.'

CHAPTER LIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE THING, WHICH MAY
BE REGARDED AS AN ADVENTURE, THAT HAPPENED DON
QUIXOTE.

A CLEAR limpid spring which they discovered in a cool grove relieved Don Quixote and Sancho of the dust and fatigue due to the unpolite behaviour of the bulls, and by the side of this, having turned Dapple and Rocinante loose without headstall or bridle, the forlorn pair, master and man, seated themselves. Sancho had recourse to the larder of his alforjas and took out of them what he called the prog;¹ Don Quixote rinsed his mouth and bathed his face, by which cooling process his flagging energies were revived. Out of pure vexation he remained without eating, and out of pure politeness Sancho did not venture to touch a morsel of what was before him, but waited for his master to act as taster. Seeing, however, that, absorbed in thought, he was forgetting to carry the bread to his mouth, he said never a word, and trampling every sort of good breeding under foot, began to stow away in his paunch the bread and cheese that came to his hand.

‘Eat, Sancho my friend,’ said Don Quixote; ‘support life, which is of more consequence to thee than to me, and

¹ *Condumio*, meat dressed to be eaten with bread.

leave me to die under the pain of my thoughts and pressure of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating; and to prove the truth of what I say, look at me, printed in histories, famed in arms, courteous in behaviour, honoured by princes, courted by maidens; and after all, when I looked forward to palms, triumphs, and crowns, won and earned by my valiant deeds, I have this morning seen myself trampled on, kicked, and crushed by the feet of unclean and filthy animals. This thought blunts my teeth, paralyses my jaws, cramps my hands, and robs me of all appetite for food; so much so that I have a mind to let myself die of hunger, the cruelest death of all deaths.'

'So then,' said Sancho, munching hard all the time, 'your worship does not agree with the proverb that says, "Let Martha die, but let her die with a full belly."'¹ I, at any rate, have no mind to kill myself; so far from that, I mean to do as the cobbler does, who stretches the leather with his teeth until he makes it reach as far as he wants. I'll stretch out my life by eating until it reaches the end heaven has fixed for it; and let me tell you, señor, there's no greater folly than to think of dying of despair as your worship does; take my advice, and after eating lie down and sleep a bit on this green grass-mattress, and you will see that when you awake you'll feel something better.'

Don Quixote did as he recommended, for it struck him that Sancho's reasoning was more like a philosopher's than a blockhead's, and said he, 'Sancho, if thou wilt do for me what I am going to tell thee my ease of mind would be

¹ Prov. 136.

more assured and my heaviness of heart not so great ; and it is this ; to go aside a little while I am sleeping in accordance with thy advice, and, making bare thy carcase to the air, to give thyself three or four hundred lashes with Rocinante's reins, on account of the three thousand and odd thou art to give thyself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea ; for it is a great pity that the poor lady should be left enchanted through thy carelessness and negligence.'

'There is a good deal to be said on that point,' said Sancho ; 'let us both go to sleep now, and after that, God has decreed what will happen. Let me tell your worship that for a man to whip himself in cold blood is a hard thing, especially if the stripes fall upon an ill-nourished and worse-fed body. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience, and when she is least expecting it, she will see me made a riddle of with whipping, and "until death it's all life ;"'¹ I mean that I have still life in me, and the desire to make good what I have promised.'

Don Quixote thanked him, and ate a little, and Sancho a good deal, and then they both lay down to sleep, leaving those two inseparable friends and comrades, Rocinante and Dapple, to their own devices and to feed unrestrained upon the abundant grass with which the meadow was furnished. They woke up rather late, mounted once more and resumed their journey, pushing on to reach an inn which was in sight, apparently a league off. I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his usual practice of calling all inns castles. They reached it, and asked the landlord if they could put up there. He said yes, with as much

¹ Prov. 145.

comfort and as good fare as they could find in Saragossa. They dismounted, and Sancho stowed away his larder in a room of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, fed them, and came back to see what orders Don Quixote, who was seated on a bench at the door, had for him, giving special thanks to heaven that this inn had not been taken for a castle by his master. Supper-time came, and they repaired to their room, and Sancho asked the landlord what he had to give them for supper. To this the landlord replied that his mouth should be the measure; he had only to ask what he would; for that inn was provided with the birds of the air and the fowls of the earth and the fish of the sea.

‘There’s no need of all that,’ said Sancho; ‘if they’ll roast us a couple of chickens we’ll be satisfied, for my master is delicate and eats little, and I’m not over and above gluttonous.’

The landlord replied he had no chickens, for the kites had stolen them.

‘Well then,’ said Sancho, ‘let señor landlord tell them to roast a pullet, so that it is a tender one.’

‘Pullet! My father!’ said the landlord; ‘indeed and in truth it’s only yesterday I sent over fifty to the city to sell; but saving pullets ask what you will.’

‘In that case,’ said Sancho, ‘you will not be without veal or kid.’

‘Just now,’ said the landlord, ‘there’s none in the house, for it’s all finished; but next week there will be enough and to spare.’

‘Much good that does us,’ said Sancho; ‘I’ll lay a bet

that all these shortcomings are going to wind up in plenty of bacon and eggs.'

'By God,' said the landlord, 'my guest's wits must be precious dull; I tell him I have neither pullets nor hens, and he wants me to have eggs! Talk of other dainties, if you please, and don't ask for hens again.'

'Body o' me!' said Sancho, 'let's settle the matter; say at once what you have got, and let us have no more words about it.'

'In truth and earnest, señor guest,' said the landlord, 'all I have is a couple of cow-heels like calves' feet, or a couple of calves' feet like cow-heels; they are boiled with chick-peas, onions, and bacon, and at this moment they are crying "Come eat me, come eat me."'

'I mark them for mine on the spot,' said Sancho; 'let nobody touch them; I'll pay better for them than anyone else, for I could not wish for anything more to my taste; and I don't care a pin whether they are feet or heels.'

'Nobody shall touch them,' said the landlord; 'for the other guests I have, being persons of high quality, bring their own cook and caterer and larder with them.'

'If you come to people of quality,' said Sancho, 'there's nobody more so than my master; but the calling he follows does not allow of larders or store-rooms; we lay ourselves down in the middle of a meadow, and fill ourselves with acorns or medlars.'

Here ended Sancho's conversation with the landlord, Sancho not caring to carry it any farther by answering him; for he had already asked him what calling or what profession it was his master was of.

Supper-time having come, then, Don Quixote betook himself to his room, the landlord brought in the stew-pan just as it was, and he sat himself down to sup very resolutely. It seems that in another room, which was next to Don Quixote's, with nothing but a thin partition to separate it, he overheard these words, 'As you live, Señor Don Jeronimo, while they are bringing supper, let us read another chapter of the Second Part of "Don Quixote of La Mancha."' "

The instant Don Quixote heard his own name he started to his feet and listened with open ears to catch what they said about him, and heard the Don Jeronimo who had been addressed say in reply, 'Why would you have us read that absurd stuff, Don Juan, when it is impossible for anyone who has read the First Part of the history of "Don Quixote of La Mancha" to take any pleasure in reading this Second Part?'

'For all that,' said he who was addressed as Don Juan, 'we shall do well to read it, for there is no book so bad but it has something good in it.'¹ What displeases me most in it is that it represents Don Quixote as now cured of his love for Dulcinea del Toboso.'²

On hearing this Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, lifted up his voice and said, 'Whoever he may be who says that Don Quixote of La Mancha has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will teach him with equal arms that what he says is very far from the truth; for neither can the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be forgotten, nor can forgetfulness have a place in Don Quixote; his

¹ Prov. 128.

² See Note A, p. 223.

motto is constancy, and his profession to maintain the same with his life and never wrong it.'¹

'Who is this that answers us?' said they in the next room.

'Who should it be,' said Sancho, 'but Don Quixote of La Mancha himself, who will make good all he has said and all he will say; for pledges don't trouble a good paymaster?''²

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when two gentlemen, for such they seemed to be, entered the room, and one of them, throwing his arms round Don Quixote's neck, said to him, 'Your appearance cannot leave any question as to your name, nor can your name fail to identify your appearance; unquestionably, señor, you are the real Don Quixote of La Mancha, cynosure and morning star of knight-errantry, despite and in defiance of him who has sought to usurp your name and bring to naught your achievements, as the author of this book which I here present to you has done;' and with this he put a book which his companion carried into the hands of Don Quixote, who took it, and without replying began to run his eye over it; but he presently returned it saying, 'In the little I have seen I have discovered three things in this author that deserve to be censured. The first is some words that I have read in the preface; the next that the language is Aragonese, for sometimes he writes without articles; and the third, which above all stamps him as ignorant, is that he goes wrong and departs from the truth in the most im-

¹ In the first edition the passage runs, '*con suavidad y sin hacerse fuerza alguna*,' of which it is difficult to make sense. Hartzenbusch suggests '*su vida*' and '*tuerto*.'

² Prov. 164.

portant part of the history, for here he says that my squire Sancho Panza's wife is called Mari Gutierrez, when she is called nothing of the sort, but Teresa Panza; and when a man errs on such an important point as this there is good reason to fear that he is in error on every other point in the history.' ¹

'A nice sort of historian, indeed!' exclaimed Sancho at this; 'he must know a deal about our affairs when he calls my wife Teresa Panza, Mari Gutierrez; take the book again, señor, and see if I am in it and if he has changed my name.'

'From your talk, friend,' said Don Jeronimo, 'no doubt you are Sancho Panza, Señor Don Quixote's squire.'

'Yes, I am,' said Sancho; 'and I'm proud of it.'

'Faith, then,' said the gentleman, 'this new author does not handle you with the decency that displays itself in your person; he makes you out a heavy feeder and a fool, and not in the least droll, and a very different being from the Sancho described in the First Part of your master's history.'

'God forgive him,' said Sancho; 'he might have left me in my corner without troubling his head about me; "let him who knows how ring the bells;" "Saint Peter is very well in Rome."'²

The two gentlemen pressed Don Quixote to come into their room and have supper with them, as they knew very well there was nothing in that inn fit for one of his sort.

¹ Cervantes forgets that this blunder is of his own making. In chap. vii. Part I. he calls Sancho's wife 'Juana Gutierrez,' and six lines afterwards 'Mari Gutierrez,' and in chap. lii. 'Juana Panza.'

² Provs. 211 and 206.

Don Quixote, who was always polite, yielded to their request and supped with them. Sancho stayed behind with the stew-pan, and invested with plenary delegated authority seated himself at the head of the table, and the landlord sat down with him, for he was no less fond of cow-heel and calves' feet than Sancho was.

While at supper Don Juan asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was she married, had she been brought to bed, or was she with child, or did she in maidenhood, still preserving her modesty and delicacy, cherish the remembrance of the tender passion of Señor Don Quixote?

To this he replied, 'Dulcinea is a maiden still, and my passion more firmly rooted than ever, our intercourse unsatisfactory as before, and her beauty transformed into that of a foul country wench;' and then he proceeded to give them a full and particular account of the enchantment of Dulcinea, and of what had happened him in the cave of Montesinos, together with what the sage Merlin had prescribed for her disenchantment, namely the scourging of Sancho.

Exceeding great was the amusement the two gentlemen derived from hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and if they were amazed by his absurdities they were equally amazed by the elegant style in which he delivered them. On the one hand they regarded him as a man of wit and sense, and on the other he seemed to them a maundering blockhead, and they could not make up their minds whereabouts between wisdom and folly they ought to place him.

Sancho having finished his supper, and left the landlord in the X condition,¹ repaired to the room where his master was, and as he came in said, 'May I die, sirs, if the author of this book your worships have got has any mind that we should agree; as he calls me glutton (according to what your worships say) I wish he may not call me drunkard too.'

'But he does,' said Don Jeronimo; 'I cannot remember, however, in what way, though I know his words are offensive, and what is more, lying, as I can see plainly by the physiognomy of the worthy Sancho before me.'

'Believe me,' said Sancho, 'the Sancho and the Don Quixote of this history must be different persons from those that appear in the one Cid Hamet Benengeli wrote, who are ourselves; my master valiant, wise, and true in love, and I simple, droll, and neither glutton nor drunkard.'

'I believe it,' said Don Juan; 'and were it possible, an order should be issued that no one should have the presumption to deal with anything relating to Don Quixote, save his original author Cid Hamet; just as Alexander commanded that no one should presume to paint his portrait save Apelles.'

'Let him who will paint me,' said Don Quixote; 'but let him not abuse me; for patience will often break down when they heap insults upon it.'

'None can be offered to Señor Don Quixote,' said Don Juan, 'that he himself will not be able to avenge, if he does

¹ *Hecho equis*, i.e. with legs that show a tendency to form the letter X; a graphic description of a drunken man.

not ward it off with the shield of his patience, which, I take it, is great and strong.'

A considerable portion of the night passed in conversation of this sort, and though Don Juan wished Don Quixote to read more of the book to see what it was all about, he was not to be prevailed upon, saying that he treated it as read and pronounced it utterly silly; and, if by any chance it should come to its author's ears that he had had it in his hand, he did not want him to flatter himself with the idea that he had read it; for our thoughts, and still more our eyes, should keep themselves aloof from what is obscene and filthy.'

They asked him whither he meant to direct his steps. He replied, to Saragossa, to take part in the harness jousts which were held in that city every year. Don Juan told him that the new history described how Don Quixote, let him be who he might, took part there in a tilting at the ring, utterly devoid of invention, poor in mottoes, very poor in costume, though rich in sillinesses.¹

'For that very reason,' said Don Quixote, 'I will not set foot in Saragossa; and by that means I shall expose to the world the lie of this new history writer, and people will see that I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of.'

'You will do quite right,' said Don Jeronimo; 'and there are other jousts at Barcelona in which Señor Don Quixote may display his prowess.'

'That is what I mean to do,' said Don Quixote; 'and as

¹ In chap. xi. Avellaneda gives an account of Don Quixote's tilting at the ring in the Coso at Saragossa, and so prolix and encumbered with details that his admirer M. Germond de Lavigne was forced to leave it out.

it is now time, I pray your worships to give me leave to retire to bed, and to place and retain me among the number of your greatest friends and servants.'

'And me too,' said Sancho; 'maybe I'll be good for something.'

With this they exchanged farewells, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their room, leaving Don Juan and Don Jeronimo amazed to see the medley he made of his good sense and his craziness; and they felt thoroughly convinced that these, and not those their Aragonese author described, were the genuine Don Quixote and Sancho. Don Quixote rose betimes, and bade adieu to his hosts by knocking at the partition of the other room. Sancho paid the landlord magnificently, and recommended him either to say less about the providing of his inn or to keep it better provided.

Note A (page 217).

Avellaneda in chap. ii. of his continuation makes Aldonza Lorenzo write to Don Quixote threatening him with a beating for calling her Princess and Dulcinea, and Don Quixote stung by her ingratitude resolves to look out for another mistress.

CHAPTER LX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

It was a fresh morning giving promise of a cool day as Don Quixote quitted the inn, first of all taking care to ascertain the most direct road to Barcelona without touching upon Saragossa; so anxious was he to make out this new historian, who they said abused him so, to be a liar. Well, as it fell out, nothing worthy of being recorded happened him for six days, at the end of which, having turned aside out of the road, he was overtaken by night in a thicket of oak or cork trees; for on this point Cid Hamet is not as precise as he usually is on other matters.

Master and man dismounted from their beasts, and as soon as they had settled themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had a good noontide meal that day, let himself, without more ado, pass the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his thoughts, far more than hunger, kept awake, could not close an eye, and roamed in fancy to and fro through all sorts of places. At one moment it seemed to him that he was in the cave of Montesinos and saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country wench, skipping and mounting upon her she-ass; again that the words of the sage Merlin were sounding in his ears, setting forth the conditions to be observed and the exertions to be made for the

disenchantment of Dulcinea. He lost all patience when he considered the laziness and want of charity of his squire Sancho; for to the best of his belief he had only given himself five lashes, a number paltry and disproportioned to the vast number required. At this thought he felt such vexation and anger that he reasoned the matter thus: 'If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, "To cut comes to the same thing as to untie," and yet did not fail to become lord paramount of all Asia, neither more nor less could happen now in Dulcinea's disenchantment if I scourge Sancho against his will; for, if it is the condition of the remedy that Sancho shall receive three thousand and odd lashes, what does it matter to me whether he inflicts them himself, or some one else inflicts them, when the essential point is that he receives them, let them come from whatever quarter they may?'

With this idea he went over to Sancho, having first taken Rocinante's reins and arranged them so as to be able to flog him with them, and began to untie the points (the common belief is he had but one in front) by which his breeches were held up; but the instant he approached him Sancho woke up in his full senses and cried out, 'What is this? Who is touching me and untrussing me?'

'It is I,' said Don Quixote, 'and I come to make good thy shortcomings and relieve my own distresses; I come to whip thee, Sancho, and wipe off some portion of the debt thou hast undertaken. Dulcinea is perishing, thou art living on regardless, I am dying of hope deferred; therefore untruss thyself with a good will, for mine it is, here, in this retired spot, to give thee at least two thousand lashes.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Sancho; 'let your worship keep quiet, or else by the living God the deaf shall hear us; the lashes I pledged myself to must be voluntary and not forced upon me, and just now I have no fancy to whip myself; it is enough if I give you my word to flog and flap myself when I have a mind.'

'It will not do to leave it to thy courtesy, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for thou art hard of heart and, though a clown, tender of flesh;' and at the same time he strove and struggled to untie him.

Seeing this Sancho got up, and grappling with his master he gripped him with all his might in his arms, and giving him a trip with the heel stretched him on the ground on his back, and pressing his right knee on his chest held his hands in his own so that he could neither move nor breathe.

'How now, traitor!' exclaimed Don Quixote. 'Dost thou revolt against thy master and natural lord? Dost thou rise against him who gives thee his bread?'

'I neither put down king, nor set up king,'¹ said Sancho; 'I only stand up for myself who am my own lord; if your worship promises me to be quiet, and not to offer to whip me now, I'll let you go free and unhindered; if not—

Traitor and Doña Sancha's foe,
Thou diest on the spot.'²

Don Quixote gave his promise, and swore by the life of his thoughts not to touch so much as a hair of his garments,

¹ Prov. 203. The words used by the page of Henry of Trastámara when he tripped up Pedro the Cruel as the two brothers were locked in the struggle that ended in the death of the latter. V. the ballad, *Los fieros cuerpos revueltos*.

² The last lines of the fine ballad, *A casar va Don Rodrigo*, that tells how Mudarra avenged his brothers by slaying Rodrigo de Lara. (Cancionero, Antwerp, s.a.—Duran, No. 691.)

and to leave him entirely free and to his own discretion to whip himself whenever he pleased.

Sancho rose and removed some distance from the spot, but as he was about to place himself leaning against another tree he felt something touch his head, and putting up his hands encountered somebody's two feet with shoes and stockings on them. He trembled with fear and made for another tree, where the very same thing happened to him, and he fell a-shouting, calling upon Don Quixote to come and protect him. Don Quixote did so, and asked him what had happened to him, and what he was afraid of. Sancho replied that all the trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and guessed at once what it was, and said to Sancho, 'Thou hast nothing to be afraid of, for these feet and legs that thou feelest but canst not see belong no doubt to some outlaws and freebooters that have been hanged on these trees; for the authorities in these parts are wont to hang them up by twenties and thirties when they catch them; whereby I conjecture that I must be near Barcelona;' and it was, in fact, as he supposed; with the first light they looked up and saw that the fruit hanging on those trees were freebooters' bodies.

And now day dawned; and if the dead freebooters had scared them, their hearts were no less troubled by upwards of forty living ones, who all of a sudden surrounded them, and in the Catalan tongue bade them stand and wait until their captain came up. Don Quixote was on foot with his horse unbridled and his lance leaning against a tree, and in short completely defenceless; he thought it best therefore to fold his arms and bow his head and reserve himself for

a more favourable occasion and opportunity. The robbers made haste to search Dapple, and did not leave him a single thing of all he carried in the alforjas and in the valise ; and lucky it was for Sancho that the duke's crowns and those he brought from home were in a girdle that he wore round him ; but for all that these good folk would have stripped him, and even looked to see what he had hidden between the skin and flesh, but for the arrival at that moment of their captain, who was about thirty-four years of age apparently, strongly built, above the middle height, of stern aspect and swarthy complexion. He was mounted upon a powerful horse, and had on a coat of mail, with four of the pistols they call petronels in that country at his waist. He saw that his squires (for so they call those who follow that trade) were about to rifle Sancho Panza, but he ordered them to desist and was at once obeyed, so the girdle escaped. He wondered to see the lance leaning against the tree, the shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and dejected, with the saddest and most melancholy face that sadness itself could produce ; and going up to him he said, 'Be not so cast down, good man, for you have not fallen into the hands of any inhuman Busiris,¹ but into Roque Guinart's, which are more merciful than cruel.'²

'The cause of my dejection,' returned Don Quixote, 'is not that I have fallen into thy hands, O valiant Roque, whose fame is bounded by no limits on earth, but that my carelessness should have been so great that thy soldiers

¹ Printed Osiris in the first edition. The Busiris, who with Memphian chivalry and perfidious hate pursued the sojourners of Goshen.—*Paradise Lost*, i. 307.

² See Note A, p. 241.

should have caught me unbridled, when it is my duty, according to the rule of knight-errantry which I profess, to be always on the alert and at all times my own sentinel; for let me tell thee, great Roque, had they found me on my horse, with my lance and shield, it would not have been very easy for them to reduce me to submission, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he who hath filled the whole world with his achievements.'

Roque Guinart at once perceived that Don Quixote's weakness was more akin to madness than to swagger; and though he had sometimes heard him spoken of, he never regarded the things attributed to him as true, nor could he persuade himself that such a humour could become dominant in the heart of man; he was extremely glad, therefore, to meet him and test at close quarters what he had heard of him at a distance; so he said to him, 'Despair not, valiant knight, nor regard as an untoward fate the position in which thou findest thyself; it may be that by these slips thy crooked fortune will make itself straight; for heaven by strange circuitous ways, mysterious and incomprehensible to man, raises up the fallen and makes rich the poor.'

Don Quixote was about to thank him, when they heard behind them a noise as of a troop of horses; there was, however, but one, riding on which at a furious pace came a youth, apparently about twenty years of age, clad in green damask edged with gold and breeches and a loose frock, with a hat looped up in the Walloon fashion, tight-fitting polished boots, gilt spurs, dagger and sword, and in his hand a musketoon, and a pair of pistols at his waist.

Roque turned round at the noise and perceived this comely figure, which drawing near thus addressed him, 'I came in quest of thee, valiant Roque, to find in thee if not a remedy at least relief in my misfortune ; and not to keep thee in suspense, for I see thou dost not recognise me, I will tell thee who I am ; I am Claudia Jeronima, the daughter of Simon Forte, thy good friend, and special enemy of Clauquel Torrellas, who is thine also as being of the faction opposed to thee. Thou knowest that this Torrellas has a son who is called, or at least was not two hours since, Don Vicente Torrellas. Well, to cut short the tale of my misfortune, I will tell thee in a few words what this youth has brought upon me. He saw me, he paid court to me, I listened to him, and, unknown to my father, I loved him ; for there is no woman, however secluded she may live or close she may be kept, who will not have opportunities and to spare for following her headlong impulses. In a word, he pledged himself to be mine, and I promised to be his, without carrying matters any further. Yesterday I learned that, forgetful of his pledge to me, he was about to marry another, and that he was to go this morning to plight his troth, intelligence which overwhelmed and exasperated me ; my father not being at home I was able to adopt this costume you see, and urging my horse to speed I overtook Don Vicente about a league from this, and without waiting to utter reproaches or hear excuses I fired this musket at him, and these two pistols besides, and to the best of my belief I must have lodged more than two bullets in his body, opening doors to let my honour go free, enveloped in his blood. I left him there in the hands of his servants, who did not

dare and were not able to interfere in his defence, and I come to seek from thee a safe-conduct into France, where I have relatives with whom I can live; and also to implore thee to protect my father, so that Don Vicente's numerous kinsmen may not venture to wreak their lawless vengeance upon him.'

Roque, filled with admiration at the gallant bearing, high spirit, comely figure, and adventure of the fair Claudia, said to her, 'Come, señora, let us go and see if thy enemy is dead; and then we will consider what will be best for thee.' Don Quixote, who had been listening to what Claudia said and Roque Guinart said in reply to her, exclaimed, 'Nobody need trouble himself with the defence of this lady, for I take it upon myself. Give me my horse and arms, and wait for me here; I will go in quest of this knight, and dead or alive I will make him keep his word plighted to so great beauty.'

'Nobody need have any doubt about that,' said Sancho, 'for my master has a very happy knack of matchmaking; it's not many days since he forced another man to marry, who in the same way backed out of his promise to another maiden; and if it had not been for his persecutors the enchanters changing the man's proper shape into a lacquey's the said maiden would not be one this minute.'

Roque, who was paying more attention to the fair Claudia's adventure than to the words of master or man, did not hear them; and ordering his squires to restore to Sancho everything they had stripped Dapple of, he directed them to return to the place where they had been quartered during

the night, and then set off with Claudia at full speed in search of the wounded or slain Don Vicente. They reached the spot where Claudia met him, but found nothing there save freshly spilt blood; looking all round, however, they descried some people on the slope of a hill above them, and concluded, as indeed it proved to be, that it was Don Vicente, whom either dead or alive his servants were removing to attend to his wounds or to bury him. They made haste to overtake them, which, as the party moved slowly, they were able to do with ease. They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, whom he was entreating in a broken feeble voice to leave him there to die, as the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque threw themselves off their horses and advanced towards him; the servants were overawed by the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was moved by the sight of Don Vicente, and going up to him half tenderly half sternly, she seized his hand and said to him, 'Hadst thou given me this according to our compact thou hadst never come to this pass.'

The wounded gentleman opened his all but closed eyes, and recognising Claudia said, 'I see clearly, fair and mistaken lady, that it is thou that hast slain me, a punishment not merited or deserved by my feelings towards thee, for never did I mean to, nor could I, wrong thee in thought or deed.'

'It is not true; then,' said Claudia, 'that thou wert going this morning to marry Leonora the daughter of the rich Balvastro?'

'Assuredly not,' replied Don Vicente; 'my cruel fortune

must have carried those tidings to thee to drive thee in thy jealousy to take my life ; and to assure thyself of this, press my hand and take me for thy husband if thou wilt ; I have no better satisfaction to offer thee for the wrong thou fanciest thou hast received from me.'

Claudia wrung his hand, and her own heart was so wrung that she lay fainting on the bleeding breast of Don Vicente, whom a death spasm seized the same instant. Roque was in perplexity and knew not what to do ; the servants ran to fetch water to sprinkle their faces, and brought some and bathed them with it. Claudia recovered from her fainting fit, but not so Don Vicente from the paroxysm that had overtaken him, for his life had come to an end. On perceiving this, Claudia, when she had convinced herself that her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her sighs and made the heavens ring with her lamentations ; she tore her hair and scattered it to the winds, she beat her face with her hands and showed all the signs of grief and sorrow that could be conceived to come from an afflicted heart. 'Cruel, reckless woman !' she cried, 'how easily wert thou moved to carry out a thought so wicked ! O furious force of jealousy, to what desperate lengths dost thou lead those that give thee lodging in their bosoms ! O husband, whose unhappy fate in being mine hath borne thee from the marriage bed to the grave !'

So vehement and so piteous were the lamentations of Claudia that they drew tears from Roque's eyes, unused as they were to shed them on any occasion. The servants wept, Claudia swooned away again and again, and the whole place seemed a field of sorrow and an abode of misfortune. In

the end Roque Guinart directed Don Vicente's servants to carry his body to his father's village, which was close by, for burial. Claudia told him she meant to go to a monastery of which an aunt of hers was abbess, where she intended to pass her life with a better and everlasting spouse. He applauded her pious resolution, and offered to accompany her whithersoever she wished, and to protect her father against the kinsmen of Don Vicente and all the world, should they seek to injure him. Claudia would not on any account allow him to accompany her; and thanking him for his offers as well as she could, took leave of him in tears. The servants of Don Vicente carried away his body, and Roque returned to his comrades, and so ended the love of Claudia Jeronima; but what wonder, when it was the insuperable and cruel might of jealousy that wove the web of her sad story?

Roque Guinart found his squires at the place to which he had ordered them, and Don Quixote on Rocinante in the midst of them delivering a harangue to them in which he urged them to give up a mode of life so full of peril, as well to the soul as to the body; but as most of them were Gascons, rough lawless fellows, his speech did not make much impression on them. Roque on coming up asked Sancho if his men had returned and restored to him the treasures and jewels they had stripped off Dapple. Sancho said they had, but that three kerchiefs that were worth three cities were missing.

'What are you talking about, man?' said one of the bystanders; 'I have got them, and they are not worth three reals.'

‘That is true,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but my squire values them at the rate he says, as having been given me by the person who gave them.’

Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored at once; and making his men fall in in line he directed all the clothing, jewellery, and money that they had taken since the last distribution to be produced; and making a hasty valuation, and reducing what could not be divided into money, he made shares for the whole band so equitably and carefully, that in no case did he exceed or fall short of strict distributive justice.

When this had been done, and all left satisfied, contented, and pleased, Roque observed to Don Quixote, ‘If this scrupulous exactness were not observed with these fellows there would be no living with them.’

Upon this Sancho remarked, ‘From what I have seen here, justice is such a good thing that there is no doing without it, even among the thieves themselves.’

One of the squires heard this, and raising the butt-end of his harquebuss would no doubt have broken Sancho’s head with it had not Roque Guinart called out to him to hold his hand. Sancho was frightened out of his wits, and vowed not to open his lips so long as he was in the company of these people.

At this instant one or two of those squires who were posted as sentinels on the roads to watch who came along them and report what passed to their chief, came up and said, ‘Señor, there is a great troop of people not far off coming along the road to Barcelona.’

To which Roque replied, ‘Hast thou made out whether

they are of the sort that are after us, or of the sort we are after ?’

‘The sort we are after,’ said the squire.

‘Well then, away with you all,’ said Roque, ‘and bring them here to me at once without letting one of them escape.’

They obeyed, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, left by themselves, waited to see what the squires brought, and while they were waiting Roque said to Don Quixote, ‘It must seem a strange sort of life to Señor Don Quixote, this of ours, strange adventures, strange incidents, and all full of danger ; and I do not wonder that it should seem so, for in truth I must own there is no mode of life more restless or anxious than ours. What led me into it was a certain thirst for vengeance, which is strong enough to disturb the quietest hearts. I am by nature tender-hearted and kindly, but, as I said, the desire to revenge myself for a wrong that was done me so overturns all my better impulses that I keep on in this way of life in spite of what conscience tells me ; and as one depth calls to another, and one sin to another sin, revenges have linked themselves together, and I have taken upon myself not only my own but those of others : it pleases God, however, that, though I see myself in this maze of entanglements, I do not lose all hope of escaping from it and reaching a safe port.’

Don Quixote was amazed to hear Roque utter such excellent and just sentiments, for he did not think that among those who followed such trades as robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be anyone capable of a virtuous thought, and he said in reply, ‘Señor Roque, the

beginning of health lies in knowing the disease and in the sick man's willingness to take the medicines which the physician prescribes; you are sick, you know what ails you, and heaven, or more properly speaking God, who is our physician, will administer medicines that will cure you, and cure gradually, and not of a sudden or by a miracle; besides, sinners of discernment are nearer amendment than those who are fools; and as your worship has shown good sense in your remarks, all you have to do is to keep up a good heart and trust that the weakness of your conscience will be strengthened. And if you have any desire to shorten the journey and put yourself easily in the way of salvation, come with me, and I will show you how to become a knight-errant, a calling wherein so many hardships and mishaps are encountered that if they be taken as penances they will lodge you in heaven in a trice.'

Roque laughed at Don Quixote's exhortation, and changing the conversation he related the tragic affair of Claudia Jeronima, at which Sancho was extremely grieved; for he had not found the young woman's beauty, boldness, and spirit at all amiss.

And now the squires despatched to make the prize came up, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women with some six servants on foot and on horseback in attendance on them, and a couple of muleteers whom the gentlemen had with them. The squires made a ring round them, both victors and vanquished maintaining profound silence, waiting for the great Roque Guinart to speak. He asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money

they carried with them; 'Señor,' replied one of them, 'we are two captains of Spanish infantry; our companies are at Naples, and we are on our way to embark in four galleys which they say are at Barcelona under orders for Sicily; and we have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we are, according to our notions, rich and contented, for a soldier's poverty does not allow a more extensive hoard.'

Roque asked the pilgrims the same questions he had put to the captains, and was answered that they were going to take ship for Rome, and that between them they might have about sixty reals. He asked also who was in the coach, whither they were bound and what money they had, and one of the men on horseback replied, 'The persons in the coach are my lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the president of the ecclesiastical court at Naples, her little daughter, a handmaid and a duenna; we six servants are in attendance upon her, and the money amounts to six hundred crowns.'

'So then,' said Roque Guinart, 'we have got here nine hundred crowns and sixty reals; my soldiers must number some sixty; see how much there falls to each, for I am a bad arithmetician.'

As soon as the robbers heard this they raised a shout of 'Long life to Roque Guinart, in spite of the *lladres*¹ that seek his ruin!'

The captains showed plainly the concern they felt, the president's lady was downcast, and the pilgrims did not at all enjoy seeing their property confiscated. Roque kept them in suspense in this way for a while; but he had no

¹ *Lladres*, Catalan for thieves.

desire to prolong their distress, which might be seen a bow-shot off, and turning to the captains he said, 'Sirs, will your worships be pleased of your courtesy to lend me sixty crowns, and her ladyship the president's wife eighty, to satisfy this band that follows me, for "it is by his singing the abbot gets his dinner;"'¹ and then you may at once proceed on your journey, free and unhindered, with a safe-conduct which I shall give you, so that if you come across any other bands of mine that I have scattered in these parts, they may do you no harm; for I have no intention of doing injury to soldiers, or to any woman, especially one of quality.'

Profuse and hearty were the expressions of gratitude with which the captains thanked Roque for his courtesy and generosity; for such they regarded his leaving them their own money. Señora Doña Guiomar de Quiñones wanted to throw herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would not suffer it on any account; so far from that, he begged her pardon for the wrong he had done her under pressure of the inexorable necessities of his unfortunate calling. The president's lady ordered one of her servants to give the eighty crowns that had been assessed as her share at once, for the captains had already paid down their sixty. The pilgrims were about to give up the whole of their little hoard, but Roque bade them keep quiet, and turning to his men he said, 'Of these crowns two fall to each man and twenty remain over; let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this worthy squire that he may be able to speak favourably of this adventure;' and then having writing materials, with which he always went

¹ Prov. 2.

provided, brought to him, he gave them in writing a safe-conduct to the leaders of his bands; and bidding them farewell let them go free and filled with admiration at his magnanimity, his generous disposition, and his unusual conduct, and inclined to regard him as an Alexander the Great rather than a notorious robber.

One of the squires observed in his mixture of Gascon and Catalan, 'This captain of ours would make a better friar than highwayman; if he wants to be so generous another time, let it be with his own property and not ours.'

The unlucky wight did not speak so low but that Roque overheard him, and drawing his sword almost split his head in two, saying, 'That is the way I punish impudent saucy fellows.' They were all taken aback, and not one of them dared to utter a word, such deference did they pay him. Roque then withdrew to one side and wrote a letter to a friend of his at Barcelona, telling him that the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the knight-errant of whom there was so much talk, was with him, and was, he assured him, the drollest and wisest man in the world; and that in four days from that date, that is to say, on Saint John the Baptist's Day,¹ he was going to deposit him in full armour mounted on his horse Rocinante, together with his squire Sancho on an ass, in the middle of the strand of the city; and bidding him give notice of this to his friends the Niarros, that they might divert themselves with him. He wished, he said, his enemies the Cadells² could be deprived of this

¹ Reckoning by the dates of the letters written at the duke's, St. John the Baptist's day was past. Cervantes means the 'Beheading of John the Baptist.'

² The Cadells and the Niarros were two Catalan clans, at feud at this time.

pleasure ; but that was impossible, because the crazes and shrewd sayings of Don Quixote and the humours of his squire Sancho Panza could not help giving general pleasure to all the world. He despatched the letter by one of his squires, who, exchanging the costume of a highwayman for that of a peasant, made his way into Barcelona and gave it to the person to whom it was directed.

Note A (page 228).

This Roque Guinart, properly Rochaquinarda, was a Catalan bandit who made some noise three or four years before this was written. He carried out the intention he expressed to Don Quixote, for he went to Naples in 1611 and seems to have died in peace there. He appears to have been a well-behaved freebooter, as Cervantes depicts him.

CHAPTER LXI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE ON ENTERING BARCELONA,
TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS THAT PARTAKE OF THE
TRUE RATHER THAN OF THE INGENIOUS.

DON QUIXOTE passed three days and three nights with Roque, and had he passed three hundred years he would have found enough to observe and wonder at in his mode of life. At daybreak they were in one spot, at dinner-time in another ; sometimes they fled without knowing from whom, at other times they lay in wait, not knowing for what. They slept standing, breaking their slumbers to shift from place to place. There was nothing but sending out spies and scouts, posting sentinels and blowing the matches of harquebusses, though they carried but few, for almost all used flint-locks. Roque passed his nights in some place or other apart from his men, that they might not know where he was, for the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had issued against his life kept him in fear and uneasiness, and he did not venture to trust anyone, afraid that even his own men would kill him or deliver him up to the authorities ; of a truth, a weary miserable life ! At length, by unfrequented roads, short cuts, and secret paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, together with six squires, set out for Barcelona. They reached the strand on Saint John's Eve during the

night; and Roque, after embracing Don Quixote and Sancho (to whom he presented the ten crowns he had promised but had not until then given), left them with many expressions of good-will on both sides.

Roque went back, while Don Quixote remained on horseback, just as he was, waiting for day, and it was not long before the countenance of the fair Aurora began to show itself at the balconies of the east, gladdening the grass and flowers, if not the ear; though to gladden that too there came at the same moment a sound of clarions and drums, and a din of bells, and a tramp, tramp, and cries of 'Clear the way there!' of the passengers, that seemed to issue from the city. The dawn made way for the sun that with a face broader than a buckler began to rise slowly above the low line of the horizon; Don Quixote and Sancho gazed all round them; they beheld the sea, a sight until then unseen by them; it struck them as exceedingly spacious and broad, much more so than the lakes of Ruidera which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys along the beach, which, lowering their awnings, displayed themselves decked with streamers and pennons that trembled in the breeze and kissed and swept the water, while on board the bugles, trumpets, and clarions were sounding and filling the air far and near with melodious warlike notes. Then they began to move and execute a kind of skirmish upon the calm water, while a vast number of horsemen on fine horses and in showy liveries, issuing from the city, engaged on their side in a somewhat similar movement. The soldiers on board the galleys kept up a ceaseless fire, which they on the walls and forts of the city returned, and the heavy

cannon rent the air with the tremendous noise they made, to which the gangway guns of the galleys replied. The bright sea, the smiling earth, the clear air—though at times darkened by the smoke of the guns—all seemed to fill the whole multitude with unexpected delight. Sancho could not make out how it was that those great masses that moved over the sea had so many feet.

And now the horsemen in livery came galloping up with shouts and outlandish cries and cheers to where Don Quixote stood amazed and wondering; and one of them, he to whom Roque had sent word, addressing him exclaimed, ‘Welcome to our city, mirror, beacon, star and cynosure of all knight-errantry in its widest extent! Welcome, I say, valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha; not the false, the fictitious, the apocryphal, that these latter days have offered us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the real one that Cid Hamet Benengeli, flower of historians, has described to us!’

Don Quixote made no answer, nor did the horsemen wait for one, but wheeling and wheeling again with all their followers, they began curvetting round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said, ‘These gentlemen have plainly recognised us; I will wager they have read our history, and even that newly printed one by the Aragonese.’

The cavalier who had addressed Don Quixote again approached him and said, ‘Come with us, Señor Don Quixote, for we are all of us your servants and great friends of Roque Guinart’s;’ to which Don Quixote returned, ‘If courtesy breeds courtesy, yours, sir knight, is daughter or very nearly akin to the great Roque’s; carry me where you

please ; I will have no will but yours, especially if you deign to employ it in your service.'

The cavalier replied with words no less polite, and then, all closing in around him, they set out with him for the city, to the music of the clarions and the drums. As they were entering it, the wicked one, who is the author of all mischief, and the boys who are wickeder than the wicked one, contrived that a couple of these audacious irrepressible urchins should force their way through the crowd, and lifting up, one of them Dapple's tail and the other Rocinante's, insert a bunch of furze under each. The poor beasts felt the strange spurs and added to their anguish by pressing their tails tight, so much so that, cutting a multitude of capers, they flung their masters to the ground. Don Quixote, covered with shame and out of countenance, ran to pluck the plume from his poor jade's tail, while Sancho did the same for Dapple. His conductors tried to punish the audacity of the boys, but there was no possibility of doing so, for they hid themselves among the hundreds of others that were following them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted once more, and with the same music and acclamations reached their conductor's house, which was large and stately, that of a rich gentleman, in short ; and there for the present we will leave them, for such is Cid Hamet's pleasure.

CHAPTER LXII.

WHICH DEALS WITH THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD,
TOGETHER WITH OTHER TRIVIAL MATTERS WHICH CANNOT
BE LEFT UNTOLD.

DON QUIXOTE's host was one Don Antonio Moreno by name, a gentleman of wealth and intelligence, and very fond of diverting himself in any fair and good-natured way; and having Don Quixote in his house he set about devising modes of making him exhibit his mad points in some harmless fashion; for jests that give pain are no jests,¹ and no sport is worth anything if it hurts another. The first thing he did was to make Don Quixote take off his armour, and lead him, in that tight chamois suit we have already described and depicted more than once, out on a balcony overhanging one of the chief streets of the city, in full view of the crowd and of the boys, who gazed at him as they would at a monkey. The cavaliers in livery careered before him again as though it were for him alone, and not to enliven the festival of the day, that they wore it, and Sancho was in high delight, for it seemed to him that, how he knew not, he had fallen upon another Camacho's wedding, another house like Don Diego de Morena's, another castle

¹ Prov. 28.

like the duke's. Some of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day, and all showed honour to Don Quixote and treated him as a knight-errant, and he becoming puffed up and exalted in consequence could not contain himself for satisfaction. Such were the drolleries of Sancho that all the servants of the house, and all who heard him, were kept hanging upon his lips. While at table Don Antonio said to him, 'We hear, worthy Sancho, that you are so fond of *manjar blanco*¹ and forced-meat balls, that if you have any left, you keep them in your bosom for the next day.'

'No, señor, that's not true,' said Sancho, 'for I am more cleanly than greedy, and my master Don Quixote here knows well that we two are used to live for a week on a handful of acorns or nuts. To be sure, if it so happens that they offer me a heifer, I run with a halter;² I mean, I eat what I'm given, and make use of opportunities as I find them; but whoever says that I'm an out-of-the-way eater or not cleanly, let me tell him that he is wrong; and I'd put it in a different way if I did not respect the honourable beards that are at the table.'

'Indeed,' said Don Quixote, 'Sancho's moderation and cleanliness in eating might be inscribed and graved on plates of brass, to be kept in eternal remembrance in ages to come. It is true that when he is hungry there is a certain appearance of voracity about him, for he eats at a great pace and chews with both jaws; but cleanliness he is always mindful of; and when he was governor he learned

¹ A dish composed of the breasts of fowls dressed with milk, sugar, and rice-flour. Don Antonio alludes to an incident in Avellaneda's book.

² Prov. 236.

how to eat daintily, so much so that he eats grapes, and even pomegranate pips, with a fork.'

'What!' said Don Antonio, 'has Sancho been a governor?'

'Ay,' said Sancho, 'and of an island called Barataria. I governed it to perfection for ten days; and lost my rest all the time; and learned to look down upon all the governments in the world; I got out of it by taking to flight, and fell into a pit where I gave myself up for dead, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle.'

Don Quixote then gave them a minute account of the whole affair of Sancho's government, with which he greatly amused his hearers.

On the cloth being removed Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand, passed with him into a distant room in which there was nothing in the way of furniture except a table, apparently of jasper, resting on a pedestal of the same, upon which was set up, after the fashion of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head which seemed to be of bronze. Don Antonio traversed the whole apartment with Don Quixote and walked round the table several times, and then said, 'Now, Señor Don Quixote, that I am satisfied that no one is listening to us, and that the door is shut, I will tell you of one of the rarest adventures, or more properly speaking strange things, that can be imagined, on condition that you will keep what I say to you in the remotest recesses of secrecy.'

'I swear it,' said Don Quixote, 'and for greater security I will put a flag-stone over it; for I would have you know, Señor Don Antonio' (he had by this time learned his name),

‘that you are addressing one who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak; so that you may safely transfer whatever you have in your bosom into mine, and rely upon it that you have consigned it to the depths of silence.’

‘In reliance upon that promise,’ said Don Antonio, ‘I will astonish you with what you shall see and hear, and relieve myself of some of the vexation it gives me to have no one to whom I can confide my secrets, for they are not of a sort to be entrusted to everybody.’

Don Quixote was puzzled, wondering what could be the object of such precautions; whereupon Don Antonio taking his hand passed it over the bronze head and the whole table and the pedestal of jasper on which it stood, and then said, ‘This head, Señor Don Quixote, has been made and fabricated by one of the greatest magicians and wizards the world ever saw, a Pole, I believe, by birth, and a pupil of the famous Escotillo of whom such marvellous stories are told.¹ He was here in my house, and for a consideration of a thousand crowns that I gave him he constructed this head, which has the property and virtue of answering whatever questions are put to its ear. He observed the points of the compass, he traced figures, he studied the stars, he watched favourable moments, and at length brought it to the perfection we shall see to-morrow, for on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday we must wait till the next day. In the interval your worship may consider what you would like to ask it; and I know by experience that in all its answers it tells the truth.’

¹ See Note A, p. 263.

Don Quixote was amazed at the virtue and property of the head, and was inclined to disbelieve Don Antonio; but seeing what a short time he had to wait to test the matter, he did not choose to say anything except that he thanked him for having revealed to him so mighty a secret. They then quitted the room, Don Antonio locked the door, and they repaired to the chamber where the rest of the gentlemen were assembled. In the meantime Sancho had recounted to them several of the adventures and accidents that had happened his master.

That afternoon they took Don Quixote out for a stroll, not in his armour but in street costume, with a surcoat of tawny cloth upon him, that at that season would have made ice itself sweat. Orders were left with the servants to entertain Sancho so as not to let him leave the house. Don Quixote was mounted, not on Rocinante, but upon a tall mule of easy pace and handsomely caparisoned. They put the surcoat on him, and on the back, without his perceiving it, they stitched a parchment on which they wrote in large letters, 'This is Don Quixote of La Mancha.' As they set out upon their excursion the placard attracted the eyes of all who chanced to see him, and as they read out, 'This is Don Quixote of La Mancha,' Don Quixote was amazed to see how many people gazed at him, called him by his name, and recognised him, and turning to Don Antonio, who rode at his side, he observed to him, 'Great are the privileges knight-errantry involves, for it makes him who professes it known and famous in every region of the earth; see, Don Antonio, even the very boys of this city know me without ever having seen me.'

‘True, Señor Don Quixote,’ returned Don Antonio; ‘for as fire cannot be hidden or kept secret, virtue cannot escape being recognised; and that which is attained by the profession of arms shines distinguished above all others.’

It came to pass, however, that as Don Quixote was proceeding amid the acclamations that have been described, a Castilian, reading the inscription on his back, cried out in a loud voice, ‘The devil take thee for a Don Quixote of La Mancha! What! art thou here, and not dead of the countless drubbings that have fallen on thy ribs? Thou art mad; and if thou wert so by thyself, and kept thyself within thy madness, it would not be so bad; but thou hast the gift of making fools and blockheads of all who have anything to do with thee or say to thee. Why, look at these gentlemen bearing thee company! Get thee home, blockhead, and see after thy affairs, and thy wife and children, and give over these fooleries that are sapping thy brains and skimming away thy wits.’

‘Go your own way, brother,’ said Don Antonio, ‘and don’t offer advice to those who don’t ask you for it. Señor Don Quixote is in his full senses, and we who bear him company are not fools; virtue is to be honoured wherever it may be found; go, and bad luck to you, and don’t meddle where you are not wanted.’

‘By God, your worship is right,’ replied the Castilian; ‘for to advise this good man is to kick against the pricks; still for all that it fills me with pity that the sound wit they say the blockhead has in everything should dribble away by the channel of his knight-errantry; but may the bad

luck your worship talks of follow me and all my descendants, if, from this day forth, though I should live longer than Methuselah, I ever give advice to anybody even if he asks me for it.'

The advice-giver took himself off, and they continued their stroll; but so great was the press of the boys and people to read the placard, that Don Antonio was forced to remove it as if he were taking off something else.

Night came and they went home, and there was a ladies' dancing party, for Don Antonio's wife, a lady of rank and gaiety, beauty and wit, had invited some friends of hers to come and do honour to her guest and amuse themselves with his strange delusions. Several of them came, they supped sumptuously, and the dance began at about ten o'clock. Among the ladies were two of a mischievous and frolicsome turn, and, though perfectly modest, somewhat free in playing tricks for harmless diversion sake. These two were so indefatigable in taking Don Quixote out to dance that they tired him down, not only in body but in spirit. It was a sight to see the figure Don Quixote made, long, lank, lean, and yellow, his garments clinging tight to him, ungainly, and above all anything but agile. The gay ladies made secret love to him, and he on his part secretly repelled them, but finding himself hard pressed by their blandishments he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, '*Fugite, partes adversæ!* Leave me in peace, unwelcome overtures; avaunt, with your desires, ladies, for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, suffers none but hers to lead me captive and subdue me;' and so saying he sat down on the floor in the

middle of the room, tired out and broken down by all this exertion in the dance.

Don Antonio directed him to be taken up bodily and carried to bed, and the first that laid hold of him was Sancho, saying as he did so, 'In an evil hour you took to dancing, master mine; do you fancy all mighty men of valour are dancers, and all knights-errant given to capering? If you do, I can tell you you are mistaken; there's many a man would rather undertake to kill a giant than cut a caper. If it had been the shoe-fling¹ you were at I could take your place, for I can do the shoe-fling like a gerfalcon; but I'm no good at dancing.'

With these and other observations Sancho set the whole ball-room laughing, and then put his master to bed, covering him up well so that he might sweat out any chill caught after his dancing.

The next day Don Antonio thought he might as well make trial of the enchanted head, and with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two others, friends of his, besides the two ladies that had tired out Don Quixote at the ball, who had remained for the night with Don Antonio's wife, he locked himself up in the chamber where the head was. He explained to them the property it possessed and entrusted the secret to them, telling them that now for the first time he was going to try the virtue of the enchanted head; but except Don Antonio's two friends no one else was privy to the mystery of the enchantment, and if Don Antonio had not first revealed it to them they would have been inevitably reduced to the same state of

¹ The dance referred to in chapter xix.

amazement as the rest, so artfully and skilfully was it contrived.

The first to approach the ear of the head, was Don Antonio himself, and in a low voice but not so low as not to be audible to all, he said to it, 'Head, tell me by the virtue that lies in thee what am I at this moment thinking of?'

The head, without any movement of the lips, answered in a clear and distinct voice, so as to be heard by all, 'I cannot judge of thoughts.'

All were thunderstruck at this, and all the more so as they saw that there was nobody anywhere near the table or in the whole room that could have answered.

'How many of us are here?' asked Don Antonio once more; and it was answered him in the same way softly, 'Thou and thy wife, with two friends of thine and two of hers, and a famous knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha, and a squire of his, Sancho Panza by name.'

Now there was fresh astonishment; now everyone's hair was standing on end with awe; and Don Antonio retiring from the head exclaimed, 'This suffices to show me that I have not been deceived by him who sold thee to me, O sage head, talking head, answering head, wonderful head! Let some one else go and put what question he likes to it.'

And as women are commonly impulsive and inquisitive, the first to come forward was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and her question was, 'Tell me, Head, what shall I do to be very beautiful?' and the answer she got was, 'Be very modest.'

'I question thee no further,' said the fair querist.

Her companion then came up and said, 'I should like

to know, Head, whether my husband loves me or not ;' the answer given to her was, 'Think how he uses thee, and thou mayest guess ;' and the married lady went off saying, 'That answer did not need a question ; for of course the treatment one receives shows the disposition of him from whom it is received.'

Then one of Don Antonio's two friends advanced and asked it, 'Who am I ?' 'Thou knowest,' was the answer. 'That is not what I ask thee,' said the gentleman, 'but to tell me if thou knowest me.' 'Yes, I know thee, thou art Don Pedro Noriz,' was the reply.

'I do not seek to know more,' said the gentleman, 'for this is enough to convince me, O Head, that thou knowest everything ;' and as he retired the other friend came forward and asked it, 'Tell me, Head, what are the wishes of my eldest son ?'

'I have said already,' was the answer, 'that I cannot judge of wishes ; however, I can tell thee the wish of thy son is to bury thee.'

'That's "what I see with my eyes I point out with my finger,"'¹ said the gentleman, 'so I ask no more.'

Don Antonio's wife came up and said, 'I know not what to ask thee, Head ; I would only seek to know of thee if I shall have many years of enjoyment of my good husband ;' and the answer she received was, 'Thou shalt, for his vigour and his temperate habits promise many years of life, which by their intemperance others so often cut short.'

Then Don Quixote came forward and said, 'Tell me, thou that answerest, was that which I describe as having

¹ Prov. 238.

happened to me in the cave of Montesinos the truth or a dream? Will my squire Sancho's whipping be accomplished without fail? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea be brought about?

'As to the question of the cave,' was the reply, 'there is much to be said; there is something of both in it. Sancho's whipping will proceed leisurely. The disenchantment of Dulcinea will attain its due consummation.'

'I seek to know no more,' said Don Quixote; 'let me but see Dulcinea disenchanted, and I will consider that all the good fortune I could wish for has come upon me all at once.'

The last questioner was Sancho, and his questions were, 'Head, shall I by any chance have another government? Shall I ever escape from the hard life of a squire? Shall I get back to see my wife and children?' To which the answer came, 'Thou shalt govern in thy house; and if thou returnest to it thou shalt see thy wife and children; and on ceasing to serve thou shalt cease to be a squire.'

'Good, by God!' said Sancho Panza; 'I could have told myself that; the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more.'¹

'What answer wouldst thou have, beast?' said Don Quixote; 'is it not enough that the replies this head has given suit the questions put to it?'

'Yes, it is enough,' said Sancho; 'but I should have liked it to have made itself plainer and told me more.'

The questions and answers came to an end here, but not

¹ Perogrullo was a legendary personage who dealt in prophecies that were manifest truisms. Quevedo introduces him in the *Visita de los Chistes*.

the wonder with which all were filled, except Don Antonio's two friends who were in the secret. This Cid Hamet Benengeli thought fit to reveal at once, not to keep the world in suspense, fancying that the head had some strange magical mystery in it. He says, therefore, that on the model of another head, the work of an image maker, which he had seen at Madrid, Don Antonio made this one at home for his own amusement and to astonish ignorant people ; and its mechanism was as follows. The table was of wood painted and varnished to imitate jasper, and the pedestal on which it stood was of the same material, with four eagles' claws projecting from it to support the weight more steadily. The head, which resembled a bust or figure of a Roman emperor, and was coloured like bronze, was hollow throughout, as was the table, into which it was fitted so exactly that no trace of the joining was visible. The pedestal of the table was also hollow and communicated with the throat and neck of the head, and the whole was in communication with another room underneath the chamber in which the head stood. Through the entire cavity in the pedestal, table, throat and neck of the bust or figure, there passed a tube of tin carefully adjusted and concealed from sight. In the room below corresponding to the one above was placed the person who was to answer, with his mouth to the tube, and the voice, as in an ear-trumpet, passed from above downwards, and from below upwards, the words coming clearly and distinctly ; it was impossible, thus, to detect the trick. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a smart sharp-witted student, was the answerer, and as he had been told beforehand by his uncle who the persons were that

would come with him that day into the chamber where the head was, it was an easy matter for him to answer the first question at once and correctly ; the others he answered by guess-work, and, being clever, cleverly. Cid Hamet adds that this marvellous contrivance stood for some ten or twelve days ; but that, as it became noised abroad through the city that he had in his house an enchanted head that answered all who asked questions of it, Don Antonio, fearing it might come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, explained the matter to the inquisitors, who commanded him to break it up and have done with it, lest the ignorant vulgar should be scandalised. By Don Quixote, however, and by Sancho the head was still held to be an enchanted one, and capable of answering questions, though more to Don Quixote's satisfaction than Sancho's.

The gentlemen of the city, to gratify Don Antonio and also to do the honours to Don Quixote, and give him an opportunity of displaying his folly, made arrangements for a tilting at the ring in six days from that time, which, however, for the reason that will be mentioned hereafter, did not take place.

Don Quixote took a fancy to stroll about the city quietly and on foot, for he feared that if he went on horseback the boys would follow him ; so he and Sancho and two servants that Don Antonio gave him set out for a walk. Thus it came to pass that going along one of the streets Don Quixote lifted up his eyes and saw written in very large letters over a door, ' Books printed here,' at which he was vastly pleased, for until then he had never seen a printing office, and he was curious to know what it was like. He entered with all his

following, and saw them drawing sheets in one place, correcting in another, setting up type here, revising there; in short all the work that is to be seen in great printing offices. He went up to one case and asked what they were about there; the workmen told him, he watched them with wonder, and passed on. He approached one man, among others, and asked him what he was doing. The workman replied, 'Señor, this gentleman here' (pointing to a man of prepossessing mien and appearance and a certain gravity of look) 'has translated an Italian book into our Spanish tongue, and I am setting it up in type for the press.'

'What is the title of the book?' asked Don Quixote; to which the author replied, 'Señor, in Italian the book is called *Le Bagatelle*.'

'And what does *Le Bagatelle* import in our Spanish?' asked Don Quixote.

'*Le Bagatelle*,' said the author, 'is as though we should say in Spanish *Los Juguetes*; but though the book is humble in name it has good solid matter in it.'

'I,' said Don Quixote, 'have some little smattering of Italian, and I plume myself on singing some of Ariosto's stanzas; but tell me, señor—I do not say this to test your ability, but merely out of curiosity—have you ever met with the word *pignatta* in your book?'

'Yes, often,' said the author.

'And how do you render that in Spanish?' asked Don Quixote.

'How should I render it,' returned the author, 'but by *olla*?'

'Body o' me,' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'what a proficient you are in the Italian language! I would lay a good wager that where they say in Italian *piace* you say in Spanish *place*, and where they say *più* you say *mas*, and you translate *sù* by *arriba* and *giù* by *abajo*.'

'I translate them so of course,' said the author, 'for those are their proper equivalents.'

'I would venture to swear,' said Don Quixote, 'that your worship is not known in the world, which always begrudges their reward to rare wits and praiseworthy labours. What talents lie wasted there! What genius thrust away into corners! What worth left neglected! Still it seems to me that translation from one language into another, if it be not from the queens of languages, the Greek and the Latin, is like looking at Flemish tapestries on the wrong side; for though the figures are visible, they are full of threads that make them indistinct, and they do not show with the smoothness and brightness of the right side; and translation from easy languages argues neither ingenuity nor command of words, any more than transcribing or copying out one document from another. But I do not mean by this to draw the inference that no credit is to be allowed for the work of translating, for a man may employ himself in ways worse and less profitable to himself. This estimate does not include two famous translators, Doctor Cristóbal de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don Juan de Jáuregui, in his *Aminta*, wherein by their felicity they leave it in doubt which is the translation and which the original.¹ But tell me, are you printing this book at

¹ See Note B, p. 263.

your own risk, or have you sold the copyright to some bookseller ?'

'I print at my own risk,' said the author, 'and I expect to make a thousand ducats at least by this first edition, which is to be of two thousand copies that will go off in a twinkling at six reals apiece.'¹

'A fine calculation you are making !' said Don Quixote ; 'it is plain you don't know the ins and outs of the printers, and how they play into one another's hands. I promise you when you find yourself saddled with two thousand copies you will feel so sore that it will astonish you, particularly if the book is a little out of the common and not in any way highly spiced.'

'What !' said the author, 'would your worship, then, have me give it to a bookseller who will give three maravedis for the copyright and think he is doing me a favour in giving me that ? I do not print my books to win fame in the world, for I am known in it already by my works ; I want to make money, without which reputation is not worth a rap.'

'God send your worship good luck,' said Don Quixote ; and he moved on to another case, where he saw them correcting a sheet of a book with the title of 'Light of the Soul ;'² noticing it he observed, 'Books like this, though there are many of the kind, are the ones that deserve to be printed, for many are the sinners in these days, and lights unnumbered are needed for all that are in darkness.'

¹ As Hartzenbusch points out, this leaves a margin altogether too narrow for the expenses.

² *Luz del Alma*, by Fr. Felipe Meneses, 1556.

He passed on, and saw they were also correcting another book, and when he asked its title they told him it was called, 'The Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha,' by one of Tordesillas.¹

'I have heard of this book already,' said Don Quixote, 'and verily and on my conscience I thought it had been by this time burned to ashes as a meddlesome intruder; but its Martinmas will come to it as it does to every pig; ² for fictions have the more merit and charm about them the more nearly they approach the truth or what looks like it; and true stories, the truer they are the better they are;' and so saying he walked out of the printing office with a certain amount of displeasure in his looks. That same day Don Antonio arranged to take him to see the galleys that lay at the beach, whereat Sancho was in high delight, as he had never seen any all his life. Don Antonio sent word to the commandant of the galleys that he intended to bring his guest, the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom the commandant and all the citizens had already heard, that afternoon to see them; and what happened on board of them will be told in the next chapter.³

¹ See Note C, p. 263.

² Prov. 193. *Martinmas*, i.e. killing day, that being the great day for pig-killing in Spain.

³ An impudent attempt was made in Berlin in 1824 to insert two forged chapters here giving an account of Don Quixote's adventures at a masked ball. The forgery was a very clumsy one, being full of Germanisms.

Note A (page 249).

Michael Escoto or Escotillo was a native of Parma, who had a great reputation in Flanders in the time of Alexander Farnese for his skill in judicial astrology, and was suspected of dealing in magic. Bowle absurdly confounds him with the more famous Michael Scot who flourished in the thirteenth century, though it is plain Cervantes is speaking of one who was his own contemporary.

Note B (page 260).

The translation of the *Pastor Fido* appeared in 1609. Cervantes had before this warmly praised Figueras in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, notwithstanding which the year after his death *Don Quixote* and the *Novelas* were sneered at by Figueras in his *Pasagero*, Madrid, 1617. There is no edition of Jáuregui's *Aminta* known earlier than that of Seville 1618, so that this is a friendly advertisement.

Note C (page 262).

Avellaneda's volume was called *Segundo Tomo*, not *Second Part*. It was hardly judicious in Cervantes to credit his enemy with a second edition, but he seems to lose his head whenever he thinks of Avellaneda and his insults; and from this on he apparently thinks of little else. From chapter lix. to the end, indeed, there is a decided falling off. The story is at once hurried and spun out, and in the episodes of Claudia and Ana Felix he drops into the tawdry style of the novels in the First Part. It is only when he touches earth in Sancho Panza that he recovers anything like his old vigour.

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF THE MISHAP THAT BEFELL SANCHE PANZA THROUGH THE
VISIT TO THE GALLEYS, AND THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF
THE FAIR MORISCO.

PROFOUND were Don Quixote's reflections on the reply of the enchanted head, not one of them, however, hitting on the secret of the trick, but all concentrated on the promise, which he regarded as a certainty, of Dulcinea's disenchantment. This he turned over in his mind again and again with great satisfaction to himself, fully persuaded that he would shortly see its fulfilment; and as for Sancho, though, as has been said, he hated being a governor, still he had a longing to be giving orders and finding himself obeyed once more; this is the misfortune that being in authority, even in jest, brings with it.

To resume; that afternoon their host Don Antonio Moreno and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commandant had been already made aware of his good fortune in seeing two such famous persons as Don Quixote and Sancho, and the instant they came to the shore all the galleys struck their awnings and the clarions rang out. A skiff covered with rich carpets and cushions of crimson velvet was immediately lowered into the water, and as Don Quixote stepped on board of it, the

leading galley fired her gangway gun, and the other galleys did the same ; and as he mounted the starboard ladder the whole crew saluted him (as is the custom when a personage of distinction comes on board a galley) by exclaiming 'Hu, hu, hu,' three times. The general, for so we shall call him, a Valencian gentleman of rank, gave him his hand and embraced him, saying, 'I shall mark this day with a white stone as one of the happiest I can expect to enjoy in my lifetime, since I have seen Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, pattern and image wherein we see contained and condensed all that is worthy in knight-errantry.'

Don Quixote, delighted beyond measure with such a lordly reception, replied to him in words no less courteous. All then proceeded to the poop, which was very handsomely decorated, and seated themselves on the bulwark benches ; the boatswain passed along the gangway and piped all hands to strip, which they did in an instant. Sancho, seeing such a number of men stripped to the skin, was taken aback, and still more when he saw them spread the awning so briskly that it seemed to him as if all the devils were at work at it ; but all this was cakes and fancy bread to what I am going to tell now. Sancho was seated on the captain's stage, close to the aftermost rower on the right-hand side. He, previously instructed in what he was to do, laid hold of Sancho, hoisting him up in his arms, and the whole crew, who were standing ready, beginning on the right, proceeded to pass him on, whirling him along from hand to hand and from bench to bench with such rapidity that it took the sight out of poor Sancho's eyes, and he made quite sure that the devils themselves were flying away

with him ; nor did they leave off with him until they had sent him back along the left side and deposited him on the poop ; and the poor fellow was left bruised and breathless and all in a sweat, and unable to comprehend what it was that had happened to him.

Don Quixote when he saw Sancho's flight without wings asked the general if this was a usual ceremony with those who came on board the galleys for the first time ; for, if so, as he had no intention of adopting them as a profession, he had no mind to perform such feats of agility, and if anyone offered to lay hold of him to whirl him about, he vowed to God he would kick his soul out ; and as he said this he stood up and clapped his hand upon his sword. At this instant they struck the awning and lowered the yard with a prodigious rattle. Sancho thought heaven was coming off its hinges and going to fall on his head, and full of terror he ducked it and buried it between his knees ; nor were Don Quixote's knees altogether under control, for he too shook a little, squeezed his shoulders together and lost colour. The crew then hoisted the yard with the same rapidity and clatter as when they lowered it, all the while keeping silence as though they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain gave the signal to weigh anchor, and leaping upon the middle of the gangway began to lay on to the shoulders of the crew with his courbash or whip, and to haul out gradually to sea.

When Sancho saw so many red feet (for such he took the oars to be) moving all together, he said to himself, ' It's these that are the real enchanted things, and not the ones my master talks of. What can those wretches have done

to be whipped in that way; and how does that one man who goes along there whistling dare to whip so many? I declare this is hell, or at least purgatory!’

Don Quixote, observing how attentively Sancho regarded what was going on, said to him, ‘Ah, Sancho my friend, how quickly and cheaply might you finish off the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if you would strip to the waist and take your place among those gentlemen! Amid the pain and sufferings of so many you would not feel your own much; and moreover perhaps the sage Merlin would allow each of these lashes, being laid on with a good hand, to count for ten of those which you must give yourself at last.’

The general was about to ask what these lashes were, and what was Dulcinea’s disenchantment, when a sailor exclaimed, ‘*Monjuí*’ signals that there is an oared vessel off the coast to the west.’

On hearing this the general sprang upon the gangway crying, ‘Now then, my sons, don’t let her give us the slip! It must be some Algerine corsair brigantine that the watch-tower signals to us.’ The three others immediately came alongside the chief galley to receive their orders. The general ordered two to put out to sea while he with the other kept in shore, so that in this way the vessel could not escape them. The crews plied the oars driving the galleys so furiously that they seemed to fly. The two that had put out to sea, after a couple of miles sighted a vessel which, so far as they could make out, they judged to be one of fourteen or fifteen banks, and so she proved. As soon as the vessel discovered the galleys she went about with

¹ *Monjuich*, the citadel of Barcelona.

the object and in the hope of making her escape by her speed ; but the attempt failed, for the chief galley was one of the fastest vessels afloat, and overhauled her so rapidly that they on board the brigantine saw clearly there was no possibility of escaping, and the *rais*¹ therefore would have had them drop their oars and give themselves up so as not to provoke the captain in command of our galleys to anger. But chance, directing things otherwise, so ordered it that just as the chief galley came close enough for those on board the vessel to hear the shouts from her calling on them to surrender, two Toraquis, that is to say drunken Turks, that with a dozen more were on board the brigantine, discharged their muskets, killing two of the soldiers that lined the sides of our vessel. Seeing this the general swore he would not leave one of those he found on board the vessel alive, but as he bore down furiously upon her she slipped away from him underneath the oars. The galley shot a good way ahead ; those on board the vessel saw their case was desperate, and while the galley was coming about they made sail, and by sailing and rowing once more tried to sheer off ; but their activity did not do them as much good as their rashness did them harm, for the galley coming up with them in a little more than half a mile threw her oars over them and took the whole of them alive. The other two galleys now joined company and all four returned with the prize to the beach, where a vast multitude stood waiting for them, eager to see what they brought back. The general anchored close in, and perceived that the viceroy of the city was on the shore. He ordered the skiff to push

¹ *Rais* = captain.

off to fetch him, and the yard to be lowered for the purpose of hanging forthwith the rais and the rest of the men taken on board the vessel, about six-and-thirty in number, all smart fellows and most of them Turkish musketeers. He asked which was the rais of the brigantine, and was answered in Spanish by one of the prisoners (who afterwards proved to be a Spanish renegade), 'This young man, señor, that you see here is our rais,' and he pointed to one of the handsomest and most gallant-looking youths that could be imagined. He did not seem to be twenty years of age.

'Tell me, reckless dog,' said the general, 'what led thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible for thee to escape? Is that the way to behave to chief galleys? Knowest thou not that rashness is not valour? Faint prospects of success should make men bold, but not rash.'

The rais was about to reply, but the general could not at that moment listen to him, as he had to hasten to receive the viceroy, who was now coming on board the galley, and with him certain of his attendants and some of the people.

'You have had a good chase, señor general,' said the viceroy.

'Your excellency shall soon see how good, by the game strung up to this yard,' replied the general.

'How so?' returned the viceroy.

'Because,' said the general, 'against all law, reason, and usages of war they have killed on my hands two of the best soldiers on board these galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man that I have taken, but above all this youth

who is the rais of the brigantine,' and he pointed to him as he stood with his hands already bound and the rope round his neck, ready for death.

The viceroy looked at him, and seeing him so well-favoured, so graceful, and so submissive, he felt a desire to spare his life, the comeliness of the youth furnishing him at once with a letter of recommendation. He therefore questioned him, saying, 'Tell me, rais, art thou Turk, Moor, or renegade?'

To which the youth replied, also in Spanish, 'I am neither Turk, nor Moor, nor renegade.'

'What art thou, then?' said the viceroy.

'A Christian woman,' replied the youth.

'A woman and a Christian, in such a dress and in such circumstances! It is more marvellous than credible,' said the viceroy.

'Suspend the execution of the sentence, gentlemen,' said the youth; 'your vengeance will not lose much by waiting while I tell you the story of my life.'

What heart could be so hard as not to be softened by these words, at any rate so far as to listen to what the unhappy youth had to say? The general bade him say what he pleased, but not to expect pardon for his flagrant offence. With this permission the youth began in these words.

'Born of Morisco parents, I am of that nation, more unhappy than wise, upon which of late a sea of woes has poured down. In the course of our misfortune I was carried to Barbary by two uncles of mine, for it was in vain that I declared I was a Christian, as in fact I am, and not a

mere pretended one, or outwardly, but a true Catholic Christian. It availed me nothing with those charged with our sad expatriation to protest this, nor would my uncles believe it; on the contrary, they treated it as an untruth and a subterfuge set up to enable me to remain behind in the land of my birth; and so, more by force than of my own will, they took me with them. I had a Christian mother, and a father who was a man of sound sense and a Christian too; I imbibed the Catholic faith with my mother's milk, I was well brought up, and neither in word nor in deed did I, I think, show any sign of being a Morisco. To accompany these virtues, for such I hold them, my beauty, if I possess any, grew with my growth; and great as was the seclusion in which I lived it was not so great but that a young gentleman, Don Gaspar Gregorio by name, eldest son of a gentleman who is lord of a village near ours, contrived to find opportunities of seeing me. How he saw me, how we met, how his heart was lost to me, and mine not kept from him, would take too long to tell, especially at a moment when I am in dread of the cruel cord that threatens me interposing between tongue and throat; I will only say, therefore, that Don Gregorio chose to accompany me in our banishment. He joined company with the Moriscoes who were going forth from other villages, for he knew their language very well, and on the voyage he struck up a friendship with my two uncles who were carrying me with them; for my father, like a wise and far-sighted man, as soon as he heard the first edict for our expulsion, quitted the village and departed in quest of some refuge for us abroad. He left hidden and buried, at a spot

of which I alone have knowledge, a large quantity of pearls and precious stones of great value, together with a sum of money in gold cruzadoes and doubloons. He charged me on no account to touch the treasure, if by any chance they expelled us before his return. I obeyed him, and with my uncles, as I have said, and others of our kindred and neighbours, passed over to Barbary, and the place where we took up our abode was Algiers, much the same as if we had taken it up in hell itself. The king heard of my beauty, and report told him of my wealth, which was in some degree fortunate for me. He summoned me before him, and asked me what part of Spain I came from, and what money and jewels I had. I mentioned the place, and told him the jewels and money were buried there; but that they might easily be recovered if I myself went back for them. All this I told him, in dread lest my beauty and not his own covetousness should influence him. While he was engaged in conversation with me, they brought him word that in company with me was one of the handsomest and most graceful youths that could be imagined. I knew at once that they were speaking of Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose comeliness surpasses the most highly vaunted beauty. I was troubled when I thought of the danger he was in, for among those barbarous Turks a fair youth is more esteemed than a woman, be she ever so beautiful. The king immediately ordered him to be brought before him that he might see him, and asked me if what they said about the youth was true. I then, almost as if inspired by heaven, told him it was, but that I would have him to know it was not a man, but a woman like myself, and I entreated him to allow me to go

and dress her in the attire proper to her, so that her beauty might be seen to perfection, and that she might present herself before him with less embarrassment. He bade me go by all means, and said that the next day we should discuss the plan to be adopted for my return to Spain to carry away the hidden treasure. I saw Don Gaspar, I told him the danger he was in if he let it be seen he was a man, I dressed him as a Moorish woman, and that same afternoon I brought him before the king, who was charmed when he saw him, and resolved to keep the damsel and make a present of her to the Grand Signor; and to avoid the risk she might run among the women of his seraglio, and distrustful of himself, he commanded her to be placed in the house of some Moorish ladies of rank who would protect and attend to her; and thither he was taken at once. What we both suffered (for I cannot deny that I love him), may be left to the imagination of those who are separated if they love one another dearly. The king then arranged that I should return to Spain in this brigantine, and that two Turks, those who killed your soldiers, should accompany me. There also came with me this Spanish renegade'—and here she pointed to him who had first spoken—'whom I know to be secretly a Christian, and to be more desirous of being left in Spain than of returning to Barbary. The rest of the crew of the brigantine are Moors and Turks, who merely serve as rowers. The two Turks, greedy and insolent, instead of obeying the orders we had to land me and this renegade in Christian dress (with which we came provided) on the first Spanish ground we came to, chose to run along the coast and make

some prize if they could, fearing that if they put us ashore first, we might, in case of some accident befalling us, make it known that the brigantine was at sea, and thus, if there happened to be any galleys on the coast, they might be taken. We sighted this shore last night, and knowing nothing of these galleys we were discovered, and the result was what you have seen. To sum up, there is Don Gregorio in woman's dress, among women, in imminent danger of his life; and here am I, with hands bound, in expectation, or rather in dread, of losing my life, of which I am already weary. Here, sirs, ends my sad story, as true as it is unhappy; all I ask of you is to allow me to die like a Christian, for, as I have already said, I am not to be charged with the offence of which those of my nation are guilty;’ and she stood silent, her eyes filled with moving tears, accompanied by plenty from the bystanders. The viceroy, touched with compassion, went up to her without speaking, and with his own hands untied the cord that bound the fair hands of the Moorish girl.

But all the while the Morisco Christian was telling her strange story, an elderly pilgrim, who had come on board of the galley at the same time as the viceroy, kept his eyes fixed upon her; and the instant she ceased speaking he threw himself at her feet, and embracing them said in a voice broken by sobs and sighs, ‘O Ana Felix, my unhappy daughter, I am thy father Ricote, come back to look for thee, unable to live without thee, my soul that thou art!’

At these words of his Sancho opened his eyes and raised his head, which he had been holding down, brooding over his unlucky excursion; and looking at the pilgrim he recog-

nised in him that same Ricote he met the day he quitted his government, and felt satisfied that this was his daughter. She being now unbound embraced her father, mingling her tears with his, while he addressing the general and the viceroy said, 'This, sirs, is my daughter, more unhappy in her adventures than in her name. She is Ana Felix, surnamed Ricote, celebrated as much for her own beauty as for my wealth. I quitted my native land in search of some shelter or refuge for us abroad, and having found one in Germany I returned in this pilgrim's dress, in the company of some other German pilgrims, to seek my daughter and take up a large quantity of treasure I had left buried. My daughter I did not find, the treasure I found and have with me; and now, in this strange roundabout way you have seen, I find the treasure that more than all makes me rich, my beloved daughter. If our innocence and her tears and mine can with strict justice open the door to clemency, extend it to us, for we never had any intention of injuring you, nor do we in any way sympathise with the aims of our people, who have been justly banished.'

'I know Ricote well,' said Sancho at this, 'and I know too that what he says about Ana Felix being his daughter is true; but as to those other particulars about going and coming, and having good or bad intentions, I say nothing.'

While all present stood amazed at this strange occurrence the general said, 'At any rate your tears will not allow me to keep my oath; live, fair Ana Felix, all the years that heaven has allotted you; but these rash insolent fellows must pay the penalty of the crime they have committed;' and with that he gave orders to have the two

Turks who had killed his two soldiers hanged at once at the yard-arm. The viceroy, however, begged him earnestly not to hang them, as their behaviour savoured rather of madness than of bravado. The general yielded to the viceroy's request, for revenge is not easily taken in cold blood. They then tried to devise some scheme for rescuing Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he had been left. Ricote offered for that object more than two thousand ducats that he had in pearls and gems; they proposed several plans, but none so good as that suggested by the renegade already mentioned, who offered to return to Algiers in a small vessel of about six banks, manned by Christian rowers, as he knew where, how, and when he could and should land, nor was he ignorant of the house in which Don Gaspar was staying. The general and the viceroy had some hesitation about placing confidence in the renegade and entrusting him with the Christians who were to row, but Ana Felix said she could answer for him, and her father offered to go and pay the ransom of the Christians if by any chance they should not be forthcoming. This, then, being agreed upon, the viceroy landed, and Don Antonio Moreno took the fair Morisco and her father home with him, the viceroy charging him to give them the best reception and welcome in his power, while on his own part he offered all that his house contained for their entertainment; so great was the good-will and kindness the beauty of Ana Felix had infused into his heart.

CHAPTER LXIV.

TREATING OF THE ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE UNHAPPINESS THAN ALL THAT HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM.

THE wife of Don Antonio Moreno, so the history says, was extremely happy to see Ana Felix in her house. She welcomed her with great kindness, charmed as well by her beauty as by her intelligence; for in both respects the fair Morisco was richly endowed, and all the people of the city flocked to see her as though they had been summoned by the ringing of the bells.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the plan adopted for releasing Don Gregorio was not a good one, for its risks were greater than its advantages, and that it would be better to land himself with his arms and horse in Barbary; for he would carry him off in spite of the whole Moorish host, as Don Gaiferos carried off his wife Melisendra.

‘Remember, your worship,’ observed Sancho on hearing him say so, ‘Señor Don Gaiferos carried off his wife from the mainland, and took her to France by land; but in this case, if by chance we carry off Don Gregorio, we have no way of bringing him to Spain, for there’s the sea between.’

‘There’s a remedy for everything except death,’ said

Don Quixote ; 'if they bring the vessel close to the shore we shall be able to get on board though all the world strive to prevent us.'

'Your worship hits it off mighty well and mighty easy,' said Sancho ; 'but "it's a long step from saying to doing ;"'¹ and I hold to the renegade, for he seems to me an honest good-hearted fellow.'

Don Antonio then said that if the renegade did not prove successful, the expedient of the great Don Quixote's expedition to Barbary should be adopted. Two days afterwards the renegade put to sea in a light vessel of six oars a-side manned by a stout crew, and two days later the galleys made sail eastward, the general having begged the viceroy to let him know all about the release of Don Gregorio and about Ana Felix, and the viceroy promised to do as he requested.

One morning as Don Quixote went out for a stroll along the beach, arrayed in full armour (for, as he often said, that was 'his only gear, his only rest the fray,' and he never was without it for a moment), he saw coming towards him a knight, also in full armour, with a shining moon painted on his shield, who, on approaching sufficiently near to be heard, said in a loud voice, addressing himself to Don Quixote, 'Illustrious knight, and never sufficiently extolled Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of achievements will perhaps have recalled him to thy memory. I come to do battle with thee and prove the might of thy arm, to the end that I

¹ Prov. 76.

make thee acknowledge and confess that my lady, let her be who she may, is incomparably fairer than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. If thou dost acknowledge this fairly and openly, thou shalt escape death and save me the trouble of inflicting it upon thee; if thou fightest and I vanquish thee, I demand no other satisfaction than that, laying aside arms and abstaining from going in quest of adventures, thou withdraw and betake thyself to thine own village for the space of a year, and live there without putting hand to sword, in peace and quiet and beneficial repose, the same being needful for the increase of thy substance and the salvation of thy soul; and if thou dost vanquish me, my head shall be at thy disposal, my arms and horse thy spoils, and the renown of my deeds transferred and added to thine. Consider which will be thy best course, and give me thy answer speedily, for this day is all the time I have for the despatch of this business.'

Don Quixote was amazed and astonished, as well at the Knight of the White Moon's arrogance, as at his reason for delivering the defiance, and with calm dignity he answered him, 'Knight of the White Moon, of whose achievements I have never heard until now, I will venture to swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for had you seen her I know you would have taken care not to venture yourself upon this issue, because the sight would have removed all doubt from your mind that there ever has been or can be a beauty to be compared with hers; and so, not saying you lie, but merely that you are not correct in what you state, I accept your challenge, with the conditions you have

proposed, and at once, that the day you have fixed may not expire; and from your conditions I except only that of the renown of your achievements being transferred to me, for I know not of what sort they are nor what they may amount to; I am satisfied with my own, such as they be. Take, therefore, the side of the field you choose, and I will do the same; and to whom God shall give it may Saint Peter add his blessing.'

The Knight of the White Moon had been seen from the city, and it was told the viceroy how he was in conversation with Don Quixote. The viceroy, fancying it must be some fresh adventure got up by Don Antonio Moreno or some other gentleman of the city, hurried out at once to the beach accompanied by Don Antonio and several other gentlemen, just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rocinante round in order to take up the necessary distance. The viceroy upon this, seeing that the pair of them were evidently preparing to come to the charge, put himself between them, asking them what it was that led them to engage in combat all of a sudden in this way. The Knight of the White Moon replied that it was a question of precedence of beauty; and briefly told him what he had said to Don Quixote, and how the conditions of the defiance agreed upon on both sides had been accepted. The viceroy went over to Don Antonio, and asked in a low voice did he know who the Knight of the White Moon was, or was it some joke they were playing on Don Quixote. Don Antonio replied that he neither knew who he was nor whether the defiance was in joke or in earnest. This answer left the viceroy in a state of perplexity, not knowing whether he ought to let

the combat go on or not; but unable to persuade himself that it was anything but a joke he fell back, saying, 'If there be no other way out of it, gallant knights, except to confess or die, and Don Quixote is inflexible, and your worship of the White Moon still more so, in God's hand be it, and fall on.'

He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and well-chosen words for the permission he gave them, and so did Don Quixote, who then, commending himself with all his heart to heaven and to his Dulcinea, as was his custom on the eve of any combat that awaited him, proceeded to take a little more distance, as he saw his antagonist was doing the same; then, without blast of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give them the signal to charge, both at the same instant wheeled their horses; and he of the White Moon, being the swifter, met Don Quixote after having traversed two-thirds of the course, and there encountered him with such violence that, without touching him with his lance (for he held it high, to all appearance purposely), he hurled Don Quixote and Rocinante to the earth, a perilous fall. He sprang upon him at once, and placing the lance over his visor said to him, 'You are vanquished, sir knight, nay dead unless you admit the conditions of our defiance.'

Don Quixote, bruised and stupefied, without raising his visor said in a weak feeble voice as if he were speaking out of a tomb, 'Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; it is not fitting that this truth should suffer by my

feebleness ; drive your lance home, sir knight, and take my life, since you have taken away my honour.'

'That will I not, in sooth,' said he of the White Moon ; 'live the fame of the lady Dulcinea's beauty undimmed as ever ; all I require is that the great Don Quixote retire to his own home for a year, or for so long a time as shall by me be enjoined upon him, as we agreed before engaging in this combat.'

The viceroy, Don Antonio, and several others who were present heard all this, and heard too how Don Quixote replied that so long as nothing in prejudice of Dulcinea was demanded of him, he would observe all the rest like a true and loyal knight. The engagement given, he of the White Moon wheeled about, and making obeisance to the viceroy with a movement of the head, rode away into the city at a half gallop. The viceroy bade Don Antonio hasten after him, and by some means or other find out who he was. They raised Don Quixote up and uncovered his face, and found him pale and bathed with sweat. Rocinante from the mere hard measure he had received lay unable to stir for the present. Sancho, wholly dejected and woebegone, knew not what to say or do. He fancied that all was a dream, that the whole business was a piece of enchantment. Here was his master defeated, and bound not to take up arms for a year. He saw the light of the glory of his achievements obscured ; the hopes of the promises lately made him swept away like smoke before the wind ; Rocinante, he feared, was crippled for life, and his master's bones out of joint ; for if he were only shaken

out of his madness it would be no small luck.¹ In the end they carried him into the city in a hand-chair which the viceroy sent for, and thither the viceroy himself returned, eager to ascertain who this Knight of the White Moon was who had left Don Quixote in such a sad plight.

¹ There is an untranslatable pun here on the double meaning of *deslocado*—out of joint, and cured of madness.

CHAPTER LXV.

WHEREIN IS MADE KNOWN WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS ; LIKEWISE DON GREGORIO'S RELEASE, AND OTHER EVENTS.

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a number of boys followed him too, nay pursued him, until they had him fairly housed in a hostel in the heart of the city. Don Antonio, eager to make his acquaintance, entered also ; a squire came out to meet him and remove his armour, and he shut himself into a lower room, still attended by Don Antonio, whose bread would not bake until he had found out who he was. He of the White Moon, seeing then that the gentleman would not leave him, said, ' I know very well, señor, what you have come for ; it is to find out who I am ; and as there is no reason why I should conceal it from you, while my servant here is taking off my armour I will tell you the true state of the case, without leaving out anything. You must know, señor, that I am called the bachelor Samson Carrasco. I am of the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose craze and folly make all of us who know him feel pity for him, and I am one of those who have felt it most ; and persuaded that his chance of recovery lay in quiet and keeping at home

and in his own house, I hit upon a device for keeping him there. Three months ago, therefore, I went out to meet him as a knight-errant, under the assumed name of the Knight of the Mirrors, intending to engage him in combat and overcome him without hurting him, making it the condition of our combat that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the victor. What I meant to demand of him (for I regarded him as vanquished already) was that he should return to his own village, and not leave it for a whole year, by which time he might be cured. But fate ordered it otherwise, for he vanquished me and unhorsed me, and so my plan failed. He went his way, and I came back conquered, covered with shame, and sorely bruised by my fall, which was a particularly dangerous one. But this did not quench my desire to meet him again and overcome him, as you have seen to-day. And as he is so scrupulous in his observance of the laws of knight-errantry, he will, no doubt, in order to keep his word, obey the injunction I have laid upon him. This, señor, is how the matter stands, and I have nothing more to tell you. I implore of you not to betray me, or tell Don Quixote who I am ; so that my honest endeavours may be successful, and that a man of excellent wits—were he only rid of the fooleries of chivalry—may get them back again.'

'O señor,' said Don Antonio, 'may God forgive you the wrong you have done the whole world in trying to bring the most amusing madman in it back to his senses. Do you not see, señor, that the gain by Don Quixote's sanity can never equal the enjoyment his crazes give? But my belief is that all the señor bachelor's pains will be of no avail to

bring a man so hopelessly cracked to his senses again ; and if it were not uncharitable, I would say may Don Quixote never be cured, for by his recovery we lose not only his own drolleries, but his squire Sancho Panza's too, any one of which is enough to turn melancholy itself into merriment. However, I'll hold my peace and say nothing to him, and we'll see whether I am right in my suspicion that Señor Carrasco's efforts will be fruitless.'

The bachelor replied that at all events the affair promised well, and he hoped for a happy result from it ; and putting his services at Don Antonio's commands he took his leave of him ; and having had his armour packed at once upon a mule, he rode away from the city the same day on the horse he rode to battle, and returned to his own country without meeting any adventure calling for record in this veracious history.

Don Antonio reported to the viceroy what Carrasco told him, and the viceroy was not very well pleased to hear it, for with Don Quixote's retirement there was an end to the amusement of all who knew anything of his mad doings.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, dejected, melancholy, moody and out of sorts, brooding over the unhappy event of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and among other things he said to him, 'Hold up your head, señor, and be of good cheer if you can, and give thanks to heaven that if you have had a tumble to the ground you have not come off with a broken rib ; and, as you know that where they give they take,¹ and that there are not always flitches where there are pegs,² a fig for the doctor, for there's

¹ Prov. 70.

² Prov. 226.

no need of him to cure this ailment. Let us go home, and give over going about in search of adventures in strange lands and places; rightly looked at, it is I that am the greater loser, though it is your worship that has had the worse usage. With the government I gave up all wish to be a governor again, but I did not give up all longing to be a count; and that will never come to pass if your worship gives up becoming a king by renouncing the calling of chivalry; and so my hopes are going to turn into smoke.'

'Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'thou seest my suspension and retirement is not to exceed a year; I shall soon return to my honoured calling, and I shall not be at a loss for a kingdom to win and a county to bestow on thee.'

'May God hear it and sin be deaf,'¹ said Sancho; 'I have always heard say that a good hope is better than a bad holding.'²

As they were talking Don Antonio came in looking extremely pleased and exclaiming, 'Pay me for my good news, Señor Don Quixote! Don Gregorio and the renegade who went for him have come ashore—ashore do I say? They are by this time in the viceroy's house, and will be here immediately.'

Don Quixote cheered up a little and said, 'Of a truth I am almost ready to say I should have been glad had it turned out just the other way, for it would have obliged me to cross over to Barbary, where by the might of my arm I should have restored to liberty, not only Don Gregorio, but all the Christian captives there are in Barbary. But what

¹ Prov. 90.

² Prov. 97.

'am I saying, miserable being that I am? Am I not he that has been conquered? Am I not he that has been overthrown? Am I not he who must not take up arms for a year? Then what am I making professions for; what am I bragging about; when it is fitter for me to handle the distaff than the sword?'

'No more of that, señor,' said Sancho; "'let the hen live, even though it be with her pip;'"¹ "to-day for thee and to-morrow for me;"² in these affairs of encounters and whacks one must not mind them, "for he that falls to-day may get up to-morrow;"³ unless indeed he chooses to lie in bed, I mean gives way to weakness and does not pluck up fresh spirit for fresh battles; let your worship get up now to receive Don Gregorio; for the household seems to be in a bustle, and no doubt he has come by this time;' and so it proved, for as soon as Don Gregorio and the renegade had given the viceroy an account of the voyage out and home, Don Gregorio, eager to see Ana Felix, came with the renegade to Don Antonio's house. When they carried him away from Algiers he was in woman's dress; on board the vessel, however, he exchanged it for that of a captive who escaped with him; but in whatever dress he might be he looked like one to be loved and served and esteemed, for he was surpassingly well-favoured, and to judge by appearances some seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter came out to welcome him, the father with tears, the daughter with bashfulness. They did not embrace each other, for where there is deep love there will never be overmuch boldness. Seen side by side,

¹ Prov. 101.

² Prov. 119.

³ Prov. 30.

the comeliness of Don Gregorio and the beauty of Ana Felix were the admiration of all who were present. It was silence that spoke for the lovers at that moment, and their eyes were the tongues that declared their pure and happy feelings. The renegade explained the measures and means he had adopted to rescue Don Gregorio, and Don Gregorio at no great length, but in a few words, in which he showed that his intelligence was in advance of his years, described the peril and embarrassment he found himself in among the women with whom he had sojourned. To conclude, Ricote liberally recompensed and rewarded as well the renegade as the men who had rowed ; and the renegade effected his readmission into the body of the Church and was reconciled with it, and from a rotten limb became by penance and repentance a clean and sound one.

Two days later the viceroy discussed with Don Antonio the steps they should take to enable Ana Felix and her father to stay in Spain, for it seemed to them there could be no objection to a daughter who was so good a Christian and a father to all appearance so well disposed remaining there. Don Antonio offered to arrange the matter at the capital, whither he was compelled to go on some other business, hinting that many a difficult affair was settled there with the help of favour and bribes.

‘Nay,’ said Ricote, who was present during the conversation, ‘it will not do to rely upon favour or bribes, because with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Conde de Salazar, to whom his Majesty has entrusted our expulsion, neither entreaties nor promises, bribes nor appeals to compassion, are of any use ; for though it is true he mingles

mercy with justice, still, seeing that the whole body of our nation is tainted and corrupt, he applies to it the cautery that burns rather than the salve that soothes; and thus, by prudence, sagacity, care, and the fear he inspires, he has borne on his mighty shoulders the weight of this great policy and carried it into effect, all our schemes and plots, importunities and wiles, being ineffectual to blind his Argus eyes, ever on the watch lest one of us should remain behind in concealment, and like a hidden root come in course of time to sprout and bear poisonous fruit in Spain, now cleansed, and relieved of the fear in which our vast numbers kept it. Heroic resolve of the great Philip the Third, and unparalleled wisdom to have entrusted it to the said Don Bernardino de Velasco!'¹

'At any rate,' said Don Antonio, 'when I am there I will make all possible efforts, and let heaven do as pleases it best; Don Gregorio will come with me to relieve the anxiety which his parents must be suffering on account of his absence; Ana Felix will remain in my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I know the viceroy will be glad that the worthy Ricote should stay with him until we see what terms I can make.'

The viceroy agreed to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio on learning what had passed declared he could not and would not on any account leave Ana Felix; however, as it was his purpose to go and see his parents and devise some way of returning for her, he fell in with the proposed

¹ Clemencin says this Don Bernardino de Velasco was famous for having one of the hardest hearts and ugliest faces in all Spain. He was specially charged with the expulsion of the Manchegan Moriscoes.

arrangement. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the viceroy's house.

The day for Don Antonio's departure came; and two days later that for Don Quixote's and Sancho's, for Don Quixote's fall did not suffer him to take the road sooner. There were tears and sighs, swoonings and sobs, at the parting between Don Gregorio and Ana Felix. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns if he would have them, but he would not take any save five which Don Antonio lent him and he promised to repay at the capital. So the two of them took their departure, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been already said, Don Quixote without his armour and in travelling gear, and Sancho on foot, Dapple being loaded with the armour.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HE WHO READS WILL SEE, OR WHAT
HE WHO HAS IT READ TO HIM WILL HEAR.

As he left Barcelona, Don Quixote turned to gaze upon the spot where he had fallen. 'Here Troy was,' said he; 'here my ill-luck, not my cowardice, robbed me of all the glory I had won; here Fortune made me the victim of her caprices; here the lustre of my achievements was dimmed; here, in a word, fell my happiness never to rise again.'

'Señor,' said Sancho on hearing this, 'it is the part of brave hearts to be patient in adversity just as much as to be glad in prosperity; I judge by myself, for, if when I was a governor I was glad, now that I am a squire and on foot I am not sad; and I have heard say that she whom commonly they call Fortune is a drunken whimsical jade, and, what is more, blind, and therefore neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she casts down or whom she sets up.'

'Thou art a great philosopher, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'thou speakest very sensibly; I know not who taught thee. But I can tell thee there is no such thing as Fortune in the world, nor does anything which takes place there, be it good or bad, come about by chance, but by the

special preordination of heaven ; and hence the common saying that each of us is the maker of his own Fortune.¹ I have been that of mine ; but not with the proper amount of prudence, and my self-confidence has therefore made me pay dearly ; for I ought to have reflected that Rocinante's feeble strength could not resist the mighty bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's horse. In a word, I ventured it, I did my best, I was overthrown, but though I lost my honour I did not lose nor can I lose the virtue of keeping my word. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, I supported my achievements by hand and deed, and now that I am a humble squire I will support my words by keeping the promise I have given. Forward then, Sancho my friend, let us go to keep the year of the novitiate in our own country, and in that seclusion we shall pick up fresh strength to return to the by me never-forgotten calling of arms.'

'Señor,' returned Sancho, 'travelling on foot is not such a pleasant thing that it makes me feel disposed or tempted to make long marches. Let us leave this armour hung up on some tree, instead of some one that has been hanged ; and then with me on Dapple's back and my feet off the ground we will arrange the stages as your worship pleases to measure them out ; but to suppose that I am going to travel on foot, and make long ones, is to suppose nonsense.'

'Thou sayest well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ; 'let my armour be hung up for a trophy, and under it or round it we will carve on the trees what was inscribed on the trophy of Roland's armour—

¹ Prov. 237.

These let none move
Who dareth not his might with Roland prove.'

'That's the very thing,' said Sancho; 'and if it was not that we should feel the want of Rocinante on the road, it would be as well to leave him hung up too.'

'And yet, I had rather not have either him or the armour hung up,' said Don Quixote, 'that it may not be said, "for good service a bad return."' ¹

'Your worship is right,' said Sancho; 'for, as sensible people hold, "the fault of the ass must not be laid on the pack-saddle;" ² and, as in this affair the fault is your worship's, punish yourself and don't let your anger break out against the already battered and bloody armour, or the meekness of Rocinante, or the tenderness of my feet, trying to make them travel more than is reasonable.'

In converse of this sort the whole of that day went by, as did the four succeeding ones, without anything occurring to interrupt their journey, but on the fifth as they entered a village they found a great number of people at the door of an inn enjoying themselves, as it was a holiday. Upon Don Quixote's approach a peasant called out, 'One of these two gentlemen who come here, and who don't know the parties, will tell us what we ought to do about our wager.'

'That I will, certainly,' said Don Quixote, 'and according to the rights of the case, if I can manage to understand it.'

'Well, here it is, worthy sir,' said the peasant; 'a man of this village who is so fat that he weighs twenty stone challenged another, a neighbour of his, who does not weigh more than nine, to run a race. The agreement was that

¹ Prov. 217.

² Prov. 18.

they were to run a distance of a hundred paces with equal weights ; and when the challenger was asked how the weights were to be equalised he said that the other, as he weighed nine stone, should put eleven in iron on his back, and that in this way the twenty stone of the thin man would equal the twenty stone of the fat one.'

'Not at all,' exclaimed Sancho at once, before Don Quixote could answer ; ' it's for me, that only a few days ago left off being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, to settle these doubtful questions and give an opinion in disputes of all sorts.'

'Answer in God's name, Sancho my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat, my wits are so confused and upset.'

With this permission Sancho said to the peasants who stood clustered round him, waiting with open mouths for the decision to come from his, 'Brothers, what the fat man requires is not in reason, nor has it a shadow of justice in it ; because, if it be true, as they say, that the challenged may choose the weapons, the other has no right to choose such as will prevent and keep him from winning. My decision, therefore, is that the fat challenger prune, peel, thin, trim and correct himself, and take eleven stone of his flesh off his body, here or there, as he pleases, and as suits him best ; and being in this way reduced to nine stone weight, he will make himself equal and even with nine stone of his opponent, and they will be able to run on equal terms.'¹

¹ The story is in Alciati, but Cervantes no doubt got it from the great Spanish 'Joe Miller,' the *Floresta Española* of Melchor de Santa Cruz.

‘By all that’s good,’ said one of the peasants as he heard Sancho’s decision, ‘but the gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given judgment like a canon ! But I’ll be bound the fat man won’t part with an ounce of his flesh, not to say eleven stone.’

‘The best plan will be for them not to run,’ said another, ‘so that neither the thin man break down under the weight, nor the fat one strip himself of his flesh ; let half the wager be spent in wine, and let’s take these gentlemen to the tavern where there’s the best, and “over me be the cloak when it rains.”’¹

‘I thank you, sirs,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘but I cannot stop for an instant, for sad thoughts and unhappy circumstances force me to seem discourteous and to travel apace ;’ and spurring Rocinante he pushed on, leaving them wondering at what they had seen and heard, at his own strange figure and at the shrewdness of his servant, for such they took Sancho to be ; and another of them observed, ‘If the servant is so clever, what must the master be ? I’ll bet, if they are going to Salamanca to study, they’ll come to be *alcaldes* of the court in a trice ; for it’s a mere joke—only to read and read, and have interest and good luck ; and before a man knows where he is he finds himself with a staff in his hand or a mitre on his head.’

That night master and man passed out in the fields in the open air, and the next day as they were pursuing their journey they saw coming towards them a man on foot with alforjas slung over his shoulder and a javelin or spiked staff in his hand, the very cut of a foot courier ; who, as soon as

¹ Prov. 37.

he came close to Don Quixote, increased his pace and half running came up to him, and embracing his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaimed with evident pleasure, 'O Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, what happiness it will be to the heart of my lord the duke when he knows your worship is coming back to his castle, for he is still there with my lady the duchess !'

'I do not recognise you, friend,' said Don Quixote, 'nor do I know who you are, unless you tell me.'

'I am Tosilos, my lord the duke's lacquey, Señor Don Quixote,' replied the courier; 'he who refused to fight your worship about marrying the daughter of Doña Rodriguez.'

'God bless me !' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'is it possible that you are he whom mine enemies the enchanters changed into the lacquey you speak of in order to rob me of the honour of that battle ?'

'Nonsense, good sir !' said the messenger; 'there was no enchantment or transformation at all; I entered the lists just as much lacquey Tosilos as I came out of them lacquey Tosilos. I thought to marry without fighting, for the girl had taken my fancy; but my scheme had a very different result, for as soon as your worship had left the castle my lord the duke had a hundred strokes of the stick given me for having acted contrary to the orders he gave me before engaging in the combat; and the end of the whole affair is that the girl has become a nun, and Doña Rodriguez has gone back to Castile, and I am now on my way to Barcelona with a packet of letters for the viceroy which my master is sending him. If your worship would

like a drop, sound though warm, I have a gourd here full of the best, and some scraps of Tronchon cheese that will serve as a provocative and waker of your thirst if so be it is asleep.'

'I take the offer,' said Sancho; 'no more compliments about it; pour out, good Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies.'

'Thou art indeed the greatest glutton in the world, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and the greatest booby on earth, not to be able to see that this courier is enchanted and this Tosilos a sham one; stop with him and take thy fill; I will go on slowly and wait for thee to come up with me.'

The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his gourd, unwalletted his scraps, and taking out a small loaf of bread he and Sancho seated themselves on the green grass, and in peace and good fellowship finished off the contents of the alforjas down to the bottom, so resolutely that they licked the wrapper of the letters, merely because it smelt of cheese.

Said Tosilos to Sancho, 'Beyond a doubt, Sancho my friend, this master of thine ought to be a madman.'

'Ought!' said Sancho; 'he owes no man anything; he pays for everything, particularly when the coin is madness. I see it plain enough, and I tell him so plain enough; but what's the use? especially now that it is all over with him, for here he is beaten by the Knight of the White Moon.'

Tosilos begged him to explain what had happened him, but Sancho replied that it would not be good manners to leave his master waiting for him; and that some other day

if they met there would be time enough for that ; and then getting up, after shaking his doublet and brushing the crumbs out of his beard, he drove Dapple on before him, and bidding adieu to Tosilos left him and rejoined his master, who was waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAPTER LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE FORMED TO TURN SHEPHERD AND TAKE TO A LIFE IN THE FIELDS WHILE THE YEAR FOR WHICH HE HAD GIVEN HIS WORD WAS RUNNING ITS COURSE ; WITH OTHER EVENTS TRULY DELECTABLE AND HAPPY.

IF a multitude of reflections used to harass Don Quixote before he had been overthrown, a great many more harassed him since his fall. He was under the shade of a tree, as has been said, and there, like flies on honey, thoughts came crowding upon him and stinging him. Some of them turned upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others upon the life he was about to lead in his enforced retirement. Sancho came up and spoke in high praise of the generous disposition of the lacquey Tosilos.

‘Is it possible, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that thou dost still think that he yonder is a real lacquey? Apparently it has escaped thy memory that thou hast seen Dulcinea turned and transformed into a peasant wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco ; all the work of the enchanters that persecute me. But tell me now, didst thou ask this Tosilos, as thou callest him, what has become of Altisidora, did she weep over my

absence, or has she already consigned to oblivion the love thoughts that used to afflict her when I was present ? ’

‘The thoughts that I had,’ said Sancho, ‘were not such as to leave time for asking fool’s questions. Body o’ me, señor ! is your worship in a condition now to inquire into other people’s thoughts, above all love thoughts ? ’

‘Look ye, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘there is a great difference between what is done out of love and what is done out of gratitude. A knight may very possibly be proof against love ; but it is impossible, strictly speaking, for him to be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me truly ; she gave me the three kerchiefs thou knowest of ; she wept at my departure, she cursed me, she abused me, casting shame to the winds she bewailed herself in public ; all signs that she adored me ; for the wrath of lovers always ends in curses. I had no hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her, for mine are given to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant are like those of the fairies,¹ illusory and deceptive ; all I can give her is the place in my memory I keep for her, without prejudice, however, to that which I hold devoted to Dulcinea, whom thou art wronging by thy remissness in whipping thyself and scourging that flesh—would that I saw it eaten by wolves—which would rather keep itself for the worms than for the relief of that poor lady.’

‘Señor,’ replied Sancho, ‘if the truth is to be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my back-side has anything to do with the disenchantment of the

¹ The Spanish duendes are, however, more akin to brownies than fairies.

enchanted ; it is like saying, " If your head aches rub ointment on your knees ;" at any rate I'll make bold to swear that in all the histories dealing with knight-errantry that your worship has read you have never come across anybody disenchanted by whipping ; but whether or no I'll whip myself when I have a fancy for it, and the opportunity serves for scourging myself comfortably.'

'God grant it,' said Don Quixote ; 'and heaven give thee grace to take it to heart and own the obligation thou art under to help my lady, who is thine also, inasmuch as thou art mine.'

As they pursued their journey talking in this way they came to the very same spot where they had been trampled on by the bulls. Don Quixote recognised it, and said he to Sancho, 'This is the meadow where we came upon those gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who were trying to revive and imitate the pastoral Arcadia there, an idea as novel as it was happy, in emulation whereof, if so be thou dost approve of it, Sancho, I would have ourselves turn shepherds, at any rate for the time I have to live in retirement. I will buy some ewes and everything else requisite for the pastoral calling ; and, I under the name of the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou as the shepherd Panzino, we will roam the woods and groves and meadows singing songs here, lamenting in elegies there, drinking of the crystal waters of the springs or limpid brooks or flowing rivers. The oaks will yield us their sweet fruit with bountiful hand, the trunks of the hard cork trees a seat, the willows shade, the roses perfume, the widespread meadows carpets tinted with a thousand dyes ; the clear pure air will give us breath, the moon

and stars lighten the darkness of the night for us, song shall be our delight, lamenting our joy, Apollo will supply us with verses, and love with conceits whereby we shall make ourselves famed for ever, not only in this but in ages to come.'

'Egad,' said Sancho, 'but that sort of life squares, nay corners, with my notions; and what is more the bachelor Samson Carrasco and Master Nicholas the barber won't have well seen it before they'll want to follow it and turn shepherds along with us; and God grant it may not come into the curate's head to join the sheepfold too, he's so jovial and fond of enjoying himself.'

'Thou art in the right of it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, if he enters the pastoral fraternity, as no doubt he will, may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or perhaps the shepherd Carrascon; Nicholas the barber may call himself Nicoluso, as old Boscan formerly was called Nemoroso;' as for the curate I don't know what name we can fit to him unless it be something derived from his title, and we call him the shepherd Curiambro. For the shepherdesses whose lovers we shall be, we can pick names as we would pears; and as my lady's name does just as well for a shepherdess's as for a princess's, I need not trouble myself to look for one that will suit her better; to thine, Sancho, thou canst give what name thou wilt.'

'I don't mean to give her any but Teresona,' said Sancho, 'which will go well with her stoutness and with her own right name, as she is called Teresa;' and then

¹ See Note A, p. 307.

² The termination *ona* is augmentative.

when I sing her praises in my verses I'll show how chaste my passion is, for I'm not going to look for better bread than ever came from wheat in other men's houses.¹ It won't do for the curate to have a shepherdess, for the sake of good example; and if the bachelor chooses to have one, that is his look out.'

'God bless me, Sancho my friend!' said Don Quixote, 'what a life we shall lead! What hautboys and Zamora bagpipes we shall hear, what tabors, timbrels, and rebecks! And then if among all these different sorts of music that of the albogues is heard, almost all the pastoral instruments will be there.'

'What are albogues?' asked Sancho, 'for I never in my life heard tell of them or saw them.'

'Albogues,' said Don Quixote, 'are brass plates like candlesticks that struck against one another on the hollow side make a noise which, if not very pleasing or harmonious, is not disagreeable and accords very well with the rude notes of the bagpipe and tabor. The word albogue is Morisco, as are all those in our Spanish tongue that begin with *al*; for example, *almohaza*, *almorzar*, *alhombra*, *alguacil*, *alhucema*, *almacen*, *alcancia*, and others of the same sort, of which there are not many more; our language has only three that are Morisco and end in *í*, which are *borceguí*, *zaquizamí*, and *maravedí*; *alhelí* and *alfaquí* are seen to be Arabic, as well by the *al* at the beginning as by the *í* they end with. I mention this incidentally, the chance allusion to albogues having reminded me of it; and it will be of great assistance to us in the perfect practice of this calling

¹ Prov. 171.

that I am something of a poet, as thou knowest, and that besides the bachelor Samson Carrasco is an accomplished one. Of the curate I say nothing; but I will wager he has some spice of the poet in him, and no doubt Master Nicholas too, for all barbers, or most of them, are guitar players and stringers of verses. I will bewail my separation; thou shalt glorify thyself as a constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon will figure as a rejected one, and the curate Curiambro as whatever may please him best; and so all will go as gaily as heart could wish.'

To this Sancho made answer, 'I am so unlucky, señor, that I'm afraid the day will never come when I'll see myself at such a calling. O what neat spoons I'll make when I'm a shepherd! What messes, creams, garlands, pastoral odds and ends! And if they don't get me a name for wisdom, they'll not fail to get me one for ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica will bring us our dinner to the pasture. But stay—she's good-looking, and shepherds there are with more mischief than simplicity in them; I would not have her "come for wool and go back shorn;"¹ love-making and lawless desires are just as common in the fields as in the cities, and in shepherds' shanties as in royal palaces; "do away with the cause, you do away with the sin,"² and "if eyes don't see heart don't break,"³ and "better a clear escape than good men's prayers."⁴

'A truce to thy proverbs, Sancho,' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'any one of those thou hast uttered would suffice

¹ Prov. 124.

² Prov. 46.

³ Prov. 159.

⁴ Prov. 212.

to explain thy meaning ; many a time have I recommended thee not to be so lavish with proverbs and to exercise some moderation in delivering them ; but it seems to me it is only preaching in the desert ; “ my mother beats me and I go on with my tricks.”¹

‘It seems to me,’ said Sancho, ‘that your worship is like the common saying, “Said the frying-pan to the kettle, Get away, blackbreech.”¹ You chide me for uttering proverbs, and you string them in couples yourself.’

‘Observe, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I bring in proverbs to the purpose, and when I quote them they fit like a ring to the finger ; thou bringest them in by the head and shoulders, in such a way that thou dost drag them in, rather than introduce them ; if I am not mistaken, I have told thee already that proverbs are short maxims drawn from the experience and observation of our wise men of old ; but the proverb that is not to the purpose is a piece of nonsense and not a maxim. But enough of this ; as nightfall is drawing on let us retire some little distance from the high road to pass the night ; what is in store for us to-morrow God knoweth.’

They turned aside, and supped late and poorly, very much against Sancho’s will, who turned over in his mind the hardships attendant upon knight-errantry in woods and forests, even though at times plenty presented itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda’s, at the wedding of Camacho the Rich, and at Don Antonio Moreno’s ; he reflected, however, that it could not be always

¹ Prov. 45.

² Prov. 215.

day, nor always night; and so that night he passed in sleeping, and his master in waking.

Note A (page 808).

I.e. by Garcilaso in Eclogue I. (*nemus* = *bosque*); but Herrera, Garcilaso's editor, says Antonio de Fonseca was meant; and Saa de Miranda, the Garcilaso of Portugal, who was a contemporary, holds that Nemoroso was Garcilaso himself.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE.

THE night was somewhat dark, for though there was a moon in the sky it was not in a quarter where she could be seen ; for sometimes the lady Diana goes on a stroll to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains all black and the valleys in darkness. Don Quixote obeyed nature so far as to sleep his first sleep, but did not give way to the second, very different from Sancho, who never had any second, because with him sleep lasted from night till morning, wherein he showed what a sound constitution and how few cares he had. Don Quixote's cares kept him restless, so much so that he awoke Sancho and said to him, 'I am amazed, Sancho, at the unconcern of thy temperament. I believe thou art made of marble or hard brass, incapable of any emotion or feeling whatever. I lie awake while thou sleepest, I weep while thou singest. I am faint with fasting while thou art sluggish and torpid from pure repletion. It is the duty of good servants to share the sufferings and feel the sorrows of their masters, if it be only for the sake of appearances. See the calmness of the night, the solitude of the spot, inviting us to break our slumbers by a vigil of some sort. Rise as thou livest, and retire a little distance, and with a good heart

and cheerful courage give thyself three or four hundred lashes on account of Dulcinea's disenchantment score ; and this I entreat of thee, making it a request, for I have no desire to come to grips with thee a second time, as I know thou hast a heavy hand. As soon as thou hast laid them on we will pass the rest of the night, I singing my separation, thou thy constancy, making a beginning at once with the pastoral life we are to follow at our village.'

'Señor,' replied Sancho, 'I'm no monk to get up out of the middle of my sleep and scourge myself, nor does it seem to me that one can pass from one extreme of the pain of whipping to the other of music. Will your worship-let me sleep, and not worry me about whipping myself? or you'll make me swear never to touch a hair of my doublet, not to say my flesh.'

'O hard heart!' said Don Quixote, 'O pitiless squire! O bread ill-bestowed and favours ill-acknowledged, both those I have done thee and those I mean to do thee! Through me hast thou seen thyself a governor, and through me thou seest thyself in immediate expectation of being a count, or obtaining some other equivalent title, for I—*post tenebras spero lucem*.'

'I don't know what that is,' said Sancho; 'all I know is that so long as I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, trouble nor glory; and good luck betide him that invented sleep, the cloak that covers over all a man's thoughts, the food that removes hunger, the drink that drives away thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cold that tempers the heat, and, to wind up with, the universal coin wherewith everything is bought, the weight and balance

that makes the shepherd equal with the king and the fool with the wise man. Sleep, I have heard say, has only one fault, that it is like death; for between a sleeping man and a dead man there is very little difference.'

'Never have I heard thee speak so elegantly as now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and here I begin to see the truth of the proverb thou dost sometimes quote, "Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed."'¹

'Ha, by my life, master mine,' said Sancho, 'it's not I that am stringing proverbs now, for they drop in pairs from your worship's mouth faster than from mine; only there is this difference between mine and yours, that yours are well-timed and mine are untimely; but anyhow, they are all proverbs.'

At this point they became aware of a harsh indistinct noise that seemed to spread through all the valleys around. Don Quixote stood up and laid his hand upon his sword, and Sancho ensconced himself under Dapple and put the bundle of armour on one side of him and the ass's pack-saddle on the other, in fear and trembling as great as Don Quixote's perturbation. Each instant the noise increased and came nearer to the two terrified men, or at least to one, for as to the other, his courage is known to all. The fact of the matter was that some men were taking above six hundred pigs to sell at a fair, and were on their way with them at that hour, and so great was the noise they made and their grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and they could not make out what it was. The wide-spread grunting drove

¹ Prov. 153.

came on in a surging mass, and without showing any respect for Don Quixote's dignity or Sancho's, passed right over the pair of them, demolishing Sancho's entrenchments, and not only upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rocinante off his feet into the bargain; and what with the trampling and the grunting, and the pace at which the unclean beasts went, pack-saddle, armour, Dapple and Rocinante were left scattered on the ground and Sancho and Don Quixote at their wits' end.

Sancho got up as well as he could and begged his master to give him his sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those dirty unmannerly pigs, for he had by this time found out that that was what they were.

'Let them be, my friend,' said Don Quixote; 'this insult is the penalty of my sin; and it is the righteous chastisement of heaven that jackals should devour a vanquished knight, and wasps sting him and pigs trample him under foot.'

'I suppose it is the chastisement of heaven, too,' said Sancho, 'that flies should prick the squires of vanquished knights, and lice eat them, and hunger assail them. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or their very near relations, it would be no wonder if the penalty of their misdeeds overtook us, even to the fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, well, let's lie down again and sleep out what little of the night there's left, and God will send us dawn and we shall be all right.'

'Sleep thou, Sancho,' returned Don Quixote, 'for thou wast born to sleep as I was born to watch; and during the

time it now wants of dawn I will give a loose rein to my thoughts, and seek a vent for them in a little madrigal which, unknown to thee, I composed in my head last night.'

'I should think,' said Sancho, 'that the thoughts that allow one to make verses cannot be of great consequence; let your worship string verses as much as you like and I'll sleep as much as I can;' and forthwith, taking the space of ground he required, he muffled himself up and fell into a sound sleep, undisturbed by bond, debt, or trouble of any sort. Don Quixote, propped up against the trunk of a beech or a cork tree—for Cid Hamet does not specify what kind of tree it was—sang in this strain to the accompaniment of his own sighs:

When in my mind
I muse, O Love, upon thy cruelty,
To death I flee,
In hope therein the end of all to find.

But drawing near
That welcome haven in my sea of woe,
Such joy I know,
That life revives, and still I linger here.

Thus life doth slay,
And death again to life restoreth me;
Strange destiny,
That deals with life and death as with a play!

He accompanied each verse with many sighs and not a few tears, just like one whose heart was pierced with grief at his defeat and his separation from Dulcinea.

And now daylight came, and the sun smote Sancho on the eyes with his beams. He awoke, roused himself up,

shook himself and stretched his lazy limbs, and seeing the havoc the pigs had made with his stores he cursed the drove, and more besides. Then the pair resumed their journey, and as evening closed in they saw coming towards them some ten men on horseback and four or five on foot. Don Quixote's heart beat quick and Sancho's quailed with fear, for the persons approaching them carried lances and bucklers, and were in very warlike guise. Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said, 'If I could make use of my weapons, and my promise had not tied my hands, I would count this host that comes against us but cakes and fancy bread ;¹ but perhaps it may prove something different from what we apprehend.' The men on horseback now came up, and raising their lances surrounded Don Quixote in silence, and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his lips as a sign to him to be silent, seized Rocinante's bridle and drew him out of the road, and the others driving Sancho and Dapple before them, and all maintaining a strange silence, followed in the steps of the one who led Don Quixote. The latter two or three times attempted to ask where they were taking him to and what they wanted, but the instant he began to open his lips they threatened to close them with the points of their lances ; and Sancho fared the same way, for the moment he seemed about to speak one of those on foot punched him with a goad, and Dapple likewise, as if he too wanted to talk. Night set in, they quickened their pace, and the fears of the two prisoners grew greater, especially as they heard themselves assailed

¹ Prov. 229.

with—‘Get on, ye Troglodytes;’ ‘Silence, ye barbarians;’ ‘March, ye cannibals;’ ‘No murmuring, ye Scythians;’ ‘Don’t open your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemes, ye blood-thirsty lions,’ and suchlike names with which their captors harassed the ears of the wretched master and man. Sancho went along saying to himself, ‘We, tortolites, barbers, animals! I don’t like those names at all; “it’s in a bad wind our corn is being winnowed;”¹ “misfortune comes upon us all at once like sticks on a dog,”² and God grant it may be no worse than them that this unlucky adventure has in store for us.’

Don Quixote rode completely dazed, unable with the aid of all his wits to make out what could be the meaning of these abusive names they called them, and the only conclusion he could arrive at was that there was no good to be hoped for and much evil to be feared. And now, about an hour after midnight, they reached a castle which Don Quixote saw at once was the duke’s, where they had been but a short time before. ‘God bless me!’ said he, as he recognised the mansion, ‘what does this mean? It is all courtesy and politeness in this house; but with the vanquished good turns into evil, and evil into worse.’

They entered the chief court of the castle and found it prepared and fitted up in a style that added to their amazement and doubled their fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.

¹ Prov. 245.

² Prov. 123.

CHAPTER LXIX.

OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE
THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS
GREAT HISTORY.

THE horsemen dismounted, and, together with the men on foot, without a moment's delay taking up Sancho and Don Quixote bodily, they carried them into the court, all round which near a hundred torches fixed in sockets were burning, besides above five hundred lamps in the corridors, so that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the want of daylight could not be perceived. In the middle of the court was a catafalque, raised about two yards above the ground and covered completely by an immense canopy of black velvet, and on the steps all round it white wax tapers burned in more than a hundred silver candlesticks. Upon the catafalque was seen the dead body of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she made death itself look beautiful. She lay with her head resting upon a cushion of brocade and crowned with a garland of sweet-smelling flowers of divers sorts, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and between them a branch of yellow palm of victory.¹ On one side of

¹ The dried palm branch preserved from Easter Sunday that may be seen in almost every Spanish house.

the court was erected a stage, where upon two chairs were seated two persons who from having crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands appeared to be kings of some sort, whether real or mock ones. By the side of this stage, which was reached by steps, were two other chairs on which the men carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all in silence, and by signs giving them to understand that they too were to be silent; which, however, they would have been without any signs, for their amazement at all they saw held them tongue-tied. And now two persons of distinction, who were at once recognised by Don Quixote as his hosts the duke and duchess, ascended the stage attended by a numerous suite, and seated themselves on two gorgeous chairs close to the two kings, as they seemed to be. Who would not have been amazed at this? Nor was this all, for Don Quixote had perceived that the dead body on the catafalque was that of the fair Altisidora. As the duke and duchess mounted the stage Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which they returned by bowing their heads slightly. At this moment an official crossed over, and approaching Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap put upon his head a mitre such as those undergoing the sentence of the Holy Office wear; and whispered in his ear that he must not open his lips, or they would put a gag upon him, or take his life. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot and saw himself all ablaze with flames; but as they did not burn him he did not care two farthings for them. He took off the mitre and seeing it painted with devils he put it on again, saying

to himself, 'Well, so far those don't burn me nor do these carry me off.' Don Quixote surveyed him too, and though fear had got the better of his faculties, he could not help smiling to see the figure Sancho presented. And now from underneath the catafalque, so it seemed, there rose a low sweet sound of flutes, which, coming unbroken by human voice (for there silence itself kept silence), had a soft and languishing effect. Then, beside the pillow of what seemed to be the dead body, suddenly appeared a fair youth in a Roman habit, who, to the accompaniment of a harp which he himself played, sang in a sweet and clear voice these two stanzas :

While fair Altisidora, who the sport
Of cold Don Quixote's cruelty hath been,
Returns to life, and in this magic court
The dames in sables come to grace the scene,
And while her matrons all in seemly sort
My lady robes in baize and bombazine,
Her beauty and her sorrows will I sing
With defter quill than touched the Thracian string.¹

But not in life alone, methinks, to me
Belongs the office ; Lady, when my tongue
Is cold in death, believe me unto thee
My voice shall raise its tributary song.
My soul, from this strait prison-house set free,
As o'er the Stygian lake it floats along,
Thy praises singing still shall hold its way,
And make the waters of oblivion stay.

At this point one of the two that looked like kings

¹ I.e. that of Orpheus. The second stanza is Garcilaso's; it is the second of his third Eclogue.

exclaimed, 'Enough, enough, divine singer ! It would be an endless task to put before us now the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but living in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza, here present, has to undergo to restore her to the long-lost light. Do thou, therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest in judgment with me in the murky caverns of Dis, as thou knowest all that the inscrutable fates have decreed touching the resuscitation of this damsel, announce and declare it at once, that the happiness we look forward to from her restoration be no longer deferred.'

No sooner had Minos the fellow judge of Rhadamanthus said this, than Rhadamanthus rising up said, 'Ho, officials of this house, high and low, great and small, make haste hither one and all, and print on Sancho's face four-and-twenty smacks, and give him twelve pinches and six pin-thrusts in the back and arms ; for upon this ceremony depends the restoration of Altisidora.'

On hearing this Sancho broke silence and cried out, 'By all that's good, I'll as soon let my face be smacked or handled as turn Moor. Body o' me ! What has handling my face got to do with the resurrection of this damsel ? "The old woman took kindly to the blits ;"'¹ they enchant Dulcinea, and whip me in order to disenchant her ; Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to bring her to life again they must give me four-and-twenty smacks, and prick holes in my body with pins, and raise

¹ Prov. 244. In full it is, 'and did not leave green or dry.' Spanish, *bledos*, Fr. *blette* ; used in the South as a substitute for spinach.

weals on my arms with pinches! Try those jokes on a brother-in-law; ¹ "I'm an old dog, and 'tus, tus' is no use with me." ²

'Thou shalt die,' said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice; 'relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, for no impossibilities are asked of thee; it is not for thee to inquire into the difficulties in this matter; smacked thou must be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and with pinches thou must be made to howl. Ho, I say, officials, obey my orders; or by the word of an honest man, ye shall see what ye were born for.'

At this some six duennas, advancing across the court, made their appearance in procession, one after the other, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands uplifted, showing four fingers of wrist to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion now-a-days. No sooner had Sancho caught sight of them than, bellowing like a bull, he exclaimed, 'I might let myself be handled by all the world; but allow duennas to touch me—not a bit of it! Scratch my face, as my master was served in this very castle; run me through the body with burnished daggers; pinch my arms with red-hot pincers; I'll bear all in patience to serve these gentlefolk; but I won't let duennas touch me, though the devil should carry me off!'

Here Don Quixote, too, broke silence, saying to Sancho, 'Have patience, my son, and gratify these noble persons, and give all thanks to heaven that it has infused such virtue into thy person, that by its sufferings thou canst disenchant the enchanted and restore to life the dead.'

¹ Prov. 65.

² Prov. 188.

The duennas were now close to Sancho, and he, having become more tractable and reasonable, settling himself well in his chair presented his face and beard to the first, who delivered him a smack very stoutly laid on, and then made him a low curtsy.

‘Less politeness and less paint, señora duenna,’ said Sancho; ‘by God your hands smell of vinegar-wash.’

In fine, all the duennas smacked him and several others of the household pinched him; but what he could not stand was being pricked by the pins; and so, apparently out of patience, he started up out of his chair, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him fell upon the duennas and the whole set of his tormentors, exclaiming, ‘Begone, ye ministers of hell; I’m not made of brass not to feel such out-of-the-way tortures.’

At this instant Altisidora, who probably was tired of having been so long lying on her back, turned on her side; seeing which the bystanders cried out almost with one voice, ‘Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!’

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho put away his wrath, as the object they had in view was now attained. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he went on his knees to Sancho saying to him, ‘Now is the time, son of my bowels, not to call thee my squire, for thee to give thyself some of those lashes thou art bound to lay on for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when the virtue that is in thee is ripe, and endowed with efficacy to work the good that is looked for from thee.’

To which Sancho made answer, ‘That’s trick upon trick, I think, and not honey upon pancakes; a nice thing

it would be for a whipping to come now, on the top of pinches, smacks, and pin-proddings! You had better take a big stone and tie it round my neck, and pitch me into a well; I should not mind it much, if I'm to be always made the cow of the wedding¹ for the cure of other people's ailments. Leave me alone; or else by God I'll fling the whole thing to the dogs, come what may.'

Altisidora had by this time sat up on the catafalque, and as she did so the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and the voices of all present exclaiming, 'Long life to Altisidora! long life to Altisidora!' The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus stood up, and all, together with Don Quixote and Sancho, advanced to receive her and take her down from the catafalque; and she, making as though she were recovering from a swoon, bowed her head to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and looking sideways at Don Quixote, said to him, 'God forgive thee, insensible knight, for through thy cruelty I have been, to me it seems, more than a thousand years in the other world; and to thee, the most compassionate squire upon earth, I render thanks for the life I am now in possession of. From this day forth, friend Sancho, count as thine six smocks of mine which I bestow upon thee, to make as many shirts for thyself, and if they are not all quite whole, at any rate they are all clean.'

Sancho kissed her hands in gratitude, kneeling, and with the mitre in his hand. The duke bade them take it from him, and give him back his cap and doublet and remove the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to let

¹ The cow that is to be killed for the wedding feast; the one that suffers.

them leave him the robe and mitre; as he wanted to take them home for a token and memento of that unexampled adventure. The duchess said they must leave them with him; for he knew already what a great friend of his she was. The duke then gave orders that the court should be cleared, and that all should retire to their chambers, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old quarters.

CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS SIXTY-NINE AND DEALS WITH MATTERS INDISPENSABLE FOR THE CLEAR COMPREHENSION OF THIS HISTORY.

SANCHO slept that night in a cot in the same chamber with Don Quixote, a thing he would have gladly excused if he could, for he knew very well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep, and he was in no humour for talking much, as he still felt the pain of his late martyrdom, which interfered with his freedom of speech; and it would have been more to his taste to sleep in a hovel alone, than in that luxurious chamber in company. And so well founded did his apprehension prove, and so correct was his anticipation, that scarcely had his master got into bed when he said, 'What dost thou think of to-night's adventure, Sancho? Great and mighty is the power of cold-hearted scorn, for thou with thine own eyes hast seen Altisidora slain, not by arrows, nor by the sword, nor by any warlike weapon, nor by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the sternness and scorn with which I have always treated her.'

'She might have died and welcome,' said Sancho, 'when she pleased and how she pleased; and she might have left me alone, for I never made her fall in love or scorned her.'

I don't know nor can I imagine how the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more fanciful than wise, can have, as I have said before, anything to do with the sufferings of Sancho Panza. Now I begin to see plainly and clearly that there are enchanters and enchanted people in the world; and may God deliver me from them, since I can't deliver myself; and so I beg of your worship to let me sleep and not ask me any more questions, unless you want me to throw myself out of the window.'

'Sleep, Sancho my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'if the pin-prodding and pinches thou hast received and the smacks administered to thee will let thee.'

'No pain came up to the insult of the smacks,' said Sancho, 'for the simple reason that it was duennas, confound them, that gave them to me; but once more I entreat your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is relief from misery to those who are miserable when awake.'

'Be it so, and God be with thee,' said Don Quixote.

They fell asleep, both of them, and Cid Hamet, the author of this great history, took this opportunity to record and relate what it was that induced the duke and duchess to get up the elaborate plot that has been described. The bachelor Samson Carrasco, he says, not forgetting how he as the Knight of the Mirrors had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow upset all his plans, resolved to try his hand again, hoping for better luck than he had before; and so, having learned where Don Quixote was from the page who brought the letter and present to Sancho's wife, Teresa Panza, he got himself new armour and another horse, and put a white

moon upon his shield, and to carry his arms he had a mule led by a peasant, not by Tom Cecial his former squire for fear he should be recognised by Sancho or Don Quixote. He came to the duke's castle, and the duke informed him of the road and route Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts at Saragossa. He told him, too, of the jokes he had practised upon him, and of the device for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's backside; and finally he gave him an account of the trick Sancho had played upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and turned into a country wench; and of how the duchess, his wife, had persuaded Sancho that it was he himself who was deceived, inasmuch as Dulcinea was really enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed not a little, and marvelled as well at the sharpness and simplicity of Sancho as at the length to which Don Quixote's madness went. The duke begged of him if he found him (whether he overcame him or not) to return that way and let him know the result. This the bachelor did; he set out in quest of Don Quixote, and not finding him at Saragossa, he went on, and how he fared has been already told. He returned to the duke's castle and told him all, what the conditions of the combat were, and how Don Quixote was now, like a loyal knight-errant, returning to keep his promise of retiring to his village for a year, by which time, said the bachelor, he might perhaps be cured of his madness; for that was the object that had led him to adopt these disguises, as it was a sad thing for a gentleman of such good parts as Don Quixote to be a madman. And so he took his leave of

the duke, and went home to his village to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thereupon the duke seized the opportunity of practising this mystification upon him ; so much did he enjoy everything connected with Sancho and Don Quixote. He had the roads about the castle far and near, everywhere he thought Don Quixote was likely to pass on his return, occupied by large numbers of his servants on foot and on horseback, who were to bring him to the castle, by fair means or foul, if they met him. They did meet him, and sent word to the duke, who, having already settled what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, ordered the torches and lamps in the court to be lit and Altisidora to be placed on the catafalque with all the pomp and ceremony that has been described, the whole affair being so well arranged and acted that it differed but little from reality. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, that for his part he considers the concoctors of the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth removed from being something like fools themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.

As for the latter, one was sleeping soundly and the other lying awake occupied with his desultory thoughts, when daylight came to them bringing with it the desire to rise ; for the lazy down was never a delight to Don Quixote, victor or vanquished. Altisidora, come back from death to life as Don Quixote fancied, following up the freak of her lord and lady, entered the chamber, crowned with the garland she had worn on the catafalque and in a robe of white taffeta embroidered with gold flowers, her

hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and leaning upon a staff of fine black ebony. Don Quixote, disconcerted and in confusion at her appearance, huddled himself up and well-nigh covered himself altogether with the sheets and counterpane of the bed, tongue-tied, and unable to offer her any civility. Altisidora seated herself on a chair at the head of the bed, and, after a deep sigh, said to him in a feeble, soft voice, 'When women of rank and modest maidens trample honour under foot, and give a loose to the tongue that breaks through every impediment, publishing abroad the inmost secrets of their hearts, they are reduced to sore extremities. Such a one am I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, crushed, conquered, love-smitten, but yet patient under suffering and virtuous, and so much so that my heart broke with grief and I lost my life. For the last two days I have been dead, slain by the thought of the cruelty with which thou hast treated me, obdurate knight,

O harder thou than marble to my plaint ;¹

or at least believed to be dead by all who saw me ; and had it not been that Love, taking pity on me, let my recovery rest upon the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world.'

'Love might very well have let it rest upon the sufferings of my ass, and I should have been obliged to him,' said Sancho. 'But tell me, señora—and may heaven send you a tenderer lover than my master—what did you see in the other world ? What goes on in hell ? For of course that's where one who dies in despair is bound for.'

¹ Garcilaso, Eclogue I.

‘To tell you the truth,’ said Altisidora, ‘I cannot have died outright, for I did not go into hell; had I gone in, it is very certain I should never have come out again, do what I might. The truth is, I came to the gate, where some dozen or so of devils were playing tennis, all in breeches and doublets, with falling collars trimmed with Flemish bone-lace, and ruffles of the same that served them for wrist-bands, with four fingers’ breadth of the arm exposed to make their hands look longer; in their hands they held rackets of fire; but what amazed me still more was that books, apparently full of wind and rubbish, served them for tennis balls, a strange and marvellous thing; this, however, did not astonish me so much as to observe that, although with players it is usual for the winners to be glad and the losers sorry, there in that game all were growling, all were snarling, and all were cursing one another.’

‘That’s no wonder,’ said Sancho; ‘for devils, whether playing or not, can never be content, win or lose.’

‘Very likely,’ said Altisidora; ‘but there is another thing that surprises me too, I mean surprised me then, and that was that no ball outlasted the first throw or was of any use a second time; and it was wonderful the constant succession there was of books, new and old. To one of them, a brand-new, well-bound one, they gave such a stroke that they knocked the guts out of it and scattered the leaves about. “Look what book that is,” said one devil to another, and the other replied, “It is the ‘Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha,’ not by Cid Hamet, the original author, but by an Aragonese who by his own account is of Tordesillas.”’

"Out of this with it," said the first, "and into the depths of hell with it out of my sight." "Is it so bad?" said the other. "So bad is it," said the first, "that if I had set myself deliberately to make a worse, I could not have done it." They then went on with their game, knocking other books about; and I, having heard them mention the name of Don Quixote whom I love and adore so, took care to retain this vision in my memory.'

'A vision it must have been, no doubt,' said Don Quixote, 'for there is no other I in the world; this history has been going about here for some time from hand to hand, but it does not stay long in any, for everybody gives it a taste of his foot. I am not disturbed by hearing that I am wandering in a fantastic shape in the darkness of the pit or in the daylight above, for I am not the one that history treats of. If it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have ages of life; but if it should be bad, from its birth to its burial will not be a very long journey.'

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint against Don Quixote, when he said to her, 'I have several times told you, señora, that it grieves me you should have set your affections upon me, as from mine they can only receive gratitude, but no return. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if there are any, dedicated me to her; and to suppose that any other beauty can take the place she occupies in my heart is to suppose an impossibility. This frank declaration should suffice to make you retire within the bounds of your modesty, for no one can bind himself to do impossibilities.'

Hearing this, Altisidora, with a show of anger and

agitation, exclaimed, 'God's life! Don Stockfish, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, more obstinate and obdurate than a clown asked a favour when he has his mind made up, if I fall upon you I'll tear your eyes out! Do you fancy, then, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for your sake? All that you have seen to-night has been make-believe; I'm not the woman to let the black of my nail suffer for such a camel, much less die!'

'That I can well believe,' said Sancho; 'for all that about lovers pining to death is absurd; they may talk of it, but as for doing it—Judas may believe that!'¹

While they were talking, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two stanzas given above came in, and making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote said, 'Will your worship, sir knight, reckon and retain me in the number of your most faithful servants, for I have long been a great admirer of yours, as well because of your fame as because of your achievements?'

'Will your worship tell me who you are,' replied Don Quixote, 'so that my courtesy may be answerable to your deserts?'

The young man replied that he was the musician and songster of the night before.

'Of a truth,' said Don Quixote, 'your worship has a most excellent voice; but what you sang did not seem to me very much to the purpose; for what have Garcilaso's stanzas to do with the death of this lady?'

'Don't be surprised at that,' returned the musician;

¹ Sancho's version of *Credat Judæus*.

‘for with the callow poets of our day the way is for every one to write as he pleases and pilfer where he chooses, whether it be germane to the matter or not, and now-a-days there is no piece of silliness they can sing or write that is not set down to poetic licence.’

Don Quixote was about to reply, but was prevented by the duke and duchess, who came in to see him, and with them there followed a long and delightful conversation, in the course of which Sancho said so many droll and saucy things that he left the duke and duchess wondering not only at his simplicity but at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged their permission to take his departure that same day, inasmuch as for a vanquished knight like himself it was fitter he should live in a pig-sty than in a royal palace. They gave it very readily, and the duchess asked him if Altisidora was in his good graces.

He replied, ‘Señora, let me tell your ladyship that this damsel’s ailment comes entirely of idleness, and the cure for it is honest and constant employment. She herself has told me that lace is worn in hell; and as she must know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands; for when she is occupied in shifting the bobbins to and fro, the image or images of what she loves will not shift to and fro in her thoughts; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my advice.’

‘And mine,’ added Sancho; ‘for I never in all my life saw a lace-maker that died for love; when damsels are at work their minds are more set on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak from my own experience; for when I’m digging I never think of my old woman;

I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my own eyelids.'

'You say well, Sancho,' said the duchess, 'and I will take care that my Altisidora employs herself henceforward in needlework of some sort; for she is extremely expert at it.'

'There is no occasion to have recourse to that remedy, señora,' said Altisidora; 'for the mere thought of the cruelty with which this vagabond villain has treated me will suffice to blot him out of my memory without any other device; with your highness's leave I will retire, not to have before my eyes, I won't say his rueful countenance, but his abominable, ugly looks.'

'That reminds me of the common saying, that "he that rails is ready to forgive,"'¹ said the duke.

Altisidora then, pretending to wipe away her tears with a handkerchief, made an obeisance to her master and mistress and quitted the room.

'Ill luck betide thee, poor damsel,' said Sancho, 'ill luck betide thee! Thou hast fallen in with a soul as dry as a rush and a heart as hard as oak; had it been me, i'faith "another cock would have crowed to thee."'

So the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the duke and duchess, and set out the same evening.

¹ Prov. 122.

CHAPTER LXXI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE
SANCHO ON THE WAY TO THEIR VILLAGE.

THE vanquished and afflicted Don Quixote went along very downcast in one respect and very happy in another. His sadness arose from his defeat, and his satisfaction from the thought of the virtue that lay in Sancho, as had been proved by the resurrection of Altisidora; though it was with difficulty he could persuade himself that the love-smitten damsel had been really dead. Sancho went along anything but cheerful, for it grieved him that Altisidora had not kept her promise of giving him the smocks; and turning this over in his mind he said to his master, 'Surely, señor, I'm the most unlucky doctor in the world; there's many a physician that, after killing the sick man he had to cure, requires to be paid for his work, though it is only signing a bit of a list of medicines, that the apothecary and not he makes up, and, there, his labour is over; but with me, though to cure somebody else costs me drops of blood, smacks, pinches, pin-proddings, and whippings, nobody gives me a farthing. Well, I swear by all that's good if they put another patient into my hands, they'll have to grease them for me before I cure him; for

“it's by his singing the abbot gets his dinner,”¹ and I'm not going to believe that heaven has bestowed upon me the virtue I have, that I should deal it out to others all for nothing.'

'Thou art right, Sancho my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'and Altisidora has behaved very badly in not giving thee the smocks she promised; and although that virtue of thine is *gratis data*—as it has cost thee no study whatever, any more than such study as thy personal sufferings may be—I can say for myself that if thou wouldst have payment for the lashes on account of the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I would have given it to thee freely ere this. I am not sure, however, whether payment will comport with the cure, and I would not have the reward interfere with the medicine. Still, I think there will be nothing lost by trying it; consider how much thou wouldst have, Sancho, and whip thyself at once, and pay thyself down with thine own hand, as thou hast money of mine.'

At this proposal Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a palm's breadth wide, and in his heart very readily acquiesced in whipping himself, and said he to his master, 'Very well then, señor, I'll hold myself in readiness to gratify your worship's wishes if I'm to profit by it; for the love of my wife and children forces me to seem grasping. Let your worship say how much you will pay me for each lash I give myself.'

'If, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'I were to requite thee as the importance and nature of the cure deserves, the treasures of Venice, the mines of Potosi, would be

¹ Prov. 2.

insufficient to pay thee. See what thou hast of mine, and put a price on each lash.'

'Of them,' said Sancho, 'there are three thousand three hundred and odd; of these I have given myself five, the rest remain; let the five go for the odd ones, and let us take the three thousand three hundred, which at a quarter real apiece (for I will not take less though the whole world should bid me) make three thousand three hundred quarter reals; the three thousand are one thousand five hundred half reals, which make seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred make a hundred and fifty half reals, which come to seventy-five reals, which added to the seven hundred and fifty make eight hundred and twenty-five reals in all. These I will stop out of what I have belonging to your worship, and I'll return home rich and content, though well whipped, for "there's no taking trout"¹—but I say no more.'

'O blessed Sancho! O dear Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'how we shall be bound to serve thee, Dulcinea and I, all the days of our lives that heaven may grant us! If she returns to her lost shape (and it cannot be but that she will) her misfortune will have been good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph. But look here, Sancho; when wilt thou begin the scourging? For if thou wilt make short work of it, I will give thee a hundred reals over and above.'

'When?' said Sancho; 'this night without fail. Let your worship order it so that we pass it out of doors and in the open air, and I'll scarify myself.'

¹ Prov. 233. In full it is 'with dry breeches.'

Night, longed for by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, came at last, though it seemed to him that the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was drawing itself out longer than usual, just as is the case with lovers, who never make the reckoning of their desires agree with time. They made their way at length in among some pleasant trees that stood a little distance from the road, and there vacating Rocinante's saddle and Dapple's pack-saddle, they stretched themselves on the green grass and made their supper off Sancho's stores, and he making a powerful and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall retreated about twenty paces from his master among some beech trees. Don Quixote seeing him march off with such resolution and spirit, said to him, 'Take care, my friend, not to cut thyself to pieces; allow the lashes to wait for one another, and do not be in so great a hurry as to run thyself out of breath midway; I mean, do not lay on so strenuously as to make thy life fail thee before thou hast reached the desired number; and that thou mayest not lose by a card too much or too little, I will station myself apart and count on my rosary here the lashes thou givest thyself. May heaven help thee as thy good intention deserves.'

'Pledges don't distress a good paymaster,'¹ said Sancho; 'I mean to lay on in such a way as without killing myself to hurt myself, for in that, no doubt, lies the essence of this miracle.'

He then stripped himself from the waist upwards, and snatching up the rope he began to lay on and Don Quixote to count the 'lashes. He might have given himself six or

¹ Prov. 164.

eight when he began to think the joke no trifle, and its price very low ; and holding his hand for a moment, he told his master that he cried off on the score of a blind bargain, for each of those lashes ought to be paid for at the rate of half a real instead of a quarter.

‘Go on, Sancho my friend, and be not disheartened,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘for I double the stakes as to price.’

‘In that case,’ said Sancho, ‘in God’s hand be it, and let it rain lashes.’ But the rogue no longer laid them on his shoulders, but laid on to the trees, with such groans every now and then, that one would have thought at each of them his soul was being plucked up by the roots. Don Quixote, touched to the heart, and fearing he might make an end of himself, and that through Sancho’s imprudence he might miss his own object, said to him, ‘As thou livest, my friend, let the matter rest where it is, for the remedy seems to me a very rough one, and it will be well to have patience ; “Zamora was not won in an hour.”¹ If I have not reckoned wrong thou hast given thyself over a thousand lashes ; that is enough for the present ; for the ass, to put it in homely phrase, bears the load, but not the overload.’²

‘No, no, señor,’ replied Sancho ; ‘it shall never be said of me, “The money paid, the arms broken ;”³ go back a little further, your worship, and let me give myself at any rate a thousand lashes more ; for in a couple of bouts like this we shall have finished off the lot, and there will be even cloth to spare.’

‘As thou art in such a willing mood,’ said Don Quixote, ‘may heaven aid thee ; lay on and I’ll retire.’

¹ Prov. 251.

² Prov. 19.

³ Prov. 78.

Sancho returned to his task with so much resolution that he soon had the bark stripped off several trees, such was the severity with which he whipped himself; and one time, raising his voice, and giving a beech a tremendous lash, he cried out, 'Here dies Samson, and all with him!'

At the sound of his piteous cry and of the stroke of the cruel lash, Don Quixote ran to him at once, and seizing the twisted halter that served him for a courbash, said to him, 'Heaven forbid, Sancho my friend, that to please me thou shouldst lose thy life, which is needed for the support of thy wife and children; let Dulcinea wait for a better opportunity, and I will content myself with a hope soon to be realised, and have patience until thou hast gained fresh strength so as to finish off this business to the satisfaction of everybody.'

'As your worship will have it so, señor,' said Sancho, 'so be it; but throw your cloak over my shoulders, for I'm sweating and I don't want to take cold; it's a risk that novice disciplinants run.'

Don Quixote obeyed, and stripping himself covered Sancho, who slept until the sun woke him; they then resumed their journey, which for the time being they brought to an end at a village that lay three leagues farther on. They dismounted at a hostelry which Don Quixote recognised as such and did not take to be a castle with moat, turrets, portcullis, and drawbridge; for ever since he had been vanquished he talked more rationally about everything, as will be shown presently. They quartered him in a room on the ground floor, where in place of leather

hangings there were pieces of painted serge such as they commonly use in villages. On one of them was painted by some very poor hand the Rape of Helen, when the bold guest carried her off from Menelaus, and on the other was the story of Dido and Æneas, she on a high tower, as though she were making signals with a half sheet to her fugitive guest who was out at sea flying in a frigate or brigantine. He noticed in the two stories that Helen did not go very reluctantly, for she was laughing slyly and roguishly; but the fair Dido was shown dropping tears the size of walnuts from her eyes. Don Quixote as he looked at them observed, 'Those two ladies were very unfortunate not to have been born in this age, and I unfortunate above all men not to have been born in theirs. Had I fallen in with those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned or Carthage destroyed, for it would have been only for me to slay Paris, and all these misfortunes would have been avoided.'

'I'll lay a bet,' said Sancho, 'that before long there won't be a tavern, roadside inn, hostelry, or barber's shop where the story of our doings won't be painted up; but I'd like it painted by the hand of a better painter than painted these.'

'Thou art right, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for this painter is like Orbaneja, a painter there was at Ubeda, who when they asked him what he was painting, used to say, "Whatever it may turn out;" and if he chanced to paint a cock he would write under it, "This is a cock," for fear they might think it was a fox. The painter or writer, for it's all the same, who published the history of this new Don

Quixote that has come out, must have been one of this sort I think, Sancho, for he painted or wrote "whatever it might turn out;" or perhaps he is like a poet called Mauleon that was about the Court some years ago, who used to answer at haphazard whatever he was asked, and on one asking him what *Deum de Deo* meant, he replied *De donde diere*. But, putting this aside, tell me, Sancho, hast thou a mind to have another turn at thyself to-night, and wouldst thou rather have it indoors or in the open air?

'Egad, señor,' said Sancho, 'for what I'm going to give myself, it comes all the same to me whether it is in a house or in the fields; still I'd like it to be among trees; for I think they are company for me and help me to bear my pain wonderfully.'

'And yet it must not be, Sancho my friend,' said Don Quixote; 'but, to enable thee to recover strength, we must keep it for our own village; for at the latest we shall get there the day after to-morrow.'

Sancho said he might do as he pleased; but that for his own part he would like to finish off the business quickly before his blood cooled and while he had an appetite, because 'in delay there is apt to be danger' very often, and 'praying to God and plying the hammer,' and 'one take was better than two I'll give thee's,' and 'a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing.'¹

'For God's sake, Sancho, no more proverbs!' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'it seems to me thou art becoming *sicut erat* again; speak in a plain, simple, straightforward

¹ Provs. 222, 85, 227, and 167.

way, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt find the good of it.'¹

'I don't know what bad luck it is of mine,' said Sancho, 'but I can't utter a word without a proverb, or a proverb that is not as good as an argument to my mind; however, I mean to mend if I can;' and so for the present the conversation ended.

¹ See Note A, chapter xxxiv.

CHAPTER LXXII.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE REACHED THEIR VILLAGE.

ALL that day Don Quixote and Sancho remained in the village and inn waiting for night, the one to finish off his task of scourging in the open country, the other to see it accomplished, for therein lay the accomplishment of his wishes. Meanwhile there arrived at the hostelry a traveller on horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who appeared to be the master, 'Here, Señor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may take your siesta to-day; the quarters seem clean and cool.'

When he heard this Don Quixote said to Sancho, 'Look here, Sancho; on turning over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history I think I came casually upon this name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.'

'Very likely,' said Sancho; 'we had better let him dismount, and by-and-by we can ask about it.'

The gentleman dismounted, and the landlady gave him a room on the ground floor opposite Don Quixote's and adorned with painted serge hangings of the same sort. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer coat, and coming out to the gateway of the hostelry, which was wide and cool, addressing Don Quixote, who was pacing up and

down there, he asked, 'In what direction is your worship bound, gentle sir?'

'To a village near this which is my own village,' replied Don Quixote; 'and your worship, where are you bound for?'

'I am going to Granada, señor,' said the gentleman, 'to my own country.'

'And a goodly country,' said Don Quixote; 'but will your worship do me the favour of telling me your name, for it strikes me it is of more importance to me to know it than I can well tell you.'

'My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe,' replied the traveller.

To which Don Quixote returned, 'I have no doubt whatever that your worship is that Don Alvaro Tarfe who appears in print in the Second Part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, lately printed and published by a new author.'

'I am the same,' replied the gentleman; 'and that same Don Quixote, the principal personage in the said history, was a very great friend of mine, and it was I who took him away from home, or at least induced him to come to some jousts that were to be held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself; indeed, I showed him many kindnesses, and saved him from having his shoulders touched up by the executioner because of his extreme rashness.'¹

'Tell me, Señor Don Alvaro,' said Don Quixote, 'am I at all like that Don Quixote you talk of?'

'No indeed,' replied the traveller, 'not a bit.'

¹ Avellaneda, chapter ix.

‘And that Don Quixote—’ said our one, ‘had he with him a squire called Sancho Panza?’

‘He had,’ said Don Alvaro; ‘but though he had the name of being very droll, I never heard him say anything that had any drollery in it.’

‘That I can well believe,’ said Sancho at this, ‘for to come out with drolleries is not in everybody’s line; and that Sancho your worship speaks of, gentle sir, must be some great scoundrel, dunderhead, and thief, all in one; for I am the real Sancho Panza, and I have more drolleries than if it rained them; let your worship only try; come along with me for a year or so, and you will find they fall from me at every turn, and so rich and so plentiful that though mostly I don’t know what I am saying I make everybody that hears me laugh. And the real Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the lover, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the protector of widows, the killer of damsels, he who has for his sole mistress the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this gentleman before you, my master; all other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are dreams and mockeries.’

‘By God I believe it,’ said Don Alvaro; ‘for you have uttered more drolleries, my friend, in the few words you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard from him, and they were not a few. He was more greedy than well-spoken, and more dull than droll; and I am convinced that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have been trying to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I don’t know what to say, for I am ready to

swear I left him shut up in the Casa del Nuncio at Toledo,¹ and here another Don Quixote turns up, though a very different one from mine.'

'I don't know whether I am good,' said Don Quixote, 'but I can safely say I am not "the Bad;" and to prove it, let me tell you, Señor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I have never in my life been in Saragossa; so far from that, when it was told me that this imaginary Don Quixote had been present at the jousts in that city, I declined to enter it, in order to drag his falsehood before the face of the world; and so I went on straight to Barcelona, the treasure-house of courtesy, haven of strangers, asylum of the poor, home of the valiant, champion of the wronged, pleasant exchange of firm friendships, and city unrivalled in site and beauty. And though the adventures that befell me there are not by any means matters of enjoyment, but rather of regret, I do not regret them, simply because I have seen it. In a word, Señor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the one that fame speaks of, and not the unlucky one that has attempted to usurp my name and deck himself out in my ideas. I entreat your worship by your devoir as a gentleman to be so good as to make a declaration before the alcalde of this village that you never in all your life saw me until now, and that neither am I the Don Quixote in print in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, the one your worship knew.'

'That I will do most willingly,' replied Don Alvaro;

¹ A madhouse founded in 1488 by Francisco Ortiz, Canon of Toledo, and apostolic nuncio. Avellaneda concludes by depositing Don Quixote in it.

‘though it amazes me to find two Don Quixotes and two Sancho Panzas at once, as much alike in name as they differ in demeanour; and again I say and declare that what I saw I cannot have seen, and that what happened me cannot have happened.’

‘No doubt your worship is enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso,’ said Sancho; ‘and would to heaven your disenchantment rested on my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes like what I’m giving myself for her, for I’d lay them on without looking for anything.’

‘I don’t understand that about the lashes,’ said Don Alvaro. Sancho replied that it was a long story to tell, but he would tell him if they happened to be going the same road.

By this dinner-time arrived, and Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. The alcalde of the village came by chance into the inn together with a notary, and Don Quixote laid a petition before him, showing that it was requisite for his rights that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should make a declaration before him that he did not know Don Quixote of La Mancha, also there present, and that he was not the one that was in print in a history entitled ‘Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha, by one Avellaneda of Tordesillas.’ The alcalde finally put it in legal form, and the declaration was made with all the formalities required in such cases, at which Don Quixote and Sancho were in high delight, as if a declaration of the sort was of any great importance to them, and as if their words and deeds did not plainly show the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos. Many civilities

and offers of service were exchanged by Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in the course of which the great Manchegan displayed such good taste that he disabused Don Alvaro of the error he was under ; and he, on his part, felt convinced he must have been enchanted, now that he had been brought in contact with two such opposite Don Quixotes.

Evening came, they set out from the village, and after about half a league two roads branched off, one leading to Don Quixote's village, the other the road Don Alvaro was to follow. In this short interval Don Quixote told him of his unfortunate defeat, and of Dulcinea's enchantment and the remedy, all which threw Don Alvaro into fresh amazement, and embracing Don Quixote and Sancho he went his way, and Don Quixote went his. That night he passed among trees again in order to give Sancho an opportunity of working out his penance, which he did in the same fashion as the night before, at the expense of the bark of the beech trees much more than of his back, of which he took such good care that the lashes would not have knocked off a fly had there been one there. The duped Don Quixote did not miss a single stroke of the count, and he found that together with those of the night before they made up three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun apparently had got up early to witness the sacrifice, and with his light they resumed their journey, discussing the deception practised on Don Alvaro, and saying how well done it was to have taken his declaration before a magistrate in such an unimpeachable form. That day and night they travelled on, nor did anything worth mention happen them, unless it was that in the course of the night Sancho

finished off his task, whereat Don Quixote was beyond measure joyful. He watched for daylight, to see if along the road he should fall in with his already disenchanted lady Dulcinea ; and as he pursued his journey there was no woman he met that he did not go up to, to see if she was Dulcinea del Toboso, as he held it absolutely certain that Merlin's promises could not lie. Full of these thoughts and anxieties, they ascended a rising ground wherefrom they descried their own village, at the sight of which Sancho fell on his knees exclaiming, 'Open thine eyes, longed-for home, and see how thy son Sancho Panza comes back to thee, if not very rich, very well whipped ! Open thine arms and receive, too, thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes vanquished by the arm of another, comes victor over himself, which, as he himself has told me, is the greatest victory anyone can desire. I'm bringing back money, for if I was well whipped, I went mounted like a gentleman.'¹

'Have done with these fooleries,' said Don Quixote ; 'let us push on straight and get to our own place, where we will give free range to our fancies, and settle our plans for our future pastoral life.'

With this they descended the slope and directed their steps to their village.

¹ Prov. 29.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS DON QUIXOTE HAD AS HE ENTERED HIS OWN VILLAGE, AND OTHER INCIDENTS THAT EMBELLISH AND GIVE A COLOUR TO THIS GREAT HISTORY.

At the entrance of the village, so says Cid Hamet, Don Quixote saw two boys quarrelling on the village threshing-floor, one of whom said to the other, 'Take it easy, Periquillo; thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest.'

Don Quixote heard this, and said he to Sancho, 'Dost thou not mark, friend, what that boy said, "Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest"?'

'Well,' said Sancho, 'what does it matter if the boy said so?'

'What!' said Don Quixote, 'dost thou not see that, applied to the object of my desires, the words mean that I am never to see Dulcinea more?'

Sancho was about to answer, when his attention was diverted by seeing a hare come flying across the plain pursued by several greyhounds and sportsmen. In its terror it ran to take shelter and hide itself under Dapple. Sancho caught it alive and presented it to Don Quixote, who was saying, '*Malum signum, malum signum!* a hare flies, greyhounds chase it, Dulcinea appears not.'

'Your worship's a strange man,' said Sancho; 'let's take it for granted that this hare is Dulcinea, and these greyhounds chasing it the malignant enchanters who turned her into a country wench; she flies, and I catch her and put her into your worship's hands, and you hold her in your arms and cherish her; what bad sign is that, or what ill omen is there to be found here?'

The two boys who had been quarrelling came over to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them what their quarrel was about. He was answered by the one who had said, 'Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest,' that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, and did not mean to give it back to him as long as he lived. Sancho took out four cuartos from his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he placed in Don Quixote's hands, saying, 'There, señor! there are the omens broken and destroyed, and they have no more to do with our affairs, to my thinking, fool as I am, than with last year's clouds; and if I remember rightly I have heard the curate of our village say that it does not become Christians or sensible people to give any heed to these silly things; and even you yourself said the same to me some time ago, telling me that all Christians who minded omens were fools; but there's no need of making words about it; let us push on and go into our village.'

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare, which Don Quixote gave them. They then went on, and upon the green at the entrance of the town they came upon the curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco busy with their breviaries. It should be mentioned that Sancho had

thrown, by way of a stumpter-cloth, over Dapple and over the bundle of armour, the buckram robe painted with flames which they had put upon him at the duke's castle the night Altisidora came back to life. He had also fixed the mitre on Dapple's head, the oddest transformation and decoration that ever ass in the world underwent. They were at once recognised by both the curate and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms. Don Quixote dismounted and received them with a close embrace; and the boys, who are lynxes that nothing escapes, spied out the ass's mitre and came running to see it, calling out to one another, 'Come here, boys, and see Sancho Panza's ass figged out finer than Mingo,'¹ and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever.'

So at length, with the boys capering round them, and accompanied by the curate and the bachelor, they made their entrance into the town, and proceeded to Don Quixote's house, at the door of which they found his housekeeper and niece, whom the news of his arrival had already reached. It had been brought to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, as well, and she with her hair all loose and half naked, dragging Sanchica her daughter by the hand, ran out to meet her husband; but seeing him coming in by no means as good case as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, 'How is it you come this way, husband? It seems to me you come tramping and foot-sore, and looking more like a disorderly vagabond than a governor.'

'Hold your tongue, Teresa,' said Sancho; 'often where

¹ See Note A, p. 355.

there are pegs there are no fitches ;¹ let's go into the house and there you'll hear strange things. I bring money, and that's the main thing, got by my own industry without wronging anybody.'

'You bring the money, my good husband,' said Teresa, 'and no matter whether it was got this way or that ; for, however you may have got it, you'll not have brought any new practice into the world.'

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he brought her anything, for she had been looking out for him as for the showers of May ; and she taking hold of him by the girdle on one side, and his wife by the hand, while the daughter led Dapple, they made for their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the hands of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote at once, without any regard to time or season, withdrew in private with the bachelor and the curate, and in a few words told them of his defeat, and of the engagement he was under not to quit his village for a year, which he meant to keep to the letter without departing a hair's breadth from it, as became a knight-errant bound by scrupulous good faith and the laws of knight-errantry ; and of how he thought of turning shepherd for that year, and taking his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he could with perfect freedom give range to his thoughts of love while he followed the virtuous pastoral calling ; and he besought them, if they had not a great deal to do and were not prevented by more important business, to

¹ Prov. 226.

consent to be his companions, for he would buy sheep enough to qualify them for shepherds; and the most important point of the whole affair, he could tell them, was settled, for he had given them names that would fit them to a T. The curate asked what they were. Don Quixote replied that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the curate the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Both were astounded at Don Quixote's new craze; however, lest he should once more make off out of the village from them in pursuit of his chivalry, they, trusting that in the course of the year he might be cured, fell in with his new project, applauded his crazy idea as a bright one, and offered to share the life with him. 'And what's more,' said Samson Carrasco, 'I am, as all the world knows, a very famous poet, and I'll be always making verses, pastoral, or courtly, or as it may come into my head, to pass away our time in those secluded regions where we shall be roaming. But what is most needful, sirs, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he means to glorify in his verses, and that we should not leave a tree, be it ever so hard, without writing up and carving her name on it, as is the habit and custom of love-smitten shepherds.'

'That's the very thing,' said Don Quixote; 'though I am relieved from looking for the name of an imaginary shepherdess, for there's the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these brook-sides, the ornament of these meadows, the mainstay of beauty, the cream of all the

graces, and, in a word, the being to whom all praise is appropriate, be it ever so hyperbolical.'

'Very true,' said the curate; 'but we the others must look about for accommodating shepherdesses that will answer our purpose one way or another.'

'And,' added Samson Carrasco, 'if they fail us, we can call them by the names of the ones in print that the world is filled with, Filidas, Amarilises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, Belisardas; for as they sell them in the market-places we may fairly buy them and make them our own. If my lady, or I should say my shepherdess, happens to be called Ana, I'll sing her praises under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I'll call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same thing; and Sancho Panza, if he joins this fraternity, may glorify his wife Teresa Panza as Teresaina.'

Don Quixote laughed at the adaptation of the name, and the curate bestowed vast praise upon the worthy and honourable resolution he had made, and again offered to bear him company all the time that he could spare from his imperative duties. And so they took their leave of him, recommending and beseeching him to take care of his health and treat himself to a generous diet.

It so happened his niece and the housekeeper overheard all the three of them said; and as soon as they were gone they both of them came in to Don Quixote, and said the niece, 'What's this, uncle? Now that we were thinking you had come back to stay at home and lead a quiet respectable life there, are you going to get into fresh entanglements, and turn "young shepherd, thou that comest

here, young shepherd going there?"¹ Nay! indeed "the straw is too hard now to make pipes of."²

'And,' added the housekeeper, 'will your worship be able to bear, out in the fields, the heats of summer, and the chills of winter, and the howling of the wolves? Not you; for that's a life and a business for hardy men, bred and seasoned to such work almost from the time they were in swaddling-clothes. Why, to make choice of evils, it's better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd! Look here, señor; take my advice—and I'm not giving it to you full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years upon my head—stay at home, look after your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my soul be it if any evil comes to you.'

'Hold your peace, my daughters,' said Don Quixote; 'I know very well what my duty is; help me to bed, for I don't feel very well; and rest assured that, knight-errant now or wandering shepherd to be, I shall never fail to have a care for your interests, as you will see in the end.' And the good wenches (for that they undoubtedly were), the housekeeper and niece, helped him to bed, where they gave him something to eat and made him as comfortable as possible.

¹ The beginning of a ballad in the *cancionero* of Francisco de Ocaña.

² Prov. 7.

Note A (page 351).

Alluding to the opening lines of the old fifteenth-century satire of *Mingo Revulgo*.

Mingo Revulgo! What! It's you!
What have you done with your doublet blue?
Your Sunday suit? Is this the way
You walk abroad on the holy day?

V. Note ^a, p. 7, vol. iii.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, AND OF THE WILL HE
MADE, AND HOW HE DIED.

As nothing that is man's can last for ever, but all tends ever downwards from its beginning to its end, and above all man's life, and as Don Quixote's enjoyed no special dispensation from heaven to stay its course, its end and close came when he least looked for it. For—whether it was of the dejection the thought of his defeat produced, or of heaven's will that so ordered it—a fever settled upon him and kept him in his bed for six days, during which he was often visited by his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, while his good squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside. They, persuaded that it was grief at finding himself vanquished, and the object of his heart, the liberation and disenchantment of Dulcinea, unattained, that kept him in this state, strove by all the means in their power to cheer him up; the bachelor bidding him take heart and get up to begin his pastoral life, for which he himself, he said, had already composed an eclogue that would take the shine out of all Sannazaro¹ had ever written, and had bought with his own money two famous dogs to guard

¹ Jacopo Sannazaro, the Neapolitan poet (1458-1530), author of the *Arcadia*.

the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him.

But for all this Don Quixote could not shake off his sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who felt his pulse and was not very well satisfied with it, and said that in any case it would be well for him to attend to the health of his soul, as that of his body was in a bad way. Don Quixote heard this calmly; but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell weeping bitterly, as if they had him lying dead before them. The doctor's opinion was that melancholy and depression were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote begged them to leave him to himself, as he had a wish to sleep a little. They obeyed, and he slept at one stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so that the housekeeper and niece thought he was going to sleep for ever. But at the end of that time he woke up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, 'Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth his mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor keep them back!'

The niece listened with attention to her uncle's words, and they struck her as more coherent than what usually fell from him, at least during his illness, so she asked, 'What are you saying, señor? Has anything strange occurred? What mercies or what sins of men are you talking of?'

'The mercies, niece,' said Don Quixote, 'are those that God has this moment shown me, and with him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of ignorance that my un-

happy constant study of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and deceptions, and it only grieves me that this destruction of my illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some amends by reading other books that might be a light to my soul. Niece, I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not that the fact should be made plainer at my death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the Curate, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will.' But his niece was saved the trouble by the entrance of the three. The instant Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, 'Good news for you, good sirs,'¹ that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano,² whose way of life won for him the name of Good. Now am I the enemy of Amadis of Gaul and of the whole countless troop of his descendants; odious to me now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry; now I perceive my folly, and the peril into which reading them brought me; now, by God's mercy schooled into my right senses, I loathe them.'

When the three heard him speak in this way, they had no doubt whatever that some new craze had taken possession of him; and said Samson, 'What? Señor Don Quixote! Now that we have intelligence of the lady Dulcinea

¹ *Dadme albricias buenos señores. Albricias*, from the Arabic *al bashara*, the reward claimed by one who brings good news.

² In the first chapter of the First Part, the reader may remember, the name is given as Quixana.

being disenchanted, are you taking this line; now, just as we are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush for heaven's sake, be rational, and let's have no more nonsense.'

'All that nonsense,' said Don Quixote, 'that until now has been a reality to my hurt, my death will, with heaven's help, turn to my good. I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly drawing near death; a truce to jesting; let me have a confessor to confess me, and a notary to make my will; for in extremities like this, man must not trifle with his soul; and while the curate is confessing me let some one, I beg, go for the notary.'

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words; but, though uncertain, they were inclined to believe him, and one of the signs by which they came to the conclusion he was dying was this so sudden and complete return to his senses after having been mad; for to the words already quoted he added much more, so well expressed, so devout, and so rational, as to banish all doubt and convince them that he was sound of mind. The curate turned them all out, and left alone with him confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary and returned shortly afterwards with him and with Sancho, who, having already learned from the bachelor the condition his master was in, and finding the housekeeper and niece weeping, began to blubber¹ and shed tears.

The confession over, the curate came out saying, 'Alonso

¹ *Hacer pucheros* refers rather to the working of the face that precedes a fit of weeping.

Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind ; we may now go in to him while he makes his will.'

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts ; for of a truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests, he said, 'Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him in respect of them ; but that if anything remain over and above, after he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but little, shall be his, and much good may it do him ; and if, as when I was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, I could give him that of a kingdom, it should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it.' And then, turning to Sancho, he said, 'Forgive me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee fall into the same error I

myself fell into, that there were and still are knights-errant in the world.'

'Ah!' said Sancho weeping, 'don't die, master, but take my advice and live many years; for the foolishhest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rhyme or reason, without anybody killing him, or any hands but melancholy's making an end of him. Come, don't be lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in shepherd's trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly; besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow.'

'Very true,' said Samson, 'and good Sancho Panza's view of these cases is quite right.'

'Sirs, not so fast,' said Don Quixote, "'in last year's nests there are no birds this year.'" I was mad, now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed.

'Item, I leave all my property absolutely to Antonia Quixana my niece, here present, after all has been deducted from the most available portion of it that may be required to satisfy the bequests I have made. And the first dis-

¹ Prov. 154.

bursement I desire to be made is the payment of the wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me, with twenty ducats, over and above, for a gown. The curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, now present, I appoint my executors.

‘Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, desires to marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall be first of all ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if, in spite of this, my niece insists upon marrying him, and does marry him, then that she shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.

‘Item, I entreat the aforesaid gentlemen my executors, that, if any happy chance should lead them to discover the author who is said to have written a history now going about under the title of “Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote of La Mancha,” they beg of him on my behalf as earnestly as they can to forgive me for having been, without intending it, the cause of his writing so many and such monstrous absurdities as he has written in it; for I am leaving the world with a feeling of compunction at having provoked him to write them.’

With this he closed his will, and a faintness coming over him he stretched himself out at full length on the bed. All were in a flutter and made haste to relieve him, and during the three days he lived after that on which he made his will he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion; but still the niece ate and the house-

keeper drank and Sancho Panza enjoyed himself; for inheriting property wipes out or softens down in the heir the feeling of grief the dead man might be expected to leave behind him.¹

At last Don Quixote's end came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit, that is to say died. On perceiving it the curate begged the notary to bear witness that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove the possibility of any other author save Cid Hamet Benengeli bringing him to life again falsely and making interminable stories out of his achievements.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cid Hamet would not indicate precisely, in order to leave all the towns and villages of La Mancha to contend among themselves for the right to adopt him and claim him as a son, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. The lamentations of Sancho and the niece and housekeeper are omitted here, as well as the new epitaphs upon his tomb; Samson Carrasco, however, put the following:

¹ See Note A, p. 365.

A doughty gentleman lies here ;
 A stranger all his life to fear ;
 Nor in his death could Death prevail,
 In that last hour, to make him quail.
 He for the world but little cared ;
 And at his feats the world was scared ;
 A crazy man his life he passed,
 But in his senses died at last.¹

And said most sage Cid Hamet to his pen, ' Rest here,
 hung up by this brass wire, upon this shelf, O my pen,
 whether of skilful make or clumsy cut I know not ; here
 shalt thou remain long ages hence, unless presumptuous
 or malignant story-tellers take thee down to profane thee.
 But ere they touch thee warn them, and, as best thou
 canst, say to them :

Hold off ! ye weaklings ; hold your hands !
 Adventure it let none,
 For this emprise, my lord the king,
 Was meant for me alone.²

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him ; it
 was his to act, mine to write ; we two together make but
 one, notwithstanding and in spite of that pretended Torde-
 sillesque writer who has ventured or would venture with
 his great, coarse, ill-trimmed ostrich quill to write the
 achievements of my valiant knight ;—no burden for his
 shoulders, nor subject for his frozen wit : whom, if per-
 chance thou shouldst come to know him, thou shalt warn
 to leave at rest where they lie the weary mouldering bones

¹ See Note B, p. 366.

² The two last lines occur in one of the ballads on the death of Alonso de Aguilar in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, Pt. I. chap. xvii.

of Don Quixote, and not to attempt to carry him off, in opposition to all the privileges of death, to Old Castile,¹ making him rise from the grave where in reality and truth he lies stretched at full length, powerless to make any third expedition or new sally; for the two that he has already made, so much to the enjoyment and approval of everybody to whom they have become known, in this as well as in foreign countries, are quite sufficient for the purpose of turning into ridicule the whole of those made by the whole set of the knights-errant; and so doing shalt thou discharge thy Christian calling, giving good counsel to one that bears ill-will to thee. And I shall remain satisfied, and proud to have been the first who has ever enjoyed the fruit of his writings as fully as he could desire; for my desire has been no other than to deliver over to the detestation of mankind the false and foolish tales of the books of chivalry, which, thanks to that of my true Don Quixote, are even now tottering, and doubtless doomed to fall for ever.² Farewell.'

¹ At the end of his last chapter Avellaneda speaks of a tradition in La Mancha that Don Quixote recovered his senses and made a journey through Old Castile by Salamanca, Avila, and Valladolid.

² See Note C, p. 366.

Note A (page 868).

This piece of commonplace cynicism, so uncalled for and so inconsistent with what has gone before, is, I imagine, regretted by most of Cervantes' readers. The conclusion of 'Don Quixote,' it must be confessed, is not worthy of the book or of its author. After the quiet pathos and dignity of Don Quixote's death, the shrill note of the scolding once more administered to the wretched Avellaneda falls like a discord on the reader's ear, and Samson Carrasco's doggerel does not tend to allay the irritation.

Note B (page 864).

Clemencin objects to these verses that if they are meant seriously they are poor, and if intended as a joke they are stupid. Cervantes no doubt meant them as an imitation of the ordinary epitaph style of the village poet, but even so they could have been very well spared.

Note C (page 865).

The bibliography of chivalry romance shows that this was no vain-glorious boast on the part of Cervantes. All through the sixteenth century romances of chivalry, new or reprints, continued to pour from the press in a steady stream, but no new romance was produced after the appearance of 'Don Quixote,' and only one or two of the swarm of old ones reprinted. V. Appendix—*Spanish Romances of Chivalry.*

APPENDICES.

I.

THE PROVERBS OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE proverbs in this list, it will be seen, are arranged by essential words; not according to their beginnings, which are very often arbitrary. Some have been included which apparently have no right to a place in it: 'To ask pears of the elm tree,' for instance, is not strictly a proverb as it stands; but as applied to illustrate some absurdity or unreasonable expectation, it has a proverbial character that entitles it to admission. Some, also, there are which do not appear in proverbial form in 'Don Quixote,' being merely alluded to in the text; and, if conjectural additions were allowable, a few more might perhaps have been added, as for example, *Vaca y carnero, olla de caballero*—'beef and mutton, an olla fit for a gentleman'—which very possibly Cervantes may have had in his mind when he described Don Quixote's olla as of 'rather more beef than mutton.' I have not invariably given the proverbs as they stand in the text, for the version of Cervantes is sometimes incorrect, or at any rate inferior to that of the older or contemporary proverb collectors. There is no lack of early authorities; there is the collection made by the illustrious Marquis of Santillana in the middle of the fifteenth century, the famous one of the great Greek scholar, Hernan Núñez de Guzman, and those of Pedro Valles, Palmireno, and Juan de Mal Lara in the next, and Cæsar Oudin's in 1608; but the one I have most frequently referred to, as it shows the application of the proverbs, is the curious collection of Blasco de Garay, in the form of three letters entirely composed of proverbs, which was printed as early as 1545. Nothing contributes more to the national character of Don Quixote than its wealth in this department of popular lore, for in no country is the *filosofía vulgar*—as Mal Lara aptly called it—which finds expression in the proverb, so distinctly a national characteristic as in Spain, where one of Sancho's aphorisms is still as valid an argument as it was in his day. The Quixote proverbs form a small collection compared with others in the language, but the collection is a representative one. A proverb that is quoted in 'Don Quixote' is doubly

a popular proverb, and any sayings that took the fancy of Cervantes we may safely accept as specimens of what Allan Ramsay calls 'the guid auld saws that shine wi' wail'd sense, and will as lang as the world wags.'

1. Si bien canta el Abad, no le va en zaga el monacillo.
If the abbot sings well, the acolyte is not much behind him. II. 25.
2. El Abad de lo que canta yanta.
It's by his singing the abbot gets his dinner. II. 60, 71.
 Nuñez : dende yanta.
 Portuguese : Abbade donde canta, dahi janta.
3. Toda Afectacion es mala.
All affectation is bad. II. 26, 43.
4. Ahora lo veredes, dijo Agrajes.
'You will see presently,' said Agrajes. I. 8.
 A phrase from 'Amadis of Gaul.' Agrajes was Amadis's cousin and comrade.
5. Nadie diga, desta Agua yo no beberé.
Let no one say, I will not drink of this water. II. 55.
 The Portuguese add : 'Nem deste pão comerei.'
 Garay. Carta 1.
6. La Alabanza propia envilece.
Self-praise debaseth. I. 16 ; II. 16.
7. Ya está duro el Alcacer para zampoñas.
The straw is too hard now to make pipes of. II. 73.
8. Quien padre tiene Alcalde, seguro va á juicio.
He who has the alcalde for his father, goes into court with an easy mind. II. 43.
9. Mas mal hay en el Aldeguela del que se suena.
There's more mischief in the village than comes to one's ears. I. 46.
 Generally mistranslated 'than one dreams of,' as if it were *sueña*. Garay. Carta 1.
 Portuguese : Na aldeia, que não he boa,
 Mais mal ha, que soa.

10. Mas vale Algo que nada.
Something is better than nothing. I. 21.
11. Mientras se gana Algo, no se pierde nada.
So long as one gets something, there is nothing lost. II. 7.
12. Haz lo que tu Amo te manda, y siéntate con el á la mesa.
Do as thy master bids thee, and sit down to table with him. II. 29.
18. Dime con quien Andas, decirte he quien eres.
Tell me what company thou keepest, and I'll tell thee what thou art. II. 10, 23.
 Garay. Carta 4. Portuguese: Dirte he que manhas has.
14. Hombre Apercebido
 Medio combatido.
The man who is prepared has his battle half fought. II. 17.
 Italian: Chi è avisato è armato.
15. Quien a buen Arbol se arrima,
 Buena sombra le cobija.
Who leans against a good tree, a good shade covers him. I. Verses of Urganda, II. 32.
 Garay. Carta 1. Ruin arbol—ruin sombra.
16. Del hombre Arraigado
 No te veras vengado.
Thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance. II. 43.
17. Un Asno cargado de oro sube ligero por una montaña.
An ass loaded with gold goes lightly up a mountain. II. 35.
18. La culpa del Asno no se ha de echar á la albarda.
The fault of the ass must not be laid on the pack saddle. II. 66.
 Garay. Carta 1. Portuguese: Com raiva do asno torna-se á albarda.

19. El Asno sufre la carga, mas no la sobrecarga.
The ass bears the load, but not the overload. II. 71.
20. Las Avechitas del campo tienen á Dios por su proveedor y despensero.
The little birds of the field have God for their purveyor and caterer. II. 33.
21. Quien Bien tiene y mal escoge,
 Del mal que le viene no se enoje.
Who has good and seeks out evil, let him not complain of the evil that comes to him. I. 31.
 Garay. Carta 4.
22. Cuando viene el Bien, mételo en tu casa.
When good luck comes to thee, take it in. II. 4.
23. El Bien no es conocido
 Hasta que es perdido.
Good fortune is not known until it is lost. II. 54.
24. Lo Bien ganado se pierde, y lo malo ello y su dueño.
Well-gotten gain may be lost, but ill-gotten is lost, itself, and its owner likewise. II. 54.
25. Juntate á los Buenos y serás uno dellos.
Attach thyself to the good, and thou wilt become one of them. II. 32.
 Portuguese: Arrima-te aos bons, serás hum delles.
26. Nunca lo Bueno fue mucho.
What's good was never yet plentiful. I. 6.
27. El Buey suelto bien se lame.
The ox that's loose licks himself well. II. 22.
28. No son Burlas las que duelen.
Jests that give pain are no jests. II. 62.
 'No son buenas burlas las que salen á la cara.' Guzman de Alfarache, P. II. b. ii. c. 3.

29. Si buenos azotes me daban, bien Caballero me iba.
If I was well whipped, I went mounted like a gentleman.
 II. 36, 72.
 Evidently the saying of some philosophical picaro who had been whipped through the streets, mounted on an ass in the usual way.
30. El que hoy Cae puede levantarse mañana.
He that falls to-day may get up to-morrow. II. 65.
31. Andeme yo Caliente,
 Y riase la gente.
Let me go warm, and let the people laugh. II. 50.
32. Quien Canta
 Sus males espanta.
He who sings scares away his woes. I. 22.
33. Cantarillo que muchas veces va á la fuente
 O deja el asa ó la frente.
The pitcher that goes often to the well leaves behind either the handle or the spout. I. 30.
 Garay. Carta 1.
34. Si da el Cantaro en la piedra, ó la piedra en el cantaro,
 mal para el cantaro.
Whether the pitcher hits the stone or the stone hits the pitcher, it's a bad business for the pitcher. I. 20;
 II. 43.
35. El diablo está en Cantillana.
The devil is in Cantillana. II. 49.
 Cantillana is a small town on the Guadalquivir, near Seville. The proverb is undoubtedly a historical one, but who the devil was is a disputed point.
36. Debajo de mala Capa suele haber buen bebedor.
Under a bad cloak there's often a good drinker. II. 33.
 Guzman de Alfarache, I. ii. 7. Garay. Carta 1. In Guzman it is 'vivor.' The commonplace explanation is that we should not trust to appearances.
 The Portuguese have the proverb; and also the converse: Debaixo de bom saio está o homem máo.

37. Sobre mi la Capa cuando llueve.
Over me be the cloak when it rains. II. 66.
38. No quiero, no quiero ; mas echadme en la Capilla.
I won't have it, I won't have it ; but throw it into my hood. II. 42.
 A joke against the friars, who would not for the world beg.
39. Tanto se pierde por Carta de mas como por carta de menos.
As much is lost by a card too many as by a card too few. II. 17, 33, 37.
40. Hablen Cartas y callen barbas.
Let papers speak and beards be still. II. 7.
 When there is documentary evidence there is no need of any other.
41. En Casa llena
 Presto se guisa la cena.
In a house where there's plenty supper is soon cooked. II. 30, 43.
 Portuguese : Na casa cheia, asinha se faz a oca.
42. Á ' idos de mi Casa,' y ' que quereis con mi mujer ? ' no hay que responder.
To ' get out of my house,' and ' what do you want with my wife ? ' there's no answer. II. 43.
43. Mas sabe el necio en su Casa que el cuerdo en la ajena.
The fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's. II. 43.
 Garay. Carta 3.
44. En otras Casas cuecen habas,
 Y en la mia á calderadas.
In other houses they cook beans, but in mine it's by the potful. II. 13.
 I get more than my share. A better form is : ' En cada casa cuecen—'

45. Castígame me mi madre, y yo trómpogelas.
My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks.
 II. 43, 67.
 Garay. Carta 1.
46. Quitada la Causa, se quita el pecado.
Do away with the cause, you do away with the sin.
 II. 67.
47. Andar de Ceca en Meca, y de zoca en colodra.
To wander from Zeca to Mecca, and from pail to bucket.
 I. 18.
 The Zeca was the holy place in the Mosque at Cordova, and, with the western Moslems, ranked next to Mecca as a goal for pilgrims. 'To go from post to pillar.'
48. De amigo á amigo la Chinche en el ojo.
Between friends the bug in the eye.
 II. 12.
 'Tener chinche—or sangre—en el ojo' means to keep a sharp look-out. The proverb means that even between friends this is advisable.
 The Comendador Nuñez gives it, *Chispe en el ojo*—a spark in the eye. Garay. Carta 1.
49. Muy Ciego es el que no ve por tela de cedazo.
He is very blind who cannot see through a sieve. II. 1.
 Garay. Carta 1. 4.
50. Codicia rompe el saco.
Covetousness bursts the bag. I. 20; II. 13, 36.
 Guzman de Alfarache, I. iii. 5. Garay. Carta 4.
51. Ni hagas Cohecho,
 Ni pierdas derecho.
Take no bribe, surrender no right. II. 32, 49.
52. Falta la Cola por desollar.
There's the tail to be skinned yet. II. 2, 35.
 Don't fancy you have done with it.
53. Todo saldrá en la Colada.
All will come out in the scouring. I. 20.

54. Come poco y cena mas poco.

Dine sparingly and sup more sparing still. II. 43.

Properly, 'Come poco y cena mas ; Duerme en alto y vivirás,' Dine sparingly, sup more freely, sleep at the top of the house, and thou wilt live.

In Palmireno, Valencia 1589, it is, 'Come poco, cena mas, y dormirás.'

55. El que Compra y miente,
En su bolsa lo siente.

He who buys and lies feels it in his purse. I. 25.

56. Toda Comparacion es odiosa.

All comparisons are odious. II. 23.

57. Pon tuyo en Concejo, y unos dirán que es blanco y otros
que es negro.

Make thy affairs public (literally, bring them into council), and some will say they are white and others black. II. 36,

58. Buen Corazon quebranta mala ventura.

A stout heart breaks bad luck. II. 10, 35.

Portuguese: Bom coração quebranta ma ventura.

59. Tan presto va el Cordero
Como el carnero.

The lamb goes as soon as the sheep (i.e. to the butcher).

II. 7.

Guzman de Alfarache, II. i. 7.

60. Pedir Cotufas en el golfo.

To go looking for dainties at the bottom of the sea.

I. 30 ; II. 3. 20.

It has been suggested that the correct form is 'pedir chufas,' a tuber used to flavour drinks, such as lemonade.

61. Cristiano viejo soy, y para ser conde esto me basta.

I am an old Christian, and to be count that's qualification enough for me. I. 21.

An old Christian ; one free from any taint of Moorish or Jewish blood.

62. Quien te Cubre te discubre.
Who covers thee, discovers thee. II. 5.
63. Mas calientan cuatro varas de paño de Cuenca que otras
 cuatro de limiste de Segovia.
*Four yards of Cuenca frieze keep one warmer than
 four of Segovia broad-cloth.* II. 33.
64. Cuidados ajenos matan al asno.
The cares of others kill the ass. II. 13.
65. Esas burlas á un Cuñado.
Try those jokes on a brother-in-law. II. 69.
Quære peregrinum.
66. Quien te Da un hueso no te quiere ver muerto.
*He who gives thee a bone, does not wish to see thee
 dead.* II. 50.
Garay. Carta 3.
67. El que luego Da, da dos veces.
Who gives at once gives twice. I. 34.
Bis dat qui cito dat.
68. Dadivas quebrantan peñas.
Gifts break rocks. II. 35.
Garay. Carta 4.
69. A mi no se ha de echar Dado falso.
It won't do to throw false dice with me. I. 47.
70. Donde las Dan las toman.
Where they give they take. II. 65.
71. El Dar y el tener
 Seso ha menester.
Giving and keeping require brains. II. 43, 58.
72. Asaz de Desdichada es la persona que á las dos de la tarde
 no se ha desayunado.
*A hard case enough his who has not broken his fast
 at two in the afternoon.* II. 33.

78. Desnudo nací, desnudo me hallo, ni pierdo ni gano.
Naked was I born, naked I am, I neither lose nor gain.
 I. 25; II. 8, 53, 55, 57.
74. Quien Destaja no baraja.
He who binds (i.e. stipulates) does not wrangle.
 II. 7, 43.
 Always incorrectly translated 'he who cuts does not shuffle.' 'Barajar' means to shuffle cards, but in the proverb it is used in a sense now obsolete.
75. Tras la cruz está el Diablo.
Behind the cross there's the devil. I. 6; II. 33, 47.
76. Del Dicho al hecho
 Hay gran trecho.
It's a long step from saying to doing. II. 34, 64.
77. La Diligencia es madre de la buena ventura.
Diligence is the mother of good fortune. I. 46; II. 43.
78. Á Dineros pagados,
 Brazos quebrados.
The money paid, the arms broken: II. 71.
 No more work to be got out of them.
 Portuguese: A obra pagada, braços quebrados.
 Garay. Carta 4.
79. Va el hombre como Dios es servido.
Man goes as God pleases. I. 22.
80. Cada uno es como Dios le hizo, y aun peor muchas veces.
Each of us is as God made him, ay, and often worse. II. 4.
81. Dios bendijó la paz y maldijó las riñas.
God gave his blessing to peace, and his curse to quarrels. II. 14.
82. Dios que da la llaga da la medicina.
God who gives the wound gives the salve. II. 19.
83. Quien yerra y se enmienda,
 Á Dios se encomienda.
Who sins and mends commends himself to God. II. 28.
 Celestina, act vii.

84. Mas vale á quien Dios ayuda
Que quien mucho madruga.
*He whom God helps does better than he who gets up
early.* II. 34.
Garay. Carta 1. 3.
85. Á Dios rogando
Y con el mazo dando.
Praying to God and plying the hammer. II. 35, 71.
Ital. : 'Invoca i Santi e da di piglio all' aratro.'
French : 'Dieu donne fil à toile ourdie.'
Lat. : 'Dii facientes adjuvant.'
Garay. Carta 1.—Cervantes, La Gitanilla.
86. Dios sufre los malos, pero no para siempre.
God bears with the wicked, but not for ever. II. 40.
Portuguese : Dios consente, mas não sempre.
87. Á quien Dios quiere, su casa le sabe.
Whom God loves, his house is sweet to him. II. 43.
Variations are : 'lo sabe,' 'knows it ;' and 'su caza le
sale,' 'his hunting prospers.'
Garay. Carta 3.
88. Quando Dios amanece, para todos amanece.
When God sends the dawn he sends it for all. II. 49.
89. El hombre pone y Dios dispone.
Man proposes, God disposes. II. 55.
La Gitanilla.
90. Dios lo oiga y pecado sea sordo.
May God hear it and sin be deaf. II. 58, 65.
91. La Doncella honesta
El hacer algo es su fiesta.
To be busy at something is a modest maid's holiday. II. 5.
92. Mientras se Duerme todos son iguales.
While we are asleep we are all equal. II. 43.
93. Al Enemigo que huye, la puente de plata.
To a flying enemy, a bridge of silver. II. 58.

94. De los Enemigos los menos.
Of enemies the fewer the better. II. 14.
95. Al buen Entendedor pocas palabras.
To one who has his ears open, few words. II. 37.
 À bon entendeur salut. Intelligenti pauca.
 Dictum sapienti.
 Portuguese: A bom entendedor, poucas palavras.
96. Erase que se era.
What has been has been. I. 20.
97. Mas vale buena Esperanza que ruin posesion.
Better a good hope than a bad holding. II. 7, 65.
98. No hay Estomago que sea un palmo mayor que otro.
There's no stomach a hand's-breadth bigger than another. II. 33.
99. Jo! que te Estrego,
 Burra de mi suegro.
Woa, then! why, I'm rubbing thee down, she-ass of my father-in-law. II. 10.
 An exclamation used when people take amiss what is meant for civility.
100. Sobre un huevo pone la Gallina.
The hen will lay on one egg. II. 7.
101. Viva la Gallina, aunque sea con su pepita.
Let the hen live, though it be with her pip. II. 5, 65.
 Portuguese: 'Viva a gallinha, viva com sua pevide.'
102. Quien ha de llevar el Gato al agua?
Who will carry the cat to the water? I. 8.
103. Buscar tres piés al Gato.
To look for three feet on a cat. I. 22; II. 10.
 Meaning, to look for an impossibility; of course it should be 'cinco,' 'five;' and so it stands in Garay. Carta 8, and in the Academy Dictionary.
104. No hay para venderme el Gato por la liebre.
You needn't try to sell me the cat for the hare. II. 26.

105. De noche todos los Gatos son pardos.
By night all cats are grey. II. 33.
 Guzman de Alfarache, II. ii. 5.
106. Una Golondrina no hace verano.
One swallow does not make summer. I. 13.
 Ital.: 'Una rondine non fa primavera.'
 The Portuguese add: 'One finger does not make a hand: 'Nem hum dedo faz mão, nem huma andorinha faz verão.'
107. No pidas de grado lo que puedes tomar por fuerza.
Don't ask as a favour what you can take by force. I. 21.
108. Como quien dice, 'bebe con Guindas.'
Just as if it was, 'Drink with cherries,' II. 35.
 i.e. a very natural and proper accompaniment; an equivalent saying is, 'miel sobre hojuelas,' 'honey on pancakes.'
109. La mejor salsa del mundo es la Hambre.
Hunger is the best sauce in the world. II. 5.
110. Las grandes Hazañas para los grandes hombres están guardadas.
Great deeds are reserved for great men. II. 23.
 À bon chat bon rat.
 Portuguese: A grande cão, grandé osso.
111. Hidalgo honrado,
 Antes roto que remendado.
The gentleman of honour, ragged sooner than patched. II. 2.
112. Cada uno es Hijo de sus obras.
Each of us is the son of his own works. I. 4, 47; II. 32.
113. Al Hijo de tu vecino, límpiale las narices y métele en tu casa.
Wipe the nose of your neighbour's son, and take him into your house. II. 5.
 Donado Hablador, Pt. I. c. 2.

114. Por el Hilo
 Se saca el ovillo.
By the thread the ball is brought to light,
 I. 4, 30; II. 12.
 i.e. the ball on which it is wound.
115. A quien cuece y amasa
 No le hurtes Hogaza.
There's no stealing a loaf from him that kneads and bakes.
 II. 33.
 This is the explanation of Garay. Carta 1., and of the Acad. Dict.; some there are, however, who understand it in the sense of 'thou must not,' i.e. 'not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn.'
116. Pues tenemos Hogazas no busquemos tortas.
As we have loaves, let us not go looking for cakes.
 II. 13.
117. Debajo de ser Hombre puedo venir á ser papa.
Being a man I may come to be Pope.
 II. 47.
118. Por su mal nacieron alas á la Hormiga.
To her hurt the ant got wings.
 II. 33, 53.
119. Hoy por tí y mañana por mí.
To-day for thee, to-morrow for me.
 II. 65.
120. Al freir de los Huevos (se verá).
When the eggs come to be fried (we shall see).
 I. 37.
121. Iglesia, ó mar, ó casa real (quien quiere medrar).
The church, the sea, or the Royal Household (for him who would prosper).
 I. 39.
122. Aquel que dice Injurias cerca está de perdonar.
He that rails is ready to forgive.
 II. 70.
123. Todo Junto como al perro los palos.
All at once, like sticks on a dog.
 II. 68.
 Garay. Carta 1.

124. Muchos van por Lana y vuelven trasquilados.
Many a one goes for wool and comes back shorn.
 I. 7; II. 14, 43, 67.
 Poem of Fernan Gonzalez (13th cent.)—Cronica General,
 Part III.—Guzman de Alfarache, II. ii. 2.
125. Nunca la Lanza embotó la pluma, ni la pluma la lanza.
The lance never yet blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.
 I. 18.
 Quoted by the Marquis of Santillana in his Introduction to his Proverbs.
126. Tantas Letras tiene un no como un sí.
Nay has the same number of letters as yea. I. 22.
127. La Letra con sangre entra.
It's with blood that letters enter. II. 36.
 Donado Hablador, Pt. I. c. 1.
128. No hay Libro tan malo que no tiene algo bueno.
There's no book so bad but has some good in it.
 II. 3, 59.
 From Pliny.—Lazarillo de Tormes, Preface.—Guzman de Alfarache.—Viaje Entretenido of Rojas.
129. Donde no (or menos) se piensa, salta (or levanta) la Liebre.
The hare jumps up where one least expects it. II. 10, 30.
 Garay. Carta 1.
180. Ese te quiere bien que te hace Llorar.
He loves thee well that makes thee weep. I. 20.
 'El que bien te quiere, aquel te habrá castigado.'—
 Ballad of Don Manuel de Leon; Rosas de Timoneda.
 'But most chastises those whom most he likes.'—
 Pomfret.
181. Bien vengas Mal, si vienes solo.
Welcome evil, if thou comest alone. II. 55.
 Another reading has a different punctuation and makes it mean, 'Welcome, but not so if you come alone.'
 Garay. Carta 4.

182. El Mal ajeno de pelo cuelga.
The ills of others hang by a hair. II. 28.
 Another reading is *duelo*—pain.
 Portuguese: Mal alheio peza como hum cabelo.
 Celestina, act xii. Garay. Carta 4.
188. Un Mal llama á otro.
One ill calls up another. I. 28.
 Italian: 'Un Malo tira l' altro.'
184. Buscar á Marica por Rabena, ó al bachiller en Salamanca.
To look for Marica (Molly) in Ravenna, or the bachelor in Salamanca. II. 10.
 Where every other man is a bachelor.
 A needle in a bundle of hay.
185. Buenas son Mangas despues de pascua.
Sleeves are good after Easter. I. 31.
 A good thing is never out of season.
 Compare the Scotch: 'A Yule feast may be done at Pasch.'
 Celestina, act ix. Guzman de Alfarache, II. iii. 2.
 Garay. Carta 1.
186. Muera Marta
 Y muera harta.
Let Martha die, but let her die with a full belly. II. 59.
 Garay. Carta 4.
187. Será mejor no Menear el arroz aunque se pegue.
Better not stir the rice, even though it sticks. II. 37.
188. No es la Miel para la boca del asno.
Honey is not for the ass's mouth. I. 52; II. 28.
189. Haceos Miel y paparos han moscas.
Make yourself honey and the flies will suck you. II. 43, 49.
 Garay. Carta 1.
140. Es menester que el que ve la Mota en el ojo ajeno, vea la viga en el suyo.
He that sees the mote in another's eye had need to see the beam in his own. II. 43.

141. Muchos pocos hacen un Mucho.
Many littles make a much. II. 7.
 Scotticè: 'Mony smas mak a muckle.'
142. Entre dos Muelas cordales
 Nunca pongas tus pulgares.
Never put thy thumbs between two back teeth. II. 43.
 Italian: Tra l'incudine e il martello,
 Man non metta chi ha cervello.
143. Espantóse la Muerta de la degollada.
*The dead woman was frightened at the one with her
 throat cut.* II. 43.
 Better *maravillóse*, was astonished. Sometimes it is
 given *La Muerte*, death; but this is the older form.
 Garay. Carta 1.
144. Todas las cosas tienen remedio, sino es la Muerte.
Everything can be cured, except death. II. 10.
 (A better form of the proverb is No. 146.)
145. Hasta la Muerte todo es vida.
Until death it is all life. II. 59.
146. Para todo hay remedio, sino es para la Muerte.
There is a remedy for everything except death.
 II. 43, 64.
 Italian: 'A tutto c'è rimedio fuorché alla morte.'
147. El Muerto á la sepultura y el vivo á la hogaza.
The dead to the grave and the living to the loaf. I. 19.
148. La Mujer honrada, la pierna quebrada y en casa.
*The respectable woman (should have) a broken leg and
 keep at home.* II. 5, 34, 49.
149. El consejo de la mujer es poco,
 Y el que no le toma es loco.
*A woman's advice is no great things, but he who won't
 take it is a fool.* II. 7.
 Garay. Carta 8.

150. La Mujer y la gallina
 Por andar se pierden aina.
The woman and the hen by gadding about soon get lost. II. 49.
 Portuguese: A molher e a galhinha, por andar se perde asinha.
151. Lo que has de dar al Mur, dálo al gato,
 Y sacarte ha de cuidado.
What thou hast to give to the mouse give to the cat, and it will relieve thee of all trouble. II. 56.
152. Donde hay Musica no puede haber cosa mala.
Where there's music there can't be mischief. II. 34.
 Plattdeutsch: 'Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder!'
 Sa de Düwel, do sett he sich mit'n saars in'm
 immen swarm.
153. No con quien Naces,
 Sino con quien paces.
Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed. II. 10, 32, 68.
154. En los Nidos de antaño
 No hay pajaros hogaño.
There are no birds this year in last year's nests. II. 74.
 Garay. Carta 8.
155. No hallar Nidos donde se piensa hallar pajaros.
Not to find nests where one thinks to find birds. II. 15.
 Cf. No. 226.
156. Mas vale el buen Nombre que muchas riquezas.
A good name is better than great riches. II. 33.
157. Oficio que no da de comer á su dueño no vale dos habas.
A trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans. II. 47.
158. Oficios mudan costumbres.
Office changes manners. II. 4.

159. Ojos que no ven, corazon que no quiebra.
If eyes don't see, heart don't break. II. 67.
 Plattdeutsch: Wat de oogen nich seht dat kränkt de hart
 ook nich.
160. Plegue á Dios que Orégano sea,
 Y no se nos vuelva alcaravea.
*God grant it may prove wild marjoram, and not turn
 carraway on us.* I. 21.
 Used in the case of some doubtful venture or experiment.
 I can find no explanation of the origin of this proverb.
 Why should wild marjoram and carraway have been taken
 as types of the desirable and undesirable? Possibly it
 may be that *orégano* was chosen because the word sug-
 gested *oro*, gold, and *gano* - the old form of *ganancia*—
 gain, advantage; and *alcaravea* because it had a sort of
 resemblance in sound to *algarabía*, gibberish, jabber;—so
 that the whole may mean parabolically a wish for something
 solid and advantageous, instead of mere talk or rubbish.
Orégano occurs in chap. xxxvi. Pt. II. in the sense of
 'eager for gain.'
161. No es Oro todo que reluce.
All that glitters is not gold. II. 33, 48.
162. Cada Oveja
 Con su pareja.
Every ewe to her like. II. 19, 53.
 Portuguese: Cada ovelha com sua parêlha.
163. Paciencia y barajar.
Patience and shuffle (the cards). II. 23.
164. Al buen Pagador no le duelen prendas.
Pledges don't distress a good paymaster,
 II. 14, 30, 34, 59, 71.
 i.e. one who is sure of his ability to pay.
165. Pagan á las veces justos por pecadores.
The righteous sometimes pay for the sinners.
 I. 7; II. 57.
166. De Paja ó de heno
 El jergon lleno.
With straw or with hay the mattress is filled. II. 3, 33.

167. Mas vale Pájaro en mano que buitre volando.
Better a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing. I. 31; II. 12, 31, 71.
Pájaro, passer, is specifically a sparrow, but generally any small bird.
Garay. Carta 1. 4.
168. Palo compuesto no parece palo.
A stick dressed up does not look like a stick. II. 51.
169. Si al Palomar no le falta cebo, no le faltarán palomas.
If the pigeon-house don't lack food, it won't lack pigeons. II. 7.
Ubi mel ibi apes.
170. Con su Pan se lo come.
With his bread let him eat it. II. 25.
'That's his look-out.'
171. Buscar Pan de trastrigo.
To look for better bread than ever came of wheat. I. 7; II. 67.
Trastrigo is an obscure word, but the application is unquestionably to seeking things out of season or out of reason.
172. Tan buen Pan hacen aquí como en Francia.
They make as good bread here as in France. II. 33.
173. Los duelos con Pan son menos.
With bread all woes are less. II. 13, 55.
*Another reading is *llevaderos*, endurable.*
Donado Hablador, Pt. I. c. 7.
174. El Pan comido y la compañía deshecha.
The bread eaten and the company dispersed. II. 7.
Portuguese: Pão comesto, companhia desfeita.
175. En manos está el Pandero que le sabrán bien tañer.
The drum is in hands that will know how to beat it well enough. II. 22.

176. Un diablo Parece á otro.
One devil is like another. I. 31.
 Another form is: 'Hay muchos diablos que parecen unos á otros.'
177. Á Pecado nuevo, penitencia nueva.
For a fresh sin a fresh penance. I. 30.
178. Algo va de Pedro á Pedro.
There's some difference between Peter and Peter. I. 47.
179. Quien busca Peligro, perece en el.
He who seeks danger perishes in it, I. 20.
180. Pedir Peras al olmo.
To ask pears of the elm tree. I. 22; II. 52.
 Garay. Carta 3. has a racy equivalent: '*Pedir muelas al gallo,*' to look for grinders in a cock.
181. Á otro Perro con ese hueso.
Try that bone on some other dog. I. 32.
 Garay. Carta 1. 4. Guzman de Alfarache, I. ii. 5.
182. No quiero Perro con cencerro.
I do not want a dog with a bell, I. 23.
 i.e. with an adjunct that will be an inconvenience.
188. Á Perro viejo no hay 'tus, tus.'
With an old dog there's no good in 'tus, tus.' II. 33, 69.
 A propitiatory phrase addressed to dogs of uncertain temper and intentions.
 Garay. Carta 1. 4.
184. Vióse el Perro
 En bragas de cerro,
 Y no conoció su compañero.
The dog saw himself in hempen breeches and did not know his comrade. II. 50.
 In Mal Lara it is 'the clown: 'Vióse el villano, &c.; y fiero que fiero,' 'as proud as proud could be.'
 Ital.: Villano nobilitato non conosce suo parentado.

185. Uno Piensa el bayo, otro quien le ensilla.
The bay is of one mind, he who saddles him of another.
 II. 15.
186. De la mano á la boca
 Se Pierde la sopa.
Between hand and mouth the sop gets lost. I. 22.
 The proverb does not appear in this shape, but it was probably the one of which Cervantes was thinking when he wrote 'hielan las migajas entre la boca y la mano.'
187. Nadie tienda más la Pierna de cuanto fuere larga la sábana.
Let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet.
 II. 53.
 Portuguese: Cada hum estenda a perna até onde tem a cuberta.
188. Lo que hoy se Pierde se gane mañana.
What's lost to-day may be won to-morrow. I. 7.
189. No ocupa mas Pies di tierra el cuerpo del Papa que el del sacristan.
The Pope's body doesn't take up more feet of earth than the sacristan's. II. 33.
190. Lo que cuesta Poco se estima en menos.
What costs little is valued less. I. 34, 43.
191. Bien Predica quien bien vive.
He preaches well who lives well. II. 20.
192. Al dejar este mundo y meternos la tierra adentro, por tan estrecha sendera va el Principe como el jornalero.
When we quit this world and go underground, the prince travels by as narrow a path as the journeyman. II. 33.
193. Á cada Puerco viene su San Martin.
His Martinmas comes to every pig, II. 62.
 St. Martin's Day being the usual time in Spain for killing pigs.
 Portuguese: Cada porco tem seu S. Martinho. Garay. Carta 1.

194. Donde una Puerta se cierra otra se abre.
When one door shuts, another opens. I. 21.
 Garay. Carta 1. Lazarillo de Tormes.
195. Poner Puertas al campo.
To put gates to the open plain. I. 25 ; II. 55.
 Sometimes it runs: 'querer atár las lenguas es querer, &c.'
 'Trying to stop people's tongues is trying to, &c.'
196. Cada Puta hile.
Let every jade mind her spinning. I. 46.
197. Mas vale buena Queja que mala paga.
Better a good grievance than a bad compensation. II. 7.
 Garay. Carta 1.
198. Pasar la Raya y llegar á lo vedado.
To cross the line and trespass on the forbidden. I. 20.
199. Allá darás Rayo
 En casa de Tamayo.
Fall, thunderbolt, yonder on Tamayo's house II. 10.
 (so long as you don't fall on mine).
200. A buen salvo está el que Repica.
The bellringer's in a safe berth. II. 31, 36, 43.
 Out of the danger, whatever it be, of which he is giving
 warning. Celestina, act xi. Garay. Carta 8.
201. Debajo de mi manto al Rey mato.
Under my cloak I kill the king. I. Preface.
 The older and more correct form is 'al rey mando,' 'give
 commands to the king,' i.e. recognise no superior.
 Portuguese: Em sua casa, cada qual he Rei.
202. Mas vale migaja del Rey, que merced del Señor.
Better the king's crumb than the lord's favour. I. 39.
 The Marquis of Santillana and the Comendador
 Nuñez give it: Mas vale meajas del Rey que zatico de
 caballero.
 Portuguese: Melhor he migalha de Rei, que mercê de
 Senhor.

208. Ni quito Rey, ni pongo Rey.

I neither put down king nor set up king. II. 60.

The words of Henry of Trastamara's page when he helped his master to get the better of Pedro the Cruel; from the ballad on the death of King Pedro.

204. Allá van leyes

Do quieren Reyes.

Laws go as kings like. I. 45; II. 5, 37.

To decide the dispute in 1085 as to which of the two rituals, the Mozarabic or the French, should be adopted, it was agreed to put a copy of each in the fire, and choose the one that escaped. The Mozarabic remained unburned, but Alfonso VI., being in favour of the other, threw it back into the flames. Hence, it is said, the proverb. The Portuguese have it also, as well as two others to the same effect, 'La vão leis, onde querem cruzados' (i.e. money), and, 'La vão leis onde vos quereis.'

205. Las necedades del Rico por sentencias pasan en el mundo.

The silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world.

II. 43.

206. Bien se está San Pedro á Roma.

St. Peter is very well at Rome. II. 41, 53, 59.

Portuguese: Bem está S. Pedro em Roma.

207. Á Roma por todo.

To Rome for everything. II. 52.

208. Cuando á Roma fueres

Haz como vieres.

When thou art at Rome do as thou shalt see. II. 54.

209. La Rueda de la Fortuna anda mas lista que una rueda de molina.

The wheel of Fortune goes faster than a mill-wheel.

I. 47.

210. Ruin sea quien por ruin se tiene.

Mean be he who thinks himself mean. I. 21.

Garay. Carta 1.

211. Quien las sabe las tañe.
Let him who knows how ring the bells. II. 59.
212. Mas vale Salto de mata que ruego de hombres buenos.
Better a clear escape than good men's prayers.
 I. 21; II. 67.
 'Mata' is the old form of 'matanza,' slaughter, punishment. The proverb is almost always turned into nonsense, such as 'an assassin's leap,' a leap from a bush, &c. Garay. Carta 1.
213. La Sangre se hereda y la virtud se aquista.
Blood is an inheritance, virtue an acquisition. II. 42.
214. Al buen callar llaman Sancho.
Sage silence is called Sancho. II. 43.
 Corrupted probably from 'Santo;' another form was 'sage,' prudent. Garay. Carta L
215. Dijo la Sarten á la caldera,
 'Quítate allá, culnegra.'
Said the frying-pan to the kettle, 'Get away, black-breech.' II. 67.
 In the text it is 'ojinegra,' 'black-eye.' In the 'Dialogo de las lenguas' it runs, 'tira allá culnegra;' and in the Marquis of Santillana's proverbs it is 'tírtelo allá.' Another form is, 'dijo la corneja al cuervo, quítate allá, negro,' said the crow to the raven, 'get away, blackamoor.'
216. El Sastre del Campillo,
 Que cosía de balde y ponía el hilo.
The tailor of El Campillo who stitched for nothing and found thread. I. 48.
 There are two or three versions; El sastre del cantillo, and El sastre (or alfayate) de la encrucijada (the tailor of the cross-roads); but it is evidently a place-proverb. Campillo, or El Campillo, is the name of at least a score of places in Spain. 'El Sastre del Campillo' is the title of plays by Belmonte and Candamo, and of a tale by Santos.
217. Á buen Servicio mal galardón.
For good service a bad return. II. 66.

218. Arrojar (or echar) la Soga tras el caldero.
To throw the rope after the bucket. II. 9.
 Lazarillo de Tormes.—Garay. Carta 1.
 French: Jeter le manche après la cognée, 'to throw the
 helve after the hatchet.'
219. No se ha de mentar la Soga en casa del ahorcado.
*The rope must not be mentioned in the house of a man
 that has been hanged.* I. 25; II. 28.
220. Aun hay Sol en las bardas.
There is still sunshine on the wall. II. 3.
The day is not yet over.
221. Tanto vales, cuanto tienes.
As much as thou hast, so much art thou worth. II. 20, 43.
222. En la Tardanza suele estar el peligro.
In delay there is apt to be danger. I. 29, 46; II. 41, 71.
223. Dos linajes solo hay en el mundo, el 'Tener' y el 'no
 tener.'
*There are only two families in the world, the Have's and
 the Haven't's.* II. 20.
224. Cual el Tiempo, tal el tiento.
As the occasion, so the behaviour. II. 50, 55.
225. No son todos los Tiempos unos.
All times are not alike. II. 35.
226. Muchos piensan que hay Tocinos donde no hay estacas.
*Many a one fancies there are fitches where there are
 no pegs,* I. 25; II. 10, 55, 65, 73.
i.e. not even anything to hang them on.
227. Mas vale un 'Toma' que dos 'te daré.'
One 'take' is better than two 'I'll give thee's.'
 II. 7, 35, 71.
 Garay. Carta 1.

228. Ciertos son los Toros.
There's no doubt about the bulls. I. 35.
 It's all right; we may make our minds easy. A popular phrase on the eve of a bull-fight.
229. Tortas y pan pintado.
Cakes and fancy bread. II. 2, 17, 63, 63.
230. Aunque la Traicion aplace, el traidor se aborrece.
Though the treachery may please, the traitor is detested.
 I. 39.
 The version of the Comendador Nuñez is: 'Traicion aplace, mas no el que la hace.'
 The Portuguese is better: Paga-se o Rey da traição, mas do traidor não.
231. Quien á mí me Trasquiló, las tijeras le quedaron en la mano.
He who clipped me has kept the scissors. II. 37.
232. Tripas llevan piés, que no piés á tripas.
It's the tripes that carry the feet, not the feet the tripes.
 II. 34, 47.
 Another form is: 'tripas llevan corazon.'
233. No se toman Truchas
 Á bragas enjutas.
There's no taking trout with dry breeches. II. 71.
 La Gitanilla.—Ital.: Non si può avere de' pesci senza immolarsi.
234. Como por los cerros de Úbeda.
Like 'over the hills of Úbeda.' II. 33, 43, 57.
 Used in reference to anything wide of the mark; that has nothing to do with the subject in hand. See Note A to chap. xxxiii. Part II.
235. En cada tierra su Uso.
Every country has a way of its own. II. 9.
236. Cuando te dieron la Vaquilla,
 Corre con la soguilla.
When they offer thee a heifer, run with a halter.
 II. 4, 41, 50, 62.
 Garay. Carta 1.

237. Cada uno es artifice de su Ventura.

Each is the maker of his own Fortune.

II. 66.

'Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus
Appius ait, Fabrum esse suæ quemque Fortunæ.' Sallust,
Oratio I.

238. Lo que Veo con los ojos, con el dedo lo señalo.

What I can see with my eyes I point out with my finger.

II. 62.

Better, 'con el dedo lo ádevino.' Garay. Carta 1.

239. La que es deseosa de Ver, tambien tiene deseo de ser vista.

She who is eager to see is eager also to be seen.

II. 49.

240. La Verdad adelgaza y no quiebra.

The truth may run fine but will not break.

II. 17.

Ital. : La verità può languire ma non perire.

241. La Verdad siempre anda sobre la mentira como el aceite sobre el agua.

Truth always rises above falsehood, as oil rises above water.

II. 17, 50.

The Comendador Nuñez has it: 'La verdad como el
olio siempre anda en somo.'

Portuguese: A verdade e o azeite andão de cima.

242. Mas vale Verguenza en cara, que mancilla en corazon.

Better a blush on the cheek than a sore in the heart.

II. 44.

243. El que larga Vida vive, mucho mal ha de pasar.

He who lives a long life has to go through much evil.

II. 32.

244. Regostóse la Vieja á los bledos, ni dejó verdes ni secos.

The old woman took kindly to the blits, and did not leave either green or dry.

II. 69.

Bledo, *amaranthus blitum*. Fr. blette. Germ. blutkraut;
used in some parts as a substitute for spinach. 'L'appétit
vient en mangeant.'

Portuguese: Avezou-se a velha aos bredos, lambe-lhe
os dedos.

245. Á mal Viento va esta parva.
This corn is being winnowed in a bad wind. II. 68.
246. Hacer bien á Villanos es echar agua en la mar.
To do good to clowns is to throw water into the sea.
 I. 23.
247. De mis Viñas vengo, no sé nada.
I come from my vineyard, I know nothing. I. 25.
It's no use asking me about it.
248. Cada uno mire por el Virote.
Let each look out for the arrow. II. 14, 49.
 Covarrubias explains it as a phrase taken from rabbit-shooting with the cross-bow—meaning, let each look for his own arrow, i.e. mind his own business; according to him, virote is a bolt used for shooting small game, not an arrow used in warfare.
249. Bueno es Vivir para ver.
It's well to live that one may learn. II. 32.
250. Vivir mas años que sarna.
To live longer than itch. I. 12.
 Properly it is 'ser mas viejo que sarna,' to be older than itch.
251. No se ganó Zamora
 En una hora.
Zamora was not won in an hour. II. 71.
 Portuguese: Em huma hora não se ganhou Çamora, 'Rome was not built in a day.' Plattdeutsch: De boom fällt nich van een slag. An allusion to the long siege of Zamora in 1072, at which Sancho II. lost his life.
252. Cada uno sabe donde le aprieta el Zapato.
Each knows where the shoe pinches him. I. 32; II. 33.

II.

THE SPANISH ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

THE Chivalry Romances of Western Europe fall naturally into three groups, the British, the French, and the Spanish; the first that which has the legend of Arthur and the Round Table for its nucleus; the second that which formed round the legend of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers; and the third composed of the Amadis and Palmerin series and a vast number of isolated romances, some independent, but most of them obviously inspired by the Amadis.

Cervantes, with that sound critical instinct which he always shows in such matters, treats the Arthurian legend as the fountain-head of chivalry romance (chap. xiii. Part I.), and his frequent references to it prove the attraction it had for him; but what Mr. J. A. Symonds observes of Italy is true also of Spain in general, as regards the Arthurian story. It was obviously appreciated by a few, but it does not seem to have taken root, or naturalised itself with the nation at large in the same way as the Carlovingian. The ballads alone sufficiently prove this. There are only three or four, and those short ones, in any way related to the Arthurian legend, while those connected with the Charlemagne story are at least ten times as many in number, and in length, some of them, more properly *chansons de geste* than ballads.

The Arthurian romances that were current in Spanish are :

El Baladro del Sabio Merlin. Burgos, 1498.

A translation from the Italian of Messer Zarzi, 1379. One of the last chapters describes how Merlin at his death uttered a loud cry, 'baladro,' that was heard three leagues off; hence the title of the book. Don Pascual de Gayangos says there is no other edition, and he knows of no other copy but the one that was in the possession of the Marquis de Pidal.

Merlin y la Demanda del Sancto Grial. Seville, 1500.

Libro del esforzado cavallero Don Tristan de Leonis. Valladolid, 1501.

This edition is cited by Ebert: there are others of Seville, 1528, 1533, and 1534.

La Demanda del Sancto Grial, con los maravillosos fechos de Lanzarote del Lago y de Galas su hijo. Toledo, 1515; Seville, 1535.

At the end it has, 'Aquí se acaba el segundo y postrero libro de la Demanda del Sancto Grial con el baladro del famosísimo profeta y nigromante Merlin, con sus profecías.'

La Cronica de los nobles cavalleros, Tablante de Ricamonte y Jofre hijo de Don Ason. Toledo, 1515 and 1526.

This is the book referred to in chap. xvi. Part I. Clemencin calls it a French story, and wrongly attributes it to Philip Camus. Gayangos thinks it may possibly be of Provençal origin, but the earliest known form of it is the Spanish edition of Toledo, 1515.

To these may be added the Portuguese romance :

Triunfos de Sagrarnor; feitos dos Cavalleiros da Segunda Tavola Redonda. Coimbra, 1554.

To the genesis of the Arthurian romance we have no clue whatever. We cannot tell whether the Round Table story grew out of the Grail myth, or *vice versa*, or whether in Arthur and Merlin we have mere creatures of bardic imagination, or reminiscences of a chieftain and a counsellor who made their mark in the struggle in which the Britons were driven westward by the Saxons. But in the Carolingian legend we have the whole process before our eyes. We have the minute historical germ in the two sentences of Eginhard which record the destruction of the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army by the Gascons at Roncevalles, and the death of Eggihard, Anselm, and Hruodland, the warden of the marches of Brittany; and if we have not the original lays in which in process of time the minstrels expanded the event, we have undoubtedly an early redaction of them in the Oxford MS. of the *Chanson de Roland*. We have the treachery of Ganelon put forward to furnish a satisfactory explanation of the disaster. Then we have the story passing out of its nonage of verse and oral transmission, and with yet further amplifications assuming the character of history and dignity of prose in the so-called chronicle of Turpin, and serving as a mine of material to romance writers like Adenez and Huon de Villeneuve; and so by successive stages we trace it to the literary period when it falls into the hands of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto.

In some respects the most remarkable development of the Charlemagne legend was on the south side of the Pyrenees. For two very different reasons it had a strong attraction for the Spanish people. In the first place Charlemagne and his paladins had an interest for them as the enemies of their own enemies, the Saracens. It was impossible for them not to sympathise in some degree with his triumphs over their Moslem conquerors. On the other hand his passage of the Pyrenees was resented as an invasion of Spanish soil; and the *rotta dolorosa* of Roncevalles, from a massacre by wild mountaineers intent on plunder, as it was in reality, or the revenge of vindictive Saracens, as the *Chanson de Roland* represents it, became in time a retributive defeat inflicted by Spanish patriots led by Bernardo del Carpio, the circumstances being so manipulated as to harmonise with the traditional life of the hero. The ballads of the Carolingian cycle were, it is almost needless to say, a purely national growth, in no way inspired by the lays of the French minstrels, and as such they have assigned them a large space in Wolf and Hoffmann's admirable selection, which so jealously excludes all with a taint of foreign or artificial origin. They form, in fact, an independent Spanish Carolingian series. In some few instances the personages of French romance appear in them; Renaud de Montauban, for example, figures in four or five under the name of Reinaldos de Montalvan; the subject of the most beautiful of them all is the dream of Doña Alda, Roland's betrothed, of whom we have a glimpse in the *Chanson de Roland*; the Marquis of Mantua, so often mentioned in Don Quixote, is in fact the famous Ogier, or Holger, le Danois, and the subject of the ballad, the death

of his nephew Baldwin at the hands of the Emperor's son, Carloto, most likely a Spanish version of the French story that tells how a son of Ogier's was killed by the same Carloto or Charlot. But on the whole the characters and incidents of the ballads are entirely their own, and no counterparts are to be found beyond the Pyrenees for Montesinos, Gaiferos, Guarinos, Durandarte, Conde Claros, Calainos, or the tales of which they are the heroes. The Carlovingian romances of chivalry were, on the contrary, all importations. Without an exception they were translations or adaptations of works by foreigners, if we may judge by those known to bibliography, which are the following :

Hystoria del Emperador Carlo magno y de los doce Pares de Francia. Cromberger, Seville, 1521.

This edition, which is in the Huth library, is apparently unknown to all the bibliographers. The earliest that Gayangos has in his list is that of Seville, 1528. The book is a translation by Nicolas de Piamonte (whose name, however, does not appear in the earlier editions), partly from the Latin Chronicle attributed to Turpin, partly from French works founded on it. It was reprinted seven or eight times in the sixteenth, and repeatedly in the next two centuries. Indeed it has never ceased to be popular, for to this day it circulates in an abridged form as a chap-book, an instance of vitality rare in chivalry romance literature.

Reinaldos de Montalvan. Libro del noble y esforzado caballero—. First and Second Parts, Toledo, 1523.

Other editions, Salamanca, 1526, Seville, 1535. Nine in all appeared before the close of the century. Third Part, Seville, 1533; Fourth Part, Seville, 1542. A translation by Luis Dominiques of the Italian *Innamoramento di Carlo Magno*.

Guarino Mesquino. Coronica del noble cavallero—. Seville, 1527.

Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly had lately a copy of this edition, which was previously unknown to bibliographers. There is a vague indication of one of 1512 in the 'Biblioteca Colombina' at Seville, but the earliest known to Gayangos was that of Seville, 1548. The romance is usually included in the Charlemagne series, though the connection is but slight. It is of Italian origin, and is generally attributed to a thirteenth-century author, Messer Andrea of Florence. The Spanish translator, according to Pellicer, was Alonso Hernandez Aleman.

Espejo de cavallerias, en el qual se trata de los hechos del conde Don Roldan y Don Reynaldos. Seville, 1538.

This edition is cited by Lenglet du Fresnoy; Brunet mentions one of 1545, and in the Grenville library there is one of 1551. This, the reader will remember, is the book the curate, in chapter vi., consented to spare for Boiardo's sake. It is in part a prose version of Boiardo's Orlando, and was the work of Pedro de Reinos. The second part appears to have been by Pedro Lopes de Sta. Catalina. There has been a good deal of confusion about this book. Several authorities, Pellicer and Dunlop among others, have confounded it with the *Espejo de principes y cavalleros*, which is the first title of the *Cavallero del Febo*, a romance of a totally different character; and it has been also confounded by Vicente Salvá and by Clemencin with *Reinaldos de Montalvan*. Second and third parts appeared at Seville in 1536, and Toledo in 1547, and all three were printed together at Medina del Campo in 1586.

Morgante. Libro del esforzado gigante—. First Part, Valencia, 1533; Second Part, Valencia, 1535.

These are two Valencia editions of 1533 of the first part. One is in the Grenville Library. A translation from the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci. The second part is by the Valencian poet Geronimo de Auner.

The Amadis of Gaul stands by right at the head of the third, the

Spanish group of romances of chivalry. It is true that 'Tirant lo Blanch,' 'Oliveros de Castilla,' 'Merlin,' the 'Demanda del Grial,' 'Tristan de Leonis,' and perhaps one or two more, preceded it in print; but there can be no doubt that long before these books made their appearance it was a popular romance widely read throughout the Peninsula; and it was moreover, as the curate says, the true founder of Spanish chivalry romance. Until comparatively lately it was regarded as unquestionable that the Amadis was a romance of Portuguese origin, although its oldest existing form was Spanish. The belief rested upon a positive statement by Gomez de Azurara, a Portuguese chronicler who wrote in the second half of the fifteenth century, that it was made by one man, Vasco de Lobeira by name, in the time of King Ferdinand (1367-83), and that everything in it was his invention. A sonnet in praise of Lobeira by Antonio Ferreira, who died in 1569, supports the assertion, but this can scarcely be accepted as independent testimony. There is, however, no reason to doubt that Vasco de Lobeira produced an Amadis of some sort, and that a manuscript of it was in existence as late as 1750; the real question is, What was the nature of this Amadis; was it original, translated, or remodelled? This question is exhaustively treated by Don Pascual de Gayangos in the masterly *discurso* on romances of chivalry prefixed to his edition of the Amadis and Esplandian (Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, vol. xl.), an essay which is now universally recognised as the first authority on the subject, and to which I am largely indebted for the bibliographical details in this appendix, not by any means my only obligation to the same pen. We know but little about Vasco de Lobeira, in fact nothing more than that he was knighted by King John I. of Portugal, just before the battle of Aljubarrota, and that he died in 1403. Knighthood conferred under such circumstances proves, in Don Pascual's opinion (and of course there is no higher authority on such a point), that he must have been then under age; at any rate it is clear that he was a young man in 1385, the year in which the battle was fought. Now there is indisputable evidence that at least thirty or forty years before this date there was extant, and widely known and read in Spain, an Amadis of which he could not possibly have been the author. The Castilian Chancellor, Pedro Lopez de Ayala, who by a curious coincidence was also present at the same battle of Aljubarrota, in the 162nd quatrain of his 'Rimado de Palacio,' which was written between 1367 and 1370, laments the time he had wasted over idle books like Amadis and Lancelot. This of course refers to the days of his youth, or, as he was born in 1332, to, as nearly as possible, the middle of the century. Another still more significant allusion is by a contemporary of the Chancellor, the old poet Pero Ferrus, who in some verses in the Cancionero of Baena speaks distinctly of an Amadis whose achievements were to be found recorded in three books; and two other writers of the same period in the same volume also refer to the story of an Amadis. In estimating the value of this evidence it should be borne in mind that in the fourteenth century, when one manuscript had to serve for many readers, and reproduction was so slow and costly, a book required far more time to become widely known

than it did two centuries later ; and therefore when we find so many independent references to the existence of an Amadis in the middle of the century, it is no unreasonable assumption that it must have been produced at least as early as the year 1300. In the Amadis as we have it there are two or three statements bearing on the question. In the preface it is said that Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo, wishing to leave behind him 'some sort of memorial of himself,' corrected these three books of Amadis, which, by the errors of bad scribes and composers, were read in a very vitiated and corrupt form. By scribes, 'escritores,' mere transcribers are, of course, meant, but by composers, 'componedores,' the writer evidently means something more than this, and gives us to understand that there was a variety of editions and texts of the Amadis. It is plain that Montalvo was acquainted with Lobeira's version ; for in the first book, speaking of Briolania's unrequited love for Amadis, he says that the Infante Don Alfonso of Portugal (who was not born till 1370), 'taking compassion on the fair damsel, ordered it to be set down in a different manner. In this he followed what was his own good pleasure, but not what was actually written of their loves.' From this it seems clear, first, that in Montalvo's opinion what Lobeira altered at the instance of the Infante was not his own work, but an already existing Amadis, which he was translating or putting into modern shape ; and secondly, that he himself did not follow Lobeira's version, but some older and more trustworthy text. On the whole, therefore, the most reasonable conclusion appears to be that it was an error, on the part of Gomez de Azurara, to describe Lobeira as the author and inventor of the Amadis, and that he and Montalvo merely produced new editions of a romance that had been in circulation in the Peninsula since, at any rate, the beginning of the fourteenth century. In Sir Walter Scott's day the 'Rimado de Palacio' and the Cancionero of Baena, which go so far to support this view, were still in manuscript, but his instinct and his long practice in weighing evidence on questions of this kind led him to arrive at a similar conclusion, in opposition to Southey, who, starting from the same premises, decided in favour of the authorship of Lobeira.

But the question remains, Does it follow that, because the Amadis was extant in Spain in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, it was therefore an indigenous Spanish romance ? Most of those who have read it must have been struck by its resemblance in many respects, in its characters, incidents, and construction, to the romances of the Arthurian cycle. This of itself would prove nothing, for imitation of the Arthurian story was common in the earlier romances. Even the Charlemagne legend is formed to a great extent on the Arthurian. What, for instance, is the institution of the Twelve Peers, but an imitation of the Round Table ? Indeed, in the Spanish ballads, which are many of them nearly as old as the Chanson de Roland, the Peers are made to sit at a table, and in one of the Marquis of Mantua series it is even a round table—'mesa redonda.' But there is something more than imitation in the Amadis. The scene is laid on Arthurian ground ; Gaula, Perion's kingdom, is Wales ; Bristoya, Bristol, is the port by which it communicates with the kingdom of Lisuarte, who

holds his court at Vindilisora, Windsor; Garinter, the grandfather of Amadis, is King of Brittany; the Peña Pobre is off the Breton coast, and the Insula Firme is a part of Brittany or Normandy; Amadis is repeatedly employed in chastising the kings and princes of Ireland; he woos the peerless Oriana in London; and Corisanda, the mistress of Florestan, is lady of the island of Gravesend. Why should a Spanish romance writer of the thirteenth or fourteenth century have gone for the scene of his story to regions so remote from the ken of his readers? Then there is a certain Arthurian, if not Celtic, flavour in the names, such as, for instance, Galaor, Galvanes, Galdar, Galtares, Gandales, Gandalod, Garinter, Garin (reminding one of Gawain, Galahad, Gareth), Brananda, Brandalia, Brandalisa, Brandonia, Branfil, Brian, and many more, the Spanish parentage of which is, at least, extremely doubtful. But the most suspicious feature of all is the character of Urganda la Desconocida. The absence of the supernatural is a remarkable characteristic in Spanish works of imagination. The only form, indeed, in which it can be said to be admitted is that of miracles and apparitions of Saints, for the magic and enchantments of the later romances of chivalry cannot be called an exception; and so foreign to the genius of Spanish literature are supernatural beings like those that abound in almost all others, that Wolf and Hoffmann, in the *Primavera y Flor de Romances*, treat them as proof positive of a French or Breton origin. But Urganda, except that she is more amiable, is a being of exactly the same nature as Vivien and Morgan la Fay; indeed the name is possibly only another form of Morgan or Morgand. She is, in fact, a genuine Celtic creation; that is to say, the original Urganda of the first three books; for it is very significant that when Montalvo took her in hand in *Esplandian*, he so little comprehended the original conception, that he transformed her into a commonplace enchantress.

If the Amadis be indeed an indigenous Spanish romance, it must have been written under the influence, and to a great extent in imitation, of the Arthurian romances. There are, however, it must be allowed, grounds for a suspicion that it may be after all a Spanish *rifacimento* of a romance by one of the many Anglo-Norman romancers, like Robert and Elie de Borron, Rusticien de Pise, or Lucas de Gast, who, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, busied themselves in grafting new fictions on the Arthurian stem; and if in chronology it does not agree with the Arthur legend, the same may be said of Gyron le Courtois and Perceforest. But whoever or whatever, Spaniard or Norman, its original author may have been, all critics have agreed that the Amadis deserves to the full the character Master Nicholas the barber gave it of being 'the best of all the books of this kind that have been written.' As a romance, pure and simple, it may be inferior to *Tristram*, for example, but as a romance of chivalry it has no rival. It breathes the spirit and bears the impress of the age in which it was composed, when chivalry was a reality; while its successors and imitators are merely actors acting a part, and driven to make up for a lack of true feeling by rant, bombast, and exaggeration. Hence the tenderness of Cervantes, whose only grudge against it was on the score of the mischievous conse-

quences of its popularity. This is its great merit, but not its only one, for it is no less distinguished above its fellows by its invention and imagination, the powers of description it displays, and, above all, the strong human interest that pervades it. It is, no doubt, oppressively long, and in parts tedious and even ponderous; but in this respect it is only of a piece with the portentous meats and dishes described in the records of old banquets, of which the sturdier digestions of our ancestors made light, though we can scarcely read of them now without a shudder.

Of Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo, to whom we owe the book in its present form, we know nothing save that he was regidor of Medina del Campo, and completed it apparently between 1492 and 1504, as he refers to the conquest of Granada, and speaks as though Queen Isabella were living. It is not easy to say how much credit is his due, but it is a suspicious circumstance that the fourth book, which, from the words he uses with regard to it, seems to be his own, is distinctly inferior to the first three; and the Esplandian, about the authorship of which there can be no question, shows a still greater falling off. He may, however, be fairly credited with the language, in virtue of which the Amadis takes its place among the recognised masterpieces of old Spanish prose. But the most notable fact in connection with the Amadis is the influence it exercised on the literature of Spain, and nothing can illustrate this better than the following list of the Amadis, Palmerins, and kindred fictions, forming the Spanish group of chivalry romances:

Amadis de Gaula. Los quatro libros del muy esforçado cavallero —, *nuevamente emendados e hystoriados*. S.l., but known to have been printed at Rome, 1519.

There are other editions of Saragossa, 1521; Toledo, 1524; Seville, 1526 and 1531; Venice, 1533; and in all about twenty belonging to the sixteenth century are known. That of 1519 cannot possibly be the first. On this point the existence of a sixth book of the Amadis dated 1510, the 'Florisando,' described by Gallardo, is pretty conclusive; but even if it were not, besides the great improbability of such a book being printed for the first time at Rome, it is extremely improbable that it should have lain unprinted for at least fifteen years, during which books to all appearance inspired by it, like Palmerin de Oliva and Primaleon, were coming out one after the other. However, no earlier edition is known to exist; Lenglet du Fresnoy, Barbosa Machado, and Quadrio speak of one of 1510, and in Ferdinand Columbus' catalogue to the Biblioteca Colombina at Seville there is a reference to one printed by Cromberger at Seville in 1511. At the instance of Francis I., who beguiled his captivity with it in 1526, it was translated into French in 1540 by Nicholas de Herberay, Sieur des Essarts, and again, in the middle of the last century, in the very unfaithful and impure version of the Comte de Tressan. There are two English translations, that by Thomas Paynel, 1567, which is in the Huth library, and Anthony Munday's, 1596-1619, which, like all his translations, is from the French. It is to be noted that in the successors of Amadis of Gaul the scene of the adventures is transferred to the Turkish dominions.

Esplandian. Las Sergas del muy virtuoso cavallero —, *hijo de Amadis de Gaula*. Toledo, 1521.

Fifth book of the Amadis series. Other editions, Salamanca, 1525; Burgos, 1526; and there are extant eight in all up to 1588. In the catalogue of Ferdinand Columbus a Seville edition of 1510 is mentioned, the existence of which would of course imply an Amadis of the same or an earlier date. Some of them are entitled, 'Ramo que de los quatro libros de Amadis de Gaula sale, llamado Las Sergas, &c.'

There is an English translation by Thomas Kirkman.

Florisando. El sexto libro de Amadis, el qual trata de los grandes y hazafiosos fechos del valiente y esforçado —, hijo del rey Don Florestan. Salamanca, 1510.

Sixth book. Don Florestan was the brother of Amadis. The above edition is mentioned by Antonio, and Gallardo gives a minute description of a copy in the library of Don José de Salamanca. This, of course, almost amounts to proof positive of an edition of Amadis de Gaula prior to 1510. From the dedication it would appear that the author's name was Paes de Rivera.

Lisuarte. El septimo libro de Amadis, en el qual se trata de los grandes fechos en armas de — de Grecia y de Perion de Gaula. Seville, 1525.

Seventh book. Lisuarte was the son and Perion the brother of Esplandian. The author is not mentioned, but appears to have been that prolific master of rodomontade, Feliciano de Silva. Like all his books it was popular; there are at least ten editions of the sixteenth century.

Lisuarte. El octavo libro de Amadis, que trata de las extrañas aventuras y grandes proezas de su nieto — de Grecia, y de la muerte del inclito Amadis. Seville, 1526.

Eighth book. By one Juan Diaz, apparently taking advantage of the popularity of Silva's Lisuarte.

Amadis de Grecia. Cronica del muy valiente y esforçado principe y cavallero de la ardiente Espada —, hijo de Lisuarte. Burgos, 1535.

Ninth book. This was meant by Feliciano de Silva, its author, to be the eighth book of the Amadis, but he was forestalled by Juan Diaz. The hero was the son of Lisuarte. There must, of course, have been an earlier edition than that of 1535; the Biblioteca Colombina catalogue mentions one of 1530. There are six or seven sixteenth-century editions.

Florisel de Niquea. La cronica de los muy valientes y esforçados e invencibles cavalleros —, y el fuerte Anaxartes. Valencia, 1532.

Tenth Book, comprising the first and second parts of Florisel de Niquea; also the work of Feliciano de Silva. The heroes were sons of Amadis of Greece. Six or seven editions appeared within the century.

Rogel de Grecia. Parte tercera de la chronica del muy excelente principe Don Florisel de Niquea, en la qual se trata de las grandes hazafias de — y el segundo Agesilao. Seville, 1536. Quarta parte de la chronica, &c. (in two parts). Salamanca, 1551.

These third and fourth parts of Florisel de Niquea, likewise by Feliciano de Silva, make up the Eleventh Book. The heroes are Agesilao, son of Palanges, a friend of Florisel's, and Rogel of Greece, son of Florisel himself. There were half a dozen editions before the close of the century.

All these Amadis of Feliciano de Silva seem to have been special objects of detestation to Cervantes. The reader will remember the curate's outburst when Amadis of Greece is mentioned. Queen Pintiquinlestra appears in Lisuarte, and the shepherd Darinel in Amadis of Greece and Florisel de Niquea.

Silves de la Selva. Comienza la dosena parte del invencible cavallero Amadis de Gaula, que trata de los grandes hechos en armas del esforçado cavallero Don —. Seville, 1546.

Twelfth Book; by Pedro de Luxan, the author of *Leandro el Bel*, which is sometimes counted as the Thirteenth Book, but is in reality the continuation of *Lepolemo*. Silves de la Selva was the natural son of Amadis of Greece.

Besides the above there are several doubtful members of the family, such as 'Esferamundi de Grecia,' and 'Penalva;' the French, not content

with translating the whole, have added as many more, and the Italians nearly as many. But the foregoing constitute the genuine Spanish Amadis series, a series of books which, complete, would be a glory to any library in the world; which, in first editions, would now probably fetch a sum almost large enough to endow a college; and which, if we except the founder of the sect, as Cervantes called it, is perhaps, rarity apart, as worthless a set of books as could be made up out of the refuse novels of a circulating library. In these respects, however, it has a rival in the Palmerin series, of which the following are the members:

Palmerin de Oliva. El libro del famoso y muy esforçado cavallero —. Salamanca, 1511.

The hero when an infant was found among palms and olives on a mountain side, hence his title. According to tradition, the author was a lady of Augustobriga, but why tradition should be preferred to the statement in Primaleon that both works are by Francisco Vazquez of Ciudad Rodrigo, I know not. In popularity it rivalled any of the Amadis series, the Amadis itself excepted. Of the 1511 edition, the only copy known is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. An English translation in two parts, by Anthony Munday, appeared in 1588-97.

Primaleon. Libro segundo del emperador Palmerin, en que se recuentan los grandes y hazafiosos fechos de — y Polendos, sus hijos. Salamanca, 1512.

According to Salvá y Mallén, a copy of this edition was sold in 1865. The earliest previously mentioned was one of 1516, referred to in the Colombina Library catalogue and by Nicolás Antonio. There is unquestionably a Salamanca edition of 1524.

Polindo. Historia del invencible —, *hijo del rey Paciano, rey de Numidia.* Toledo, 1526.

Its claim to be admitted into the series is very slight, as Polindo was, in fact, only the stepson of Polendos, the brother of Primaleon, but Gayangos apparently thinks the author meant it to be a continuation, and therefore includes it in his list.

Platir. Cronica del muy valiente y esforçado caballero —, *hijo del emperador Primaleon.* Valladolid, 1533.

Author unknown. This by right ought to be the third of the Palmerins, Platir being the son of Primaleon. Only one copy seems to be known, that in the library of Don José de Salamanca, formerly in the Alessandrino, Rome.

Flortir.

No edition in Spanish is known, and the only reason for supposing there ever was one is that there is an Italian *Historia del cavalier Flortir, Agiuolo dell' Imperator Platir* (Venice, 1554), said to be a translation from the Spanish; but, as it was a trick of the Spanish romancers to pretend that they translated from Arabic, Latin, or English, so very likely the Italians may have sometimes feigned an obligation to the Spanish, which was in the sixteenth century the great mine of chivalry romance.

Palmerin de Inglaterra. Libro del muy esforçado cavallero —, *hijo del rey Don Duardos.* Toledo, 1547.

The hero was son of Duardos (Edward), a prince of England, and Florida, the daughter of Palmerin de Oliva. This, next to the Amadis, is the most famous of the romances, owing to the praise bestowed upon it by Cervantes, praise which is somewhat wanting in perspective. It is, no doubt, better than the others of its kind, more rational and more interesting, mainly because the author, when he took the Amadis as his model, had a clearer perception of its excellences than his brethren; but being better than its contemporaries

does not necessarily imply being 'very good,' as Cervantes called it. It was for a long time believed to be of Portuguese origin, as Cervantes described it, though a French translation of 1553, and an Italian of 1555, both claiming to be from the *Castilian*, were the oldest forms in which it was known; and Francisco Moraes, who, in 1567, produced a Portuguese version confessedly from the French, was confidently declared to be the author. Southey in this, as in the *Amadis* case, took up the Portuguese claim warmly, pointing out that no Spanish original was forthcoming, and arguing that *Castilian* was used to include all the languages of the Peninsula, that Moraes, in pretending to translate from the French, was only following in the footsteps of the older chivalry romance writers, and that the French and Italian versions might have been made from his manuscript. This is rather the argument of an advocate than of a critic; the question, however, has been since set at rest by the production of the desired Spanish original, printed in two volumes folio at Toledo in 1547 and 1548, which gives in an acrostic the name of the author, Luis Hurtado, a well-known man of letters of the day. To Vicente Salvá belongs the honour of having established his country's title to the book, but neither he nor Don Pascual de Gayangos seem to have been aware that his copy was not unique. There is another in the Grenville Library in the British Museum, with, moreover, a MS. note, of what date it does not appear, pointing out that the existence of such an edition disposes of Southey's theory as to the authorship of Moraes. There is an English translation by Anthony Munday (1616) with the characteristic title, *The no less rare then excellent and stately History of the famous and fortunate Prince Palmerin of England, and Prince Florian du Desart his brother, wherein gentlemen may find choice of sweet inventions, and gentlemen be satisfied in courtly expectations.*

The independent romances extended over a longer period than the *Amadis* and *Palmerins*, and continued to appear at intervals, until the publication of 'Don Quixote,' as will be seen by the following list.

Tirant lo Blanch. Libre appellat —, dirigit por mossen Ioanot Martorell, caviller, al Serenissim princep Don Fernando de Portugal. Valencia, 1490.

The volume in Don Quixote's library, praised, seriously or ironically, by Cervantes, was the *Castilian* version, a poor abridgement, according to Gayangos, of the above, printed at Valladolid in 1511. Of the original Valencian it is commonly said that only three copies, one of which is in the British Museum, are in existence, but Gallardo in the *Ensayo* speaks of a fourth in the library of Don José de Salamanca, which is probably the copy mentioned in the supplement to *Brunet's Manuel* as having been once in the Royal Library at Lisbon; of a second edition, printed at Barcelona in 1497, only one copy, that mentioned by Gallardo, seems to be known. It is described at the end as having been 'traduit de Angles en lengua Portuguesa e apres en volgar lengua Valenciana por lo magnífico e virtuos caviller Mossen Ioanot Martorell,' who wrote three parts, to which a fourth was added by the magnífico caviller mossen Johan de Galba, at the request of Dona Isabel de Loris. The suggestion of an English original is of course only the romance writers' usual pretence, and in all probability the story of the Portuguese version is nothing more. The book appears to have been written about 1480, and its author to have been familiar with the Arthur legend and the *Amadis*. Opinions differ as to the general merits of *Tirant lo Blanch*, but it has at least the merit, a rare one in chivalry romance, of treating its readers as rational beings; and for English readers the early part has an interest as dealing with adventures on English ground, and with the venerable story of Guy of Warwick.

Oliveros de Castilla. Historia de los nobles cavalleros — y Artus de Algarve. Burgos, 1499.

Said in some editions to be the work of Pedro de la Floresta, or, according to another account, to have been translated from the Latin into French and thence into Spanish by Philip Camus. It is more probable that it was originally written in Spanish, and like several other Spanish romances, translated into French by Camus. There were other editions at Valladolid, 1601, Valencia 1606, Seville 1607 and 1610. It is one of the two or three books of the kind that have survived the onslaught of Cervantes, and have been reprinted occasionally up to the present day.

Cifar. Cronica del muy esforçado caballero —, nuevamente impressa. Seville, 1512.

The only copy known is in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Floriseo. Libro de —, que por otro nombre es llamado el caballero del Desierto. Valencia, 1516.

By Fernando Bernal. The Colombina Library catalogue at Seville, and Nicolas Antonio (who gives 1517 as the date), seem to be the only authorities for the existence of this romance. It is probably identical with *Potisman Florisio*, Valencia, 1527, by the same author and with very nearly the same title.

Anderique.—Libro del esforçado caballero —. Salamanca, 1517.

Clarian de Landanis. Libro primero del esforçado caballero —. Toledo, 1518.

A second part appeared under the title of *Floramante de Colonia*, and a fourth under that of *Lidaman de Ganail*.

Clariballe. Libro del muy esforçado caballero —. Valencia, 1519.

By Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo.

Clarimundo. Primera parte da Cronica do Emperador —, donde os Reyes de Portugal descendem. Coimbra, 1520.

This, though Portuguese, is entitled by the popularity it enjoyed throughout the Peninsula to a place among the Spanish romances. The author was the Livy of Portugal, as he is sometimes called, João de Barros, who wrote the history of the Portuguese in the East.

Lepolemo. Cronica de —, llamado el caballero de la X, hijo del emperador de Alemania, compuesta en Arabigo y trasladada en Castellano por Alonso de Salazar. Valencia, 1521.

Gayangos gives 1543 as the date of the earliest edition of which he had any certain knowledge, and speaks of the book as by an unknown author. Ticknor gives the same date and says the author was Pedro de Luxan, an assumption founded on the fact that Luxan in 1563 wrote a second part called *Leandro el Bel*. The above edition is described in the catalogue of the Colombina Library at Seville, and Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly had, not long since, a copy of it, with, however, the title-page unfortunately in MS. only. According to it there can be no doubt that the author was Alonso de Salazar. It seems probable that there was another edition of Valencia, 1525; and one of 1534, the existence of which Gayangos doubted, was in the Heber library. I have followed his description of the book in Note H, chap. vi. Part I. The reader will remember that under its second title of *Knight of the Cross* it was condemned by the curate, not altogether deservedly, Gayangos and Ticknor seem to think.

Reymundo de Grecia. Historia del esforçado y muy valeroso —. Salamanca, 1524.

By Fernando Bernal; a continuation of *Floriseo*.

Lidaman de Ganail. Quarta parte de Clarian, llamada cronica de —. Toledo, 1528.

A continuation of *Clarian de Landanis*.

Florindo. Libro del noble y muy esforçado caballero —. Zaragoza, 1530.

Attributed by Gayangos to Fernando Basurto, an Aragonese.

Felixmagno. Los quatro libros del valerosissimo caballero —. Barcelona, 1531.

Florambel de Lucea. Historia del valiente cavallero —. Valladolid, 1532.

The only complete copy, containing all five parts, known to exist, seems to be that which

was in the Salvá collection. Gayangos only knew of two parts, the fourth and fifth, of this 'rarísimo libro,' as he calls it, which are in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and two of another edition of 1848, in Sir Thomas Phillips's library.

Lidamor de Escocia. Historia del valeroso cavallero —. Salamanca, 1534.

By Juan de Cordova.

Lucidante de Tracia. Cronica del valeroso cavallero Don —. Salamanca, 1534.

Mentioned in the catalogue of the Colombina Library at Seville, but no copy is known to exist.

Philesbian de Candaria. Libro primero del noble y esforçado cavallero —. ? 1542.

The only copy known, an imperfect one, was in Sir Thomas Phillips's library.

Florando de Inglaterra. Cronica del valiente y esforçado principe —. Lisboa, 1543.

Cirongilio de Tracia. Los quatro libros del valeroso cavallero —. Seville, 1545.

By Bernardo de Vargas; one of the books produced by the landlord in chap. xxxii. Pt.

Cristalian de España. Hystoria de los invitos y magnanimos caballeros — principe del Trapisonda, y del infante Lusescanio su hermano. Valla-
dolid, 1545.

Belianis de Grecia. Historia del valeroso y invencible principe, Don —. Burgos, 1547.

By Jeronimo Fernandez, a Madrid advocate. There is an English translation of which an edition in chap-book form was current in the last century.

Floramante de Colonia. Segunda parte del esforçado cavallero Clarian y su hijo —. Seville, 1550.

A continuation of Clarian de Landanis.

Felismarte de Hircania. Primera parte de la grande historia del muy magnanimo y esforçado principe —. Valladolid, 1556.

By Melchor Ortega. This romance is chiefly remarkable for having been believed by the landlord in chap. xxxii., and read through by Dr. Johnson, a feat probably not achieved since the end of the sixteenth century.

Caballero del Febo. Espejo de principes y caballeros en el qual se cuentan los immortales hechos del — y de su hermano Rosicler. Zaragoza, 1562.

This, the first part, was by Diego Ortúñez de Calahorra; a second part by Pedro de la Sierra appeared in 1580 at Alcalá, and a third and fourth by Marcos Martínez at the same place in 1589. Clemencin calls it one of the most tedious and tiresome books of its kind, a description in which Don Pascual de Gayangos concurs. Feliciano de Silva seems to have been the model chosen by the authors, and the popularity they achieved was at least equal to his. It is often confounded with the *Espejo de cavallerias*, which belongs to the Charlemagne series.

Leandro el Bel. Libro segundo del esforçado cavallero de la Cruz, Lepo-
lemo. Toledo, 1563.

By Pedro de Luxan, written as a second part to Lepoemo above mentioned.

Olivante de Laura. Historia del invencible caballero Don —, Principe de Macedonia. Barcelona, 1564.

By Antonio de Torquemada; one of the books most emphatically condemned by the curate.

Febo el Troyano. Primera parte del dechado y remate de grandes hasaños donde se cuentan los hechos del caballero del —. Barcelona, 1576.

By Stevan Corbera of Barcelona.

Policisne de Boecia. Historia famosa del principe Don —. Valladolid, 1602.

By Juan de Silva.

'Policisne de Boecia' was the last, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the last but one, of the Romances of Chivalry; for it was the romance of Cervantes that three years later closed the list. No one was found hardy enough after that to face the ridicule that inevitably awaited the romance writer who ventured to take the field against Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and not only were no more chivalry romances written, but the booksellers ceased almost immediately to reprint the old favourites, the exception that proves the rule being the 'Caballero del Febo,' of which the first part was reprinted in 1617, and the third and fourth in 1628. Books like the 'History of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers,' or 'Oliveros de Castilla,' do not count, for had all romances of chivalry been like them, 'Don Quixote' would never have been written. Cervantes, in fact, had done, single-handed, what for half a century the Church with all its power had been striving in vain to do. Well might he say he was proud of being the first who had ever fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings; never before or since did a book with a purpose so completely attain its object. The character of the nuisance he abated must be to a considerable extent taken on trust and at second hand by the reader, but the foregoing list will enable him in some measure to judge of its magnitude. It will be seen that the production of romances of chivalry was most active in the middle of the century, but there was no real falling off, for if the new romances were fewer in number, reprints of the old ones continued to issue from the press up to the very last. There is no reason to suppose that the passion for chivalry romances was languishing, or would have died a natural death without any impulse from the pen of Cervantes. The interesting diary of a Portuguese gentleman at Valladolid in the spring of 1605, lately discovered by Don Pascual de Gayangos, affords ample proof that this literature never had a stronger hold upon men's minds than at the very moment when the ridicule of Cervantes was about to burst upon it. Long as the list may seem, it is, doubtless, a very incomplete one. When we see how many romances there are the existence of which is only known to us by accident, of which only a copy, or one or two copies, have by some chance been preserved, we may fairly conclude that bibliographers have by no means accounted for the whole of the romances of chivalry. The life of books was a precarious one in Spain; there were few libraries to offer them an asylum, and they had, most of them, enemies more destructive than any of those enumerated by Mr. Blades. The scene described by Cervantes in chapter vi. of the First Part is no

imaginary one, we may rely on it. Autos de fé of that sort were most likely every-day occurrences, from the Bidassoa to the Straits of Gibraltar. A pious widow, for example, finding herself mistress of the books to which in her husband's lifetime she bore no great good-will, would not prove very obstinate when the village curate pressed it upon her as a good work and a service to the Church to put these agents of the flesh and the devil out of the way of doing more mischief. This is, doubtless, the explanation of that extraordinary predominance of devotional literature in the stock of every Spanish dealer in old books; a phenomenon which must have struck everybody who has ever tried book-hunting in Madrid, Seville, or Saragossa. There are long rows of old theology and sermons, and lives and miracles of Saints, but of the contemporary novels and romances, the story, jest, and ballad books, there is not so much as a tattered copy to show that such things ever were. It is impossible but that the ranks of the chivalry romances must have been thinned by the operation of this cause, and that many a one must have gone the way of the book that Cervantes tells us in his day recorded the deeds of Count Tomillas.

The list might easily have been made longer by the addition of romances hardly less notable than those mentioned; such, for instance, as that of 'The Fair Magalona and Pierre of Provence,' several times referred to by Cervantes, 'Abindarraez and Xarifa,' also quoted by him, 'Leriano and Laureola,' better known as the 'Carcel de Amor,' one of the earliest to appear in print, 'Flores and Blancaflor,' 'Partinoples,' the Spanish version of the old French story of Parthenopex of Blois, 'Parismus,' 'Melusina,' 'Tungano,' 'Clamades,' 'Aurelio and Isabella,' and a score of others. But these, though of the same family, are not strictly romances of chivalry. In them, the chivalry element is an accident rather than a characteristic; they do not belong to the class, nor are they specimens of the literature that supplied Cervantes with the motive for the burlesque of 'Don Quixote,' and they would, consequently, be out of place here.

III.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF 'DON QUIXOTE.'

A COMPLETE bibliography of 'Don Quixote,' giving a full account of every edition, translation, and edition of each translation, and of every essay, criticism, tractate or treatise dealing with the work, would require a good-sized volume to itself. The following does not pretend to be anything more than such a list as will put the history of the book before the reader, and enable him to judge of the relative importance of the various editions and translations. In the frontispiece to his facsimile reproduction of the editio princeps, Colonel Lopez Fabra gives a list of fourteen languages into which the novel has been translated. I have been unable to discover any others, but the fourteen he enumerates are accounted for in the following list. I should have found it a difficult matter, if not impossible, to complete it by details of the Polish, Bohemian, Servian and Hungarian versions, but for the kindness of Mr. W. R. Morfill, Mr. A. L. Hardy, Mr. A. J. Patterson, and Messrs. Trübner & Co., and the ungrudging help they afforded me. For the list of the editions of the curious old Dutch translation of Lambert van den Bosch, now very rare, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. L. Beijers of Utrecht.

EDITIONS OF THE ORIGINAL.

FIRST PART.

- MADRID, 1605. 1. *El Ingenioso | Hidalgo Don Qui | xote de la Mancha, | Compuesto por Miguel de Ceruantes | Saavedra Dirigido al Duque de Beiar, | Marques de Gibraleon, Conde de Benalcaçar, y Bena | res, Visconde de la Puebla de Alcoser, Señor de | las villas de Capilla, Curiel, y | Burguillos.*

Año 1605 | con privilegio, | en Madrid, Por Juan de la Cuesta | Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles, librero del Rey, nro Señor.—

(In the centre is the device which is reproduced in facsimile on the title-page of this translation.)

The volume is a stout 4to. of 664 pp. of which 632 are taken up with the text. The leaves only are numbered as is usual in Spanish books of the period. The 'Privilegio' is dated September 26, 1604, the list of errata, December 1, 1604, and the 'Tasa,' December 20, 1604.

- MADRID, 1605. 2. *El Ingenioso; &c.*
Same title, except that 'Benalcaçar' is misprinted 'Barcelona,' and 'Burguillos' 'Burgillos,' and that after 'Privilegio' follow the words, 'de Castilla, Aragon y Portugal.' In addition to the privilege of September 26, 1604, there is the new one for Portugal, in

Portuguese, and dated February 9, 1606. The variations in the body of the book have been referred to in the notes *passim*, e.g. chaps. xxiii. xxv. and xxx. Pt. I., and iv. and xxvii. Pt. II.

It is strange that (the fact of there being two Madrid editions of 1605 once ascertained) there should have been any uncertainty as to which of the two was the first, for the additional words on the title-page and the new privilegio with the date of February 9, 1606, tell their own tale sufficiently plainly, and show that the *raison d'être* of the volume so distinguished was the necessity for securing the copyright in Aragon and Portugal, about which the proprietor had not troubled himself before. Nevertheless the second has been repeatedly mistaken for the first. Bowie, for instance, describes it as the first, so does Navarrete in his bibliography, Ticknor makes the same mistake, and even Gallardo seems uncertain on the point. The description in the catalogue of the Grenville Library, 1842, is correct. Hartsenbusch was the first to notice the curious differences in the text.

LISBON,
1606.

3. *El Ingenioso, &c.* Em Lisboa. Impresso com lisença do Santo Officio por Jorge Rodriguez. Anno de 1605. 4to. double columns, 460 pp.

'Aprobacion' and licence dated Lisbon, February 26 and March 1, 1606.

LISBON,
1606.

4. *El Ingenioso, &c.* Con licencia de la S. Inquisicion, en Lisboa, impresso por Pedro Crasbeeck, año mdcv. 8vo. 916 pp. Licensed, March 27 and 29.

These two Lisbon editions were, of course, unauthorised, and printed from La Cuesta's first edition. His second no doubt preceded them, but by very little, and Robles probably failed to secure much of his royalties in Portugal. They are very rare, but except as reproductions of the first edition have no other value.

VALENCIA,
1606.

5. *El Ingenioso, &c.* Impresso con licencia en Valencia, en casa de Pedro Patricio Mey, 1606. Small 8vo. 16 prel. leaves, 768 pp. of text.

The 'aprobacion' of Luis Pellicer is dated July 18, 1606. The book is printed from the text of La Cuesta's second edition, but has a few corrections, some of which were adopted in the 1608 edition of Madrid. The Mey press at Valencia was one of the best, if not the best, in Spain at the time, and this edition is a good specimen of its work. It is a charming little book to look at, and a much more careful piece of printing than its predecessors. It was the text from which the Brussels and Antwerp editions were printed, though they, in course of time, incorporated the corrections inserted in La Cuesta's third edition of 1608.

Salvá y Mallen asserts that there were two Valencia editions from the Mey press in 1606. But the differences on which he relies are only misprints and pagination errors that in some instances have been corrected as the sheets were passing through the press, a very common source of variation in old books, as most bookworms know. Probably no two copies, for instance, of the first edition of 'Paradise Lost,' or of the 1625 edition of Bacon's 'Essays' are exactly alike. All seventeenth-century editions of 'Don Quixote' are more or less rare, but I am inclined to think the rarest of all are the two Valencia editions of 1606 and 1616.

BRUSSELS,
1607.

6. *El Ingenioso, &c.* En Bruselas por Roger Velpius. Año 1607. 8vo. 620 pp.

Contains a few corrections, and an attempt to reduce the confusion about the loss of Dapple.

MADRID,
1608.

7. *El Ingenioso, &c.* En Madrid, por Juan de la Cuesta. Año 1608. 4 to. 578 pp.

Commonly called the third edition, and the most prized of all on the supposition that Cervantes supplied or authorised the corrections of the text it contains, for which there is no ground whatever save that he was probably in Madrid when it appeared. But it is plain that he was not even aware of any such corrections having been made. No particular sanctity, therefore, attaches to them, and they must stand or fall on their own merits like those by any other printer. Some deserve the name, but some of the alterations are by no means improvements, as for example the lines wantonly inserted in chap. i. The 1608 edition has no right to the position that has been claimed for it.

- MILAN, 1610. 8. *El Ingenioso, &c.* En Milan, por heredero de Pedromartir Locarni y Juan Bautista Bidello. Año 1610. Con licencia de superiores y privilegio. 8vo. 736 pp.
- There was a considerable Spanish population in North Italy in the reign of Philip III.; hence this edition. It is not, however, of any independent value as regards correctness of text.
- BRUSSELS, 1611. 9. *El Ingenioso, &c.* En Bruselas por Roger Velpius y Huberto Antonio. Impresores de sus Altezas. Año 1611. 8vo. 604 pp.
- A new edition of No. 8, with some of the corrections of the 1608 edition and a few original ones.
- BARCELONA, 1617. 10. *El Ingenioso, &c.* En Barcelona, en casa de Bautista Sorita, 1617. 8vo. 768 pp.
- An edition of the Second Part was published at Barcelona the same year, which has led some bibliographers to amalgamate the two and speak of them as the first *complete* edition. But they were independent volumes by different publishers.
- BRUSSELS, 1617. 11. *Primera parte del ingenioso, &c.* Por Huberto Antonio. Bruselas, 1617. Small 8vo.
- This edition is apparently very rare. Salvá y Mallen, the only bibliographer who mentions it, only knew of its existence by a title-page placed in front of an imperfect copy of the 1607 Brussels edition; but Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly had a perfect copy a few years ago. As Antonio, who succeeded Velpius, published an edition of the Second Part in 1616, he would very naturally bring out a new one of the first to match it the next year.

SECOND PART.

- MADRID, 1616. 1. *Segunda Parte | del Ingenioso | Cavallero Don | Quijote de la | Mancha | Por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, autor de su primera parte. | Dirigida á D. Pedro Fernandes de Castro Conde de Le | mos, &c.* Año 1616. Con Privilegio | en Madrid, por Juan de la Cuesta. 4to. 584 pp.
- The title-page bears the same device as the First. It will be seen that Cervantes has substituted 'cavallero' for 'hidalgo' in the title, a change which some critics endeavour to account for by referring to the remarks about hidalgos and caballeros in chapter ii. Clemencin, however, thinks it was a mere oversight, and it is more probable that he is right. The volume seems to have been nearly a year going through the press. The interesting 'aprobacion' by the licentiate Marquez Torres is dated February 27, 1616, that by Valdevelso, March 17, the Privilegio, March 30, the Dedication to the Conde de Lemos on the last day of October, and the final aprobacion on November 5, so that probably the book was not published till the very end of the year or the beginning of 1616. It was not, however, for that reason the better cared for either by author or printer; and Cervantes had something else to think of at the time: he was busy getting his 'Comedias' printed.
- VALENCIA, 1616. 2. *Segunda Parte, &c.* En Valencia, en casa de Pedro Patricio Mey. Año 1616. 8vo.
- 'Aprobacion' dated January 27, 1616, licence to print, May 27. Salvá y Mallen thinks the Brussels edition was first in the field.
- BRUSSELS, 1616. 3. *Segunda Parte, &c.* En Bruselas, por Huberto Antonio, impresor jurado. Año 1616. 8vo.
- Privilegio dated February 4.
- LISBON, 1617. 4. *Segunda Parte, &c.* En Lisboa, por Jorge Rodriguez. Año 1617. 4to.
- Aprobacion, &c. September 12, 22, and 25, 1616, and *taa*, January 17, 1617.

BARCELONA, 5. *Segunda Parte, &c.* En Barcelona en casa de Sebastian Mathevad. Año 1617. 8vo.

Aprobacion dated January 27, 1617.

COMPLETE WORK.

1. *Primera y segunda parte del Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Imprenta de Francisco Martinez. Madrid, 1637. 2 vols. 4to.

The licence to print was granted in October 1634, and the second volume is dated 1636.

This, the first edition of the book as a whole, is a poor production, and the same may be said of all the Madrid editions up to that of 1771. They are, for the most part, badly printed in double columns and on vile paper, and are, it is needless to say, of no authority whatever. Compared with them, the Brussels and Antwerp editions are Aldines and Elsevirs.

2. *Primera y segunda parte, &c.* En la Imprenta Real. Madrid, 1647. 2 vols. 4to.

A reprint of the above.

3. *Primera y segunda (sic) del, &c.* Melchor Sanchez. Madrid, 1655. 4to.

4. *Parte primera y segunda del, &c.* En la Imprenta Real, por Mateo Fernandez. Madrid, 1662. 1 vol. 4to.

Errata and tasa, dated 1662, but licence, 1663.

5. *Vida y hechos del Ingenioso cavallero, &c.* J. Mommarte. Brussels, 1662. 2 vols. 8vo.

Privilegio granted September 4, 1660.

The blundering alteration of the title into *Vida y hechos del* was adopted by almost all subsequent publishers, until the Spanish Royal Academy produced its edition in 1780. This edition is further distinguished as being the first to appear with plates. They are chiefly remarkable for being as un-Spanish as possible in every particular, but their grotesque absurdity will always make them precious to every lover of old books. They were reproduced in all the Flemish editions, and in many of the French translations.

6. *Parte primera y segunda del, &c.* En la Imprenta real. Madrid, 1668. 1 vol. 4to.

The Second Part bears date 1662, probably a misprint.

7. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso cavallero, &c.* Pedro de la Calle. Bruselas, 1671. 2 vols. 8vo.

A reprint by agreement of Mommarte's of 1662, with the same plates.

8. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* En casa de Geronimo y Juan Bautista Verdussen. Amberes, 1673. 2 vols. 8vo.

Another reissue of Mommarte's Brussels edition with the same plates.

9. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Por Andres Garcia de la Iglesia. Madrid, 1674. 2 vols. 4to.

With plates copied from Mommarte's 1662 edition.

10. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Por Henrico y Cornelio Verdussen. Amberes, 1697. 2 vols. 8vo.

A new edition of the former of 1673, with the same plates. The Valencia editions excepted, these Antwerp editions of the Verdussens are, perhaps, on the whole, the neatest and the best printed of the early editions of *Don Quixote*; and, without being free from misprints, are fairly accurate.

11. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* London, 1701. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.

This, and another London edition of the same form, dated 1706, are mentioned by Navarrete, but are very doubtful.

12. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Martin Gelabert. Barcelona, 1704. 2 vols. 4to.
13. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Antonio Gonzalez de Reyes. Madrid, 1706.
2 vols. 4to. Plates.
A reprint of the Madrid edition of 1674.
14. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Á costa de Francisco Lasso. Madrid, 1714.
2 vols. 4to. Plates.
A repetition of the preceding.
15. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Henrico y Cornelio Verdussen.
Amberes, 1719. 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.
Privilege granted by Charles VI. the Pretender to the Spanish crown.
16. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Á costa de la Hermandad de S. Gerónimo.
Madrid, 1723. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.
A repetition of the preceding.
17. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Viuda de Blas de Villanueva. Madrid, 1730.
2 vols. 4to. Plates.
Same plates. Prefixed is a claptrap dedication from Cld Hamet Benengeli to Don Quixote which is reproduced in most of the Madrid trade-editions.
18. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Antonio Sanz. Madrid, 1735. 2 vols. 4to.
Besides repeating the above dedication, this gives additional verses by the academicians of Argamasilla, while it omits the verses of Cervantes at the beginning.
19. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* J. and P. Bonnardel. Lyons, 1736. 2 vols.
8vo. Plates.
Follows the Antwerp editions, the plates of which are copied.
20. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* J. and R. Tonson. London,
1738. 4 vols. large 4to. Plates.
The edition commonly called Lord Carteret's, and the first that aimed at treating 'Don Quixote' as a classic and not as a mere popular book of drolleries. Prefixed is the life by Mayans y Sisear, the first attempt at a life of Cervantes; and it contains also the first attempt at a critical text, in which some judicious emendations are made. The printing is admirable, and the plates excellent as engravings, though as illustrations they are not very much more meritorious than those of the Brussels and Antwerp editions.
21. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso cavallero, &c.* J. de San Martin. Madrid,
1741. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.
Follows the Madrid editions of 1730 and 1735.
22. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* P. Gosse and A. Moetjens.
The Hague, 1744. 4 vols. 12mo. Plates.
The plates are after Coppel's designs. This beautiful little edition was the first fruit of Tonson's London edition, the text of which it follows. It also gives the life by Mayans y Sisear.
23. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Juan de San Martin. Madrid, 1750. 2 vols. 4to.
This also is based on the London edition, and contains the life.
24. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso cavallero, &c.* Á costa de Pedro Alonso de Padilla. Madrid, 1750. 2 vols. 4to.
25. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Á costa de Pedro Alonso de Padilla. Madrid,
1751. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.
This too contains the life.
26. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Juan Jolis. Barcelona, 1755. 4 vols. 8vo.

27. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Arkstee and Merkus. Amsterdam and Leipzig, 1755. 4 vols. 12mo. Plates.
A reprint of the Hague edition, and scarcely less beautiful.
28. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Tarragona, 1757. 4 vols. 8vo.
Mentioned by Navarrete, on the faith of a London catalogue.
29. *Vida y hechos del ingenioso cavallero, &c.* Andrés Ramires. Madrid, 1764. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.
Seems to be a repetition of the editions of 1750 and 1751.
30. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Manuel Martin. Madrid, 1765. 4 vols. sm. 8vo.
With barbarous woodcuts like those upon halfpenny ballads. There was another edition the same year by Manuel Martin.
31. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Joaquin de Ibarra. Madrid, 1771. 4 vols. small 8vo. Plates.
This was the first attempt in Spain to produce 'Don Quixote' in comely shape, with good print and well-executed plates.
32. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Antonio de Sancha. Madrid, 1777. 4 vols. 12mo. Plates.
Follows to some extent the example set by the preceding.
33. *El Ingenioso hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.* Joaquin de Ibarra. Madrid, 1780. 4 vols. large 4to. Plates.
This is the splendid edition of the Spanish Royal Academy, a book that may be regarded as a national monument. The life of Cervantes by Vicente de los Rios, though not a critical or judicious production, is an improvement on that of Mayans y Siscar, and the attempt to settle the text definitively is meritorious; but unfortunately rather too much faith is placed in the authority of the corrections of the 1608 edition. It will be observed that the editors had the good taste to revert to the original title.
34. *Historia del famoso cavallero, &c.* E. Easton, London and Salisbury, 1781. 6 vols. 4to.; but commonly bound in 3 vols., the last being filled with the notes.
This remarkable edition, the work of an English country clergyman, the Rev. John Bowle of Idmestone, was a literary feat and an achievement in scholarship of no small magnitude. Bowle wisely abstained from attempting any extensive rectification of the text, but the mass of notes with which he illustrated it bears ample testimony to his learning and zeal. The actual value of the notes to the reader as illustrations of 'Don Quixote' is, however, small in comparison with their bulk; the true service which Bowle rendered by his edition was in the example he set and in the foundation he laid down for after commentators. His alteration of the title is indefensible. Probably he intended a sort of imitation of the style of his favourite reading, the romances of chivalry; but in that case it would have been better to call it at once 'Cronica del muy esforzado cavallero.' In his letter to Percy, and in his original advertisement, he proposed 'valeroso cavallero.'
35. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Joaquin de Ibarra. Madrid, 1782. 4 vols. sm. 8vo. Plates.
This is the Academy edition reduced in dimensions and brought within the reach of the general public.
36. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Manuel Martin. Madrid, 1782. 4 vols. 8vo. Plates.
37. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* La Viuda de Ibarra. Madrid, 1787. 6 vols. 16mo. Plates.
The third Academy edition.

38. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Imprenta real. Madrid, 1797. 6 vols. 12mo.
An edition printed with special care as a specimen of typography. Plates adapted to it were afterwards published.

39. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Gabriel de Sancha. Madrid, 1797-8. 5 vols. 8vo. Plates.

This is the valuable edition of Juan Antonio Pellicer, the first to deal with the requirements of the great majority of readers in a practical spirit, a task for which his knowledge of local traditions, popular sayings, customs, and folk-lore of every sort, specially fitted him. His notes are comparatively few and short, but measured by their value to the reader are second in importance only to Clemencin's.

40. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Gabriel de Sancha. Madrid, 1798-9, 1800. 9 vols. 12mo. Plates.

A new edition of the preceding with some slight alterations and improvements.

41. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Sommer. Leipzig, 1800. 6 vols. 12mo.

A reprint of Pellicer's edition, with the Quixote dictionary of J. W. Beneke.

42. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Imprenta de Vega. Madrid, 1804. 6 vols. 8vo.

A mere trade edition, very poor in every way.

43. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* J. Pinard. Bordeaux, 1804. 4 vols. 8vo.

The Academy text with Pellicer's notes.

44. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* H. Frölich. Berlin, 1804. 6 vols. 8vo.

A scholarly edition by Ludwig Ideler, based upon Pellicer's, but with additions from Bowle and others.

45. *Historia del ingenioso, &c.* . . . Barcelona, 1808. 6 vols. 12mo.

46. *Vida y hechos del, &c.* Viuda de Barco Lopez. Madrid, 1808. 4 vols. 8vo.

47. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* . . . London, 1808. 4 vols. 12mo.

Edited by the Rev. Felipe Fernandez, A.M.

48. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Tournachon Melin. Lyons, 1810. 4 vols. 12mo.

49. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Bossange and Masson. Paris, 1814. 7 vols. 12mo.

The Academy text and Pellicer's notes.

50. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Lackington and Allen. London, 1814. 4 vols. 12mo.

Edited by the Rev. F. Fernandez, a reprint of the 1808 edition.

51. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* P. Beaume. Bordeaux, 1815. 4 vols. 12mo.

52. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Sommer. Leipzig, 1818. 6 vols. small 8vo. Plates.

A reprint of the Leipzig edition of 1800.

53. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Imprenta real. Madrid, 1819. 4 vols. 8vo. Plates.

Fourth edition of the Royal Academy 'Quixote.' To this Navarrete's life of Cervantes makes a fifth vol.

54. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Cormon and Blanc. Paris, 1825. 4 vols. 12mo.

55. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Madrid, 1826. 2 vols. 12mo. Plates.

56. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Didot. Paris, 1827. 1 vol. 32mo. Plates. Miniature edition.

57. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Cormon and Blanc. Paris, 1827. 6 vols. 12mo.
58. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. . . . Madrid, 1829.
In 'Obras escogidas' in 11 vols. small 8vo.
59. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Espinosa. Madrid, 1831. 4 vols. 16mo.
Plates.
60. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. . . . Saragossa, 1831. 3 vols. 12mo.
61. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Viuda y hs. Gorcha. Barcelona, 1832.
4 vols. 8vo. Plates.
Reprint of the Academy edition of 1819.
62. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Didot. Paris, 1832. 1 vol. 32mo. Plates.
Reproduction of miniature edition of 1827.
63. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. E. Aguado. Madrid, 1833-39. 6 vols. 4to.
'Comentado por Diego Clemencin'; the most important perhaps of all the editions, except that of the Academy. Clemencin followed Fellicer's example, but produced a commentary on a vastly larger scale, not contenting himself with explaining merely the obscure allusions and phrases, but setting to work as though resolved to make Samson Carrasco's remark, that 'there is nothing to puzzle over,' true to the very letter so far as his edition was concerned. There is, of course, a great deal of annotation that might very well have been spared, but the case is one to which the aphorism about gift-horses applies. Clemencin is doubtless diffuse, but he has done more towards the elucidation of Don Quixote than all the rest of the commentators and annotators together. His great fault is his hypercritical temper. His love and veneration for his author are genuine, but the carelessness with which Cervantes wrote irritated him, and he very often makes mountains of molehills, and goes out of his way to find fault.
64. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*. Barcelona, 1835. 1 vol. 8vo.
1st vol. of 'Coleccion de los Mayores Ingenios de España.'
65. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Little and Brown. Boston (U.S.), 1836.
1 vol. 8vo. Plates.
The Academy text, with emendations by Francis Sales.
66. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Lefèvre. Paris, 1838. 4 vols. 16mo.
67. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Antonio Bergnes. Barcelona, 1839. 2 vols.
large 8vo. Plates.
68. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Baudry. Paris, 1840. 1 vol. large 8vo.
Edited by Ochoa.
69. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Charles Ingray. Paris, 1840. 1 vol. 12mo.
70. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Little and Brown. Boston (U.S.) 1842.
1 vol. 12mo.
3rd edition of that of 1836.
71. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Ignacio Cumplido. Mexico, 1842. 2 vols.
large 8vo. Plates.
72. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Aribau. Madrid, 1846. 1 vol. large 8vo.
1st vol. of the admirable 'Biblioteca de autores Españoles,' containing besides Don Quixote the minor works (except the dramas) and the collected poems.
73. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Juan Oliveres. Barcelona, 1848. 2 vols.
8vo.
74. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Gaspar y Roig. Madrid, 1850. 1 vol.
large 8vo.
75. *El Ingenioso hidalgo*, &c. Paris, 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.

76. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* D. Appleton & Co. New York, 1853. 1 vol. 12mo.

A reprint of the Paris edition by Ochoa, 1840.

77. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Baudry. Paris, 1855. 1 vol. 8vo.
 78. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Mellado. Madrid, 1855. 2 vols. 8vo.
 79. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Gaspar y Roig. Madrid, 1855. 1 vol. 8vo.
 80. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* D. Appleton & Co. New York, 1860. 1 vol. 8vo.
 81. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Tomas Gorchs. Barcelona, 1862. 2 vols. folio.
 A sumptuous and finely printed édition de luxe.
 82. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Ribadeneyra. Argamasilla de Alba, 1863. 4 vols. 12mo.

Edited by the late Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch. A typographical gem and bibliographical curiosity, having been printed in the Casa de Medrano, close beside the cellar in which, according to the tradition of Argamasilla, Cervantes wrote the novel. It is a pity that its value as an edition is not equal to its beauty as a book. Hartzenbusch was the first to perceive the differences in text between the first and later editions, and that the corrections in the latter were not supplied by Cervantes. He would have rendered a service to literature if he had reproduced the text of the 1st edition on some such plan as that followed in the Cambridge Shakespeare, admitting only obvious and accepted emendations, and giving the more important of the others in notes; of which, after all, very few would have been needed. But unfortunately, acting on a blind faith in the infallibility of Cervantes, and a theory that everything 'unlike him' must needs be due to some blunder or conjecture of the printers, he has so tampered with the text as almost to neutralise the value of his editions to all readers except those sufficiently familiar with it to be able to check his vagaries. Many of his emendations are admirable, but many also are entirely uncalled for; often little irritating alterations for which it is difficult to see any reason except a restless desire to make a change of some sort; and sometimes not merely needless but downright mischievous. He was a man of genius, a poet, an accomplished scholar, and an acute critic, but he was sadly deficient in a sense of humour, without which it is impossible for the most highly gifted commentator or critic to 'keep touch' with Cervantes.

83. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Ribadeneyra. Argamasilla de Alba, 1863. 4 vols. royal 8vo.

Vols. 3-6 of the fine edition of Cervantes' complete works in 13 vols. (\$10 copies only printed), edited by Don Cayetano Rosell, the 4 containing Don Quixote being entrusted to Hartzenbusch. Text, with a few slight differences, the same as in the preceding.

84. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Imprenta nacional, Madrid, 1863. 3 vols. imperial 8vo. Plates.
 85. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Gaspar y Roig. Madrid, 1865. 1 vol. large 8vo. Plates.

These of Gaspar y Roig, though merely cheap popular editions and illustrated with clumsy reproductions of Tony Johannot's cuts, are readable and useful, as they have a judicious text and selection of the notes of Pellioer, Clemencin, and Hartzenbusch.

86. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Barcelona, 1866-6. 2 vols. folio. With Gustave Doré's illustrations.
 87. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Brookhaus. Leipzig, 1866. 2 vols. 8vo.
 A very neat, carefully printed, and convenient edition.
 88. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Madrid, 1868. 1 vol. 8vo.
 89. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* F. Lopez Fabra. Barcelona, 1871-4. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.

The first edition, 1605-1615, reproduced by phototypography. Hartzenbusch's notes form a third volume. A splendid book, for which all lovers of Cervantes will thank Colonel Fabra.

90. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Paris, 1878. 1 vol. 8vo.

91. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Cadiz, 1877. 8vo.

Issued to subscribers. To be completed in 5 vols. including the life of Cervantes by Don Ramon Leon Maines.

92. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Seville, 1879. 1 vol. 16mo.

93. *El Ingenioso hidalgo, &c.* Madrid, 1880. vols. 16mo.

TRANSLATIONS.

ENGLISH.

1. *The | History | of | the Valorous | and Wittie | Knight-Errant | Don Quixote | of the Mancha.* | Translated out of the Spanish. London. | Printed by William Stansby for Ed. Blount and | W. Barret. | 1612. Second Part, 1620. Small 4to.

Translated by Thomas Shelton about 1606, as appears from the dedication. Under December 5, 1615, in the 'Stationers' Register' is entered, 'The Second Parte of Don Quixote;' but this cannot be a version of Cervantes' Second Part, which was not licensed to be printed until November 5, and, though dated 1615, could hardly have been published that year. I suspect the entry refers to a version of Avellaneda's Second Part, which may have been withdrawn as soon as the book was discovered to be spurious. In the *Athenaeum* (No. 2698, *et seq.*) there is an interesting discussion on Shelton's translation, in which the existence of a separate First Part dated 1612 (a point disputed by some correspondents) is fully established, as also the fact, first discovered by the acumen and research of Mr. A. J. Duffield, that Shelton translated from the Brussels edition of 1607. It has been said that Shelton was not the translator of the Second Part, but there is no ground for the assertion except that there is a certain falling-off in spirit in the rendering. On the other hand, the style is the same, and the same mis-translations of certain words and phrases occur repeatedly. The assertion sometimes made that the Second Part was translated from the French is also groundless, as a comparison with Rosset's version will show. Shelton's was the first of all the translations of Don Quixote. It is a hasty and a careless production, sometimes barbarously literal, sometimes very free, but always delightful as a specimen of quaint colloquial English. Other editions: 1652, folio; 1675, folio; 1706, 2 vols. 8vo., revised by J. Stevens; 1725, 4 vols. 12mo.; 1731, 4 vols. 12mo.; 1733, 4 vols. 12mo.

2. *The History of the most renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Pancha, now made English according to the humour of our modern language.* London, 1687. Folio. Plates.

By John Phillips, Milton's nephew. A piece of coarse, vulgar buffoonery, based on Shelton's translation and the French of Fillean de Saint-Martin, and preserving scarcely a feature of the original. There was no other edition.

3. *The History of the renowned Don Quixote.* Translated from the original by several hands and published by Peter Motteux. London, 1701. 4 vols. 12mo. Plates.

The so-called Motteux's version. There is some uncertainty about the date of the first edition, which, whatever the reason, seems to be rare. Watt (*Bibliotheca Britannica*) gives 1701; a bookseller's catalogue before me, 1700; other authorities, 1706; others again, 1712, which is the date of the third edition, the earliest I have seen; while Lowndes gives 1719. It must, however, have been between 1701 and 1706, for the first volume is dedicated to 'Henry Boyle, Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer,' which post he held from 1701 to 1707, and the fourth to the 'Hon. Colonel Stanhope,' who returned from Spain at the end of 1706 with the rank of Brigadier-General. Its claim to have been translated from the original is more than doubtful. It is, at any rate, a very unfaithful translation, unfaithful to the letter,

but still more to the spirit. There are several editions; the fourth, in 1719, was revised by Ozell. That of Edinburgh, 1822, 5 vols., was edited by Lockhart, with Pellicer's notes transferred without acknowledgment. Since then three or four handsome editions have been published, e.g. that in 4 vols. 8vo. by Nimmo and Bain, and that by Paterson, Edinburgh, in 4 vols. large 8vo.

4. *The Life and Exploits of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha.* Translated by Charles Jarvis, Esq. London, 1742. 2 vols. 4to. Plates.

Brunet gives the date 1738-42, as if there was an earlier issue of the first volume; but this cannot be correct. The translator was Charles Jervas, the portrait painter and friend of Pope and Swift, who died in 1739, and had the 1st vol. appeared in his lifetime he would not have allowed his name to be printed phonetically, according to the pronunciation of the day, on his title-page. The plates are those of the 1738 edition of the original published by Tonson, who was also the publisher of this. Prefixed is a translation of the *Life* by Mayans y Siscar, and a supplementary preface on Chivalry Romance by Warburton, which is a curiosity of pretentious ignorance. For example, he tells the reader that *Palmerin de Oliva* is the history of Oliver, the comrade and rival of Roland, and he connects *Amadis of Gaul* with the Carolingian cycle! The second edition was in 1749, 2 vols. 8vo.; the third in 1756, 2 vols. 4to; the fourth in 1766, 4 vols. 12mo. The modern ones are well-nigh countless. Among them may be mentioned the very handsome one of 1801 in 4 vols. royal 8vo, with Stothard's plates; that of 1836 in 3 vols. 8vo, with Tony Johannot's illustrations, and Cassell's edition with Gustave Doré's. Of the merits of Jervas's version I have spoken at length in the introduction. It is an honest and faithful translation; its fault is that it is stiff and ponderous; which, however, is in a great measure due to Jervas's anxiety to avoid the flippant, would-be facetious, style of his predecessor, Motteux.

5. *The History and Adventures of Don Quixote.* Translated from the Spanish by T. Smollett. London, 1755. 2 vols. 4to.

This was a mere bookseller's speculation. As a translation it has no value, being, indeed, little more than a *refacimento* of Jervas's, made without any regard to the original. The editions of it, however, are numerous.

6. *The History of the renowned Don Quixote of La Mancha.* Translated into English by George Kelly, Esq.; with notes on the difficult passages. Printed for the Translator, London, 1769. 4 vols. 12mo.

A literary imposture of remarkable impudence. It is, in fact, simply Motteux's translation, word for word, with a few artful transpositions here and there; and the better to mask his appropriation of Motteux's text, the 'translator' has filched bodily Jervas's notes.

7. *The History of Don Quixote.* Translated from the Spanish by C. H. Wilmot. London, 1774. 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.

Merely an abridged version, and apparently not from the original.

8. *The History of Don Quixote.* Illustrated with engravings after R. Smirke, R.A. 4 vols. 8vo. Printed by Bulmer, London, 1818.

A patchwork version made out of previous translations by Miss Smirke to accompany her brother's designs. The book, however, is a very handsome one, and prized by lovers of éditions de luxe.

9. *The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha.* A new translation by Alexander J. Duffield, with some of the notes of the Rev. J. Bowle, J. A. Pellicer, and Diego Clemencin. Kegan Paul, London, 1881.

The work of an enthusiastic Cervantist, whose zeal and labour deserve to be honoured by all lovers of Cervantes and Don Quixote. The verse has been very skilfully translated by Mr. J. Y. Gibson.

To these may be added such reproductions of the story of Don Quixote as: Ned Ward's *Life and Adventures of that renowned knight Don Quixote; merrily translated into Hudibrastic verse.* London, 1700.—*The History of the ever renowned knight Don Quixote.* London, 1700.—*The much esteemed History of Don Quixote.* London, 1716.—*The most admirable and delightful*

History of the achievements of Don Quixote; done from the Spanish edition. London, 1731; chap-book abridgements; and: *The Life and Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, abridged. F. Newbery, London, 1778.—*Stories and Chapters from Don Quixote versified.* London 1830.—*The History of Don Quixote, with an account of his exploits*, abridged from Smollett. Halifax, 1839. — *The Story of Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho Panza.* London, 1871.—*The wonderful adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza*, abridged and adapted to youthful capacities, by Sir Marvellous Crackjoke. London, 1872.—*The Adventures of Don Quixote, adapted for young readers.* London, 1883.

FRENCH.

1. *Le Valeureux Don Quixote de la Manche, ou l'histotre de ses grands exploits d'armes, fidèles amours, et aventures estranges.* Traduit fidèlement de l'espagnol de M. de Cervantes, par César Oudin, Secrétaire Interprète de sa Majesté. Jean Fouet. Paris, 1616. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is, of course, the First Part only. A translation of the second is promised in the third edition (Paris, 1620), of which there are copies in the British Museum and Lambeth Libraries. The privilege is dated March 17, 1614. Oudin was a teacher of Spanish, and this translation seems, from the notes, to have been, partly at least, intended for his pupils. It reads more like an exercise in which one language is turned into another by a beginner with the help of the dictionary, than a translation properly so-called.

2. *Histoire du redoutable et ingénieux Chevalier Don Quixote.* Traduite de l'espagnol par F. Rosset. Paris, 1618. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is the Second Part only. There is a copy in the Lambeth Palace Library. It was dedicated to M^{me}. de Luynes, and is referred to by Blount, the publisher, in his dedication of Shelton's second part, published in 1620, an allusion which has led some persons to imagine that the English version was made from it. Rosset translated also several of the Spanish romances of chivalry. His translation is somewhat less bald than Oudin's, with which it was joined and issued, Paris, 1633; Paris, 1639; Rouen, 1646; Paris, 1665; and in the present year a new edition of both in 6 vols. 16mo has appeared.

3. *Histoire de l'admirable Don Quixotte de la Manche.* Paris, 1677-8. 4 vols. 12mo.

Anonymous, but the work of the Sieur Fillean de Saint-Martin. He dedicated it to the Dauphin, and in the preface says he was moved to write it because the existing translation, made fifty years previously, was in a style that was no longer in use. It is more readable than Oudin's or Rosset's, but very unfaithful. Fillean de Saint-Martin had no scruples about altering or omitting anything he did not like, or even adding touches of his own. It passed through numerous editions; a second in 1679; others in 1681, and 1692. A third Paris edition appeared in 1696 in 5 vols. 12mo, the 5th vol. being a continuation of the adventures of Don Quixote, who is made to recover from his illness in chap. lxxiv. The continuation, which is a sorry piece of work, was left unfinished, owing to Saint-Martin's death the same year, and was completed by Robert Challés in 1713. Very few of the many editions mention F. de Saint-Martin's name, and there has been consequently a good deal of confusion about the authorship. In Bassompierre's Liège and Frankfort editions the translator is said to have been Claude Lancelot of Port Royal; and Navarrete, in his list, inserts three of the editions as if they were distinct translations.

4. *Don Quichote de la Manche.* Traduit de l'espagnol par Florian. 6 vols. 12mo. Didot Ainé, Paris, an VII. 1799.

An abridgement in which little or nothing of the spirit of the original is preserved, but which, from its style, has been exceedingly popular, not only in France, but in other countries.

5. *Œuvres complètes de Cervantes.* Traduites par H. Bouchon Dubournial 8 vols. 12mo. Plates. Paris, 1808.

Comprising Don Quixote, the exemplary novels—to which 'The Ill-advised Curiosity' is added—and *Peralles* and *Sigismunda*. 'Peu exacte et faiblement faite.'—Brunet.

6. *L'Ingénieux chevalier Don Quichotte*. Traduit de l'espagnol par De l'Aulnaye. 4 vols. 18mo. Woodcuts. Paris, 1821.
'Une des plus fidèles que nous ayons jusqu'à présent.'—Brunet.
7. *L'Ingénieux chevalier Don Quichotte*, par l'Abbé Lejeune. 1 vol. 8vo. Lehuby. Paris, 1824.
An abridgement.
8. *L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte*, traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. Dubochet. Paris, 1836. 2 vols. 1. 8vo., illustrated by Tony Johannot.
A translation executed with great literary skill, and a very agreeable one to read, but not always true to the letter or to the spirit of the original.
9. *L'Admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche*, traduction nouvelle par Damas Hinard. Charpentier. Paris, 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.
This is not so elegant or agreeable a translation as Viardot's, but it is, I think, a more scholarly piece of work. It is, however, much too free, and sometimes inaccurate.
10. *L'Ingénieux chevalier Don Quichotte*, traduction nouvelle par M. Furne. Furne. Paris, 1858. 2 vols. 8vo.
11. *L'Ingénieux chevalier Don Quichotte*, traduction nouvelle par Rémond. Delarue. Paris, 1863. 2 vols. 12mo., with spirited woodcuts by Téliory.
An abridgement, omitting, for example, the novel of 'The Ill-advised Curiosity,' the story of Ana Felix in the Second Part, and such other portions as could be best spared. For an abridgement it is a good one in every respect; far better than Florian's.
12. *L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte*, traduction nouvelle de Lucien Biart (avec notice par Prosper Mérimée). Hetzel. Paris, 1878. 4 vols. 12mo.
An unpretending version, not without merit, but not distinguished by any shining ones. The poetry, of which most other French translators are content to give prose renderings, has been admirably put into verse by the Comte de Gramont.

GERMAN.

1. *Don Kichote de la Mantzscha, das ist, Juncker Harnisch aus Fleckenland, aus hispanischer Sprach in hochteutsche übersetzt*. Köthen, 1621. 1 vol. 12mo.
From the second title it appears that the translator was Pahsch Bastel von der Sohle. There were other editions: Hoffgelsmar, 1648; Frankfort, 1648; Frankfort, 1669. The translation unfortunately only extends to twenty-two chapters, the remainder, promised by the translator, never having appeared. As a translation it is far better than Oudin's, and more conscientious, if less spirited, than Shelton's. The translator plumed himself especially upon presenting Spanish words and names in such a form as would make them easy to be pronounced correctly by German readers.
2. *Don Quizote von Mancha; abenteuerliche Geschichte*. Basel und Frankfort, 1682. 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.
A complete translation. Anonymous.
3. *Des berühmten Ritters Don Quizote von Mancha lustige und sinnreiche Geschichte*. Leipzig, 1734. 2 vols. 8vo. Anonymous.
Second edition, Leipzig, 1753; others, Frankfort, 1753; Leipzig, 1767.
4. *Leben und Thaten des weisen Junker's Don Quizote*, übers. v. Friedrich Justin Bertuch. Leipzig, 1775. 6 vols. 8vo.
Other editions, 1780-81; Carlsruhe, 1786.

5. *Der sinnreiche Junker Don Quixote*, übers. von Dietrich Wilhelm Soltan. Königsbg. 1800-1. 6 vols. 8vo. Map.

Reprinted Leipzig, 1825; Leipzig, 1837; Stuttgart, 1876. Apparently the most popular of the German versions, and on the whole a tolerably faithful one, though not sufficiently conservative of local colour.

6. *Leben und Thaten des scharfsinnigen edlen Don Quixote*, übers. v. Ludwig Tieck. Berlin, 1810-16. 4 vols. 8vo.

Second edition, Berlin, 1831; third, Berlin, 1852. A spirited translation, but the spirit is not quite the spirit of Cervantes, and the freedom of the rendering is sometimes excessive. 'Scharfsinnig' is anything but an improvement on 'sinnreich' as a translation of 'ingenioso.'

7. *Cervantes' Werke*, übers. v. Hieronymus Müller. Zwickau, 1825-29.

8. *Cervantes' sämmtl. Romane u. Novellen*, übers. von Keller und Notter. Stuttgart, 1839. 12 vols. 8vo.

9. *Der sinnreiche Junker Don Quixote von der Mancha*, aus dem Spanischen, von Edmund Zoller. Hildburghausen, 1867. 4 vols. 8vo.

Unquestionably a better version than any of its predecessors; far more skilful than Soltan's, and incomparably more faithful to letter and spirit than Tieck's. Zoller follows Hartzenbusch's text, and unhesitatingly, which I must confess is more than I have been able to do.

10. *Der sinnreiche Junker Don Quixote von der Mancha*, übers. v. Ludwig Braunsfels. Spemann. Stuttgart, 1884. 4 vols. 8vo.

So far as a somewhat superficial acquaintance (for the work is only just now completed) warrants an opinion, I am inclined to think that this, the result it seems of nearly twenty years' study of Cervantes, is the best, as it is certainly the most scholarly, translation of Don Quixote that has as yet appeared in German. The translator is not perhaps invariably mindful of Cervantes' caveat to the Morisco against adding anything, but his additions are never wanton, and serve to supply what literal translation cannot always wholly convey. He gives a learned introduction, and an ample supply of excellent notes. He is sometimes, it may be, a little over-confident; as, for instance, in asserting dogmatically that Alaga was Avellaneda, and that Cervantes knew it; but in the main his commentary seems to be as judicious as his translation is trustworthy.

ITALIAN.

1. *L' Ingegnoso cittadino Don Chisciotte della Mancia*, tradotto da Lorenzo Franciosini. Venice, 1622.

Brunet says he has seen a copy dated 1621, but the dedication is dated August, 1622. It is a translation of the first part only. It was reprinted with a translation of the second at Venice in 1625, and at Rome in 1677, and several times since. Navarrete says it is too much given to paraphrase, and it certainly takes liberties, but it is on the whole a fairly close translation. The verse is given in the original Spanish.

2. *L' Ingegnoso cittadino Don Chisciotte della Mancia*. Traduzione novissima dall' originale Spagnuolo. Venice, 1818-19. 8 vols. sm. 8vo. Plates by Francesco Novelli.

Brunet and Grasse describe this as a new edition of Franciosini's; but this is an error. It is an independent translation, and bears no resemblance whatever to Franciosini's.

3. *L' Ingegnoso idalgo Don Chisciotte della Mancia*. Tradotto da Bartolomeo Gamba. Milan, 1841. 2 vols. 8vo.

Another edition, Naples, 1851.

4. *Il Don Chisciotte della gioventù, avventure curiosissime di Don Chisciotte e Sancio*. Milan, 1877. 1 vol. 8vo.

An abridgement.

DUTCH.

1. *De Verstandige Vroomen Ridder Don Quichot de la Mancha*, overgeset door L. V. B. Dordrecht, 1657. 1 vol. 8vo.

The translator was Lambert van den Bosch. Of this version several editions appeared, e.g. Amsterdam, 1669, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates; Amsterdam, 1670, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates; Amsterdam, 1696, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates (described as third edition); Amsterdam, 1699, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates, fifth edition; Amsterdam, 1707, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates; Amsterdam, 1732, with title of 'De oude en rechte D. Q. de la M. of de verstandige en vrome ridder van de Leeuwen,' 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.

2. *De Ridder Don Quichot van Mancha*. 2 vols. 8vo. Plates. Amsterdam, 1819.

An abridgement.

3. *De vernuftige Jonkheer Don Quichote van de Mancha*, uit het Spaansch vertaald door Mr. C. L. Schuller tot Peursum. 4 vols. post 8vo. Haarlem, 1854-59.

A second edition with Gustave Doré's plates, folio. Haarlem, 1870. A third, Leiden, 1877-79. 1 vol. 1. 8vo. Plates.

RUSSIAN.

1. *Istoriya o Slavnom La-Mankhskom rytsari Don Kishot*. 2 vols. 8vo. St. Petersburg, 1769.

'The History of the renowned Knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote.' A translation from the French, and of only a portion of the First Part.

2. *Don Kishot La Mankhsky, sotchinienie Servanta*. 1 vol. 16mo. Moscow, 1805.

Translated from the French of Florian by Vassili Joukoffsky. Other editions in 1816 and 1820.

3. *Don Kishot La Mankhsky, sotchinienie Servanta*. 2 vols. 8vo. Moscow, 1812.

Translated from the French by N. Ossipoff.

4. *Don Kihot La Mankhsky*. St. Petersburg, 1831. 6 vols. 16mo.

Translated from the French.

5. *Don Kihot Lamanchsky*. St. Petersburg, 1838. 8vo.

Translated from the Spanish by Konstantin Massalsky. Only the First Part. Other editions in 1840 and in 1848.

6. *Don Kihot Lamanchsky*. St. Petersburg, 1860.

Translated from the French by A. Griech. A version intended for children.

7. *Don Kihot Lamanchsky*. St. Petersburg, 1866. 2 vols. 8vo.

Translated from the Spanish by V. Karelin. A second edition, St. Petersburg, 1873.

8. *Don Kihot dia detei*. St. Petersburg, 1867. 1 vol. 8vo.

'Don Quixote for Children,' edited by N. S. Lvof.

9. *Istoriya snamenitago Don Kihota Lamanchskago*. 1 vol. 8vo. The Second Edition. St. Petersburg, 1883.

'The History of the celebrated Don Quixote of La Mancha,' translated under the supervision of M. Tchistiakoff.

10. *Don Kihot Lamanchsky rytsar petchalnago obraza i rytsar lvov*. St. Petersburg, 1883. 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated.

'Don Quixote of La Mancha, Knight of the Melancholy Figure and Knight of the Lions.' For the use of the young people of Russia. Adapted by O. T. Schmidt.

DANISH.

1. *Den sindrige Adelsmand Don Quixote af la Mancha, Levnet og Bedrifter.*
Oversat af Charlotta. D. Biehl. 4 vols. 8vo. Copenhagen, 1776-7.
A new edition, revised by F. L. Liebenberg, was published at Copenhagen, 1866, in 2 vols. 8vo. Plates.
2. *Den sindrige Adelsmand Don Quijote af La Mancha, Levnet og Bedrifter.*
Overs. ved F. Schaldemose. 4 vols. 8vo. Copenhagen, 1829-31.

POLISH.

1. *Don Quixote*: a translation by Francis Podowski. 6 vols. 8vo. Warsaw, 1786.
From the French, apparently.
2. *Don Kiszot s Manszy przes Cervantesa.* 4 vols. 8vo. Warsaw, 1854-5.
From the French, with Tony Johannot's illustrations.
3. *Zabawne przygody Don Kiszota s Manszy.* Cracow, 1883.
'The Amusing Adventures of Don Quixote of La Mancha;' arranged for Polish youth by J. M. Himmelblau. In the 'Bibliografia Polska' translations are mentioned by Klimaszewski and Wolowski; and also by Borowski and Fontana, the last two being still in manuscript.

PORTUGUESE.

- O engenhoso Fidalgo Dom Quixote de la Mancha.* Traduzido em vulgar.
Tipografia Rollandiana. Lisbon, 1794. 6 vols. 8vo.
Another edition, Lisbon, 1803. Portugal was under the Spanish crown when Don Quixote appeared, and the popularity of the book in the original was such that there was but little demand for a translation until comparatively recent times.

SWEDISH.

1. *Don Quichotte af La Mancha*, ofvers. efter Florian af Carl Guslaf Berg. Stockholm, 1802. 1 vol. 8vo. Plates.
Not completed.
2. *Den Tappre och Snillrike Riddare Don Quichotte af Mancha, lefverne och bedrifter, af M. de Cervantes Saavedra.* 4 vols. 8vo. Plates. Stockholm, 1818-19.
Translated from the Spanish by J. M. Stjernstalpe.
3. *Don Quichotte af Mancha.* Ofvers. af A. L. 1 vol. 8vo. Stockholm, 1857.
From the Spanish, by Axel Hellsten.
4. *Don Quichotte för ungdomer bearbetad efter Florian.* 1 vol. 8vo. Plates. Stockholm, 1857.
A version intended for young people.
5. *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* För ungdomer bearbetad. 1 vol. 8vo. Plates. Stockholm, 1872.
By A. Th. Faben. Also for young people.

HUNGARIAN (MAGYAR).

1. *Don Quixote*, tr. by Karady Ignác, 1848. 1 vol. 12mo.
2. *Don Quijote, a hires manchai lovag spanyol eredeti mű Cervantestől, Florian után francziából magyarra fordította Horváth György.* 1 vol. 8vo. Kecskemét, 1850.
From the French of Florian, by George Horváth. A second edition in 1863.
3. *As elmes nemes Don Quijote de la Mancha, írta Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra Spanyolból fordította s bevezette Györy Vilmos.* 4 vols. 8vo. Budapest, 1873.
From the Spanish, by William Györy, who also arranged an edition for young people, published in 1875.

GREEK.

Δὸν Κιχότ η̄ τὰ περιεγότερα τῶν συμβάντων αὐτοῦ. Athens, 1860. 1 vol. 16mo.

An abridgement, or rather collection of the principal adventures and incidents; with an introduction in dialogue form on Charlemagne, Arthur, and chivalry in general. Intended for young people.

BOHEMIAN.

1. *Don Quijote de la Mancha se Španělského M. Cervantesa.* Od J. B. Pichla. Prague, 1866. 1 vol. 8vo.
The First Part only; translated by J. B. Pichel.
2. *Don Quijote de la Mancha.* Prague, 1868. 1 vol. 8vo.
The Second Part; translated by Dr. Karel Štefán. Besides these there are an illustrated edition and a translation from the German.

SERVIAN.

Pripovetka o slavnom vitezu Don Kihotu, od Manche, s Frantsuskoga.* Panchevo, 1882. 1 vol. 12mo. 218 pp.

'The history of the renowned hero Don Quixote of the Mancha. From the French.'

An abridgement of somewhat the same sort as the Greek, and illustrated by spirited woodcuts. In the preface, of which Mr. A. L. Hardy kindly sent me a translation, it is stated that there is no complete Servian version. Two chapters were published in the *Serbaki Dnevnik*—a daily paper—in 1886; and a portion which was never continued appeared at Belgrade in 1862; but if the present volume proves acceptable, the translator promises to produce in time a complete Servian 'Don Quixote.'

THE END.

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